

SATURDAY



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THE INDEPENDENT

No 2,936

16 MARCH 1996

18p 50p

Police to interview boys as evidence emerges of 20 obsessive years Hamilton's evil network

STEVE BOGGAN
and JOHN MCKIE

Thomas Hamilton spent 20 years spreading a network of clubs for young boys across Scotland, playing a game of cat and mouse with officials who repeatedly tried to stop him.

As recently as last week, the 43-year-old loner gathered youngsters as young as eight for "football training" - which involved showing them his gun catalogue and offering them presents.

Councils across central Scotland had heard of Hamilton, his penchant for young boys, his weekends away at camp and the complaints he invariably attracted from parents. But every time they rooted him out, he moved on somewhere else.

Yesterday it emerged that since his sacking as a Scout leader in 1974, Hamilton had set up his unofficial boys' clubs in at least 14 areas, including Bannockburn, Dunfermline, Falkirk, Alva, Balfron, Stirling,

they were going swimming and provided them with their own trunks. but he never took them swimming, they went to the gym.

"One evening, he drove a few boys to Stirling but when one asked to go to the toilet, he wouldn't let him into the house.

"These kids are traumatised. Most of the kids are sleeping with their parents, they don't want to sleep alone. They're not getting counselling - they should be."

Detectives are next week to visit primary schools in the area to quiz children on the "football" groups held by Hamilton and his associate, Iain Boal, a PE student.

The boys, aged between seven and twelve, were stripped to the waist for the exercise sessions at the secondary school.

Hamilton, and Mr Boal, circulated leaflets at St Matthew's, Woodhill and St Helen's primary schools in Bishopbriggs.

On the leaflet, Hamilton called himself "Boys Sports Club Committee (President)". Mr Boal, who had gone to ground yesterday, called himself Club Football Coach, although the Scottish Football Association said he was not registered as a coach.

Numerous allegations were made about Hamilton's behaviour but no sexual misconduct was ever proven, despite inquiries by police covering the Falkirk, Alva, Linlithgow and Dunblane areas.

Central Regional Council tried to stop him leasing school halls for his clubs as early as 1984, after hearing about his ejection from the Scout Association. But its efforts were stymied when Hamilton appealed to the Ombudsman, the late Eric Gillett, who found in his favour, concluding that the allegations against him were "little more than gossip".

His MP, Michael Forsyth, now Scottish Secretary, sent a letter to Hamilton, saying: "Dear Mr Hamilton, thank you for sending me the commissioner's report. May I congratulate you on your success. I hope you will take steps to ensure this is given proper publicity."

He continued to run boys' clubs but his reputation always followed him. In 1989 he was run out of Linlithgow and in 1992 Dunfermline following complaints from parents. He took out a private lease on a school hall at Linlithgow Academy, but Lothian Regional Council refused to renew it.

After he set up the boys' club, some parents expressed concerns about the general atmosphere he created.

One father said: "He once told around 15 of them they

Twenty years in the shadow of a killer

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Linlithgow, Bishopbriggs, Bonnybridge and Dunblane.

The most recent was established in Bishopbriggs, on the outskirts of Glasgow, a location he knew would take him outside the Central Regional Council area where he was best-known.

His last class there, at Thomas Muir High School, was held on Monday night. He had been there since October, but was already arousing suspicion.

Sam Galbraith, the MP for the area, only found out about the classes yesterday from his constituents.

He said: "Hamilton was parading his gun catalogue on Monday night. If a boy did well, he would show them his gun catalogue. I understand he also used to take them swimming." Hamilton allegedly also offered presents to boys in his class.

One father said: "He once told around 15 of them they

100%
TEE SHIRT
A LOT OF
BRITISH FANS
ARE BUYING
THESE!
FOR EACH
SALE GET
UP FANS!"

MATHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

More than 500,000 British households have agreed to spend £9.95 each to watch Frank Bruno battle challenger Mike Tyson for the world heavyweight boxing championship, he broadcast this weekend on a pay-per-view basis only.

That translates into revenues nearly £5m, the bulk of which will go to BSkyB, Rupert Murdoch's satellite service, and the



John and Norma Major, and Tony Blair add their wreaths to the thousands of floral tributes at Dunblane Primary School yesterday. Photograph: PA

Blair and Major unite in grief

JAMES CUSICK
and PETER VICTOR

The nation will unite tomorrow in silent grief and sympathy for the victims of the Dunblane massacre.

Suggestions that there should be a minute's silence on Mothers' Day to commemorate the dead were met immediately by an enormous groundswell of public support and unqualified backing from John Major.

The Prime Minister and the Labour leader, Tony Blair, buried party differences yesterday to represent the nation when they visited Stirling Royal Infirmary, one of the hospital's large conference rooms triggered an outpouring of emotion. Around 50 of the doctors, nurses, paramedics and ambulance teams that had been on duty on Wednesday met again for the

Hamilton's victims, and visited the child survivors of class primary one.

For many staff the visit was highly emotional: many burst into tears. Some hugged each other as they wept. The two politicians, wearing black ties, battled to retain their composure, and at one point Mr Blair seemed overcome.

The Prime Minister was accompanied by his wife, Norma, and the Secretary of State for Scotland, Michael Forsyth. Their arrival, together with Mr Blair and George Robertson, shadow Scottish Secretary, in one of the hospital's large conference rooms triggered an outpouring of emotion. Around 50 of the doctors, nurses, paramedics and ambulance teams that had been on duty on Wednesday met again for the

first time since the massacre and for many the occasion proved too much: many broke into tears and audible sobs.

After the visit, the Prime Minister told reporters of his admiration for the hospital staff.

"Over the last few days this com-

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Gun control debate

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munity and this hospital have had to deal with a horror of almost unimaginable proportions. They have had to face an horrific job and have done it with immense skill and dedication.

The Labour leader echoed Mr Major's sentiments, praising hospital staff and the police for their dedication to duty. "It has been a quite remarkable coming together and I hope in some small way our both coming here in unity together will symbolise the unity of the country and that of the people of the world who have sympathy and respect for the people of Dunblane."

The leaders spent almost an hour and a half with the children, their families and hospital staff before leaving to visit the scene of the massacre itself at Dunblane Primary School. Mr Major announced immedi-

ately that the scene of the massacre should be demolished.

The Queen also paid tribute to the people of Dunblane in a speech yesterday. Buckingham Palace announced that she had decided to bring forward to tomorrow her visit to the town, after hearing that some families will be holding funerals on Monday.

The Pope yesterday condemned the massacre as senseless violence and said he was "profoundly saddened" by the killings. A telegram to Bishop Vincent Logan of Dumbeld said:

"The Holy Father offers fervent prayers for the families and friends of the victims and for all mourning their loss. He invokes God's consolations upon all those suffering as a result of this senseless violence and he sends this blessing."

IN BRIEF

Lawyer guilty of attack

A solicitor must pay a client's wife £1,000 after he was found guilty of assaulting her and imprisoning her in his office near Harrods.

Page 6

Israel to lift blockade

Israel is to lift the blockade of West Bank towns and villages which it imposed after the last suicide bomb in Tel Aviv. It was the most severe curfew imposed on the West Bank since the Gulf war.

Page 11

Today's weather

Sunshine, some showers and light winds.

Page 2

Upper Class

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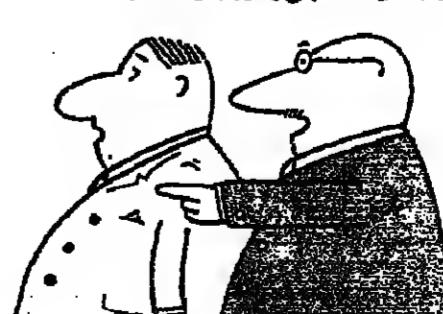
THE WIDE OPEN SPACES OF VIRGIN'S BUSINESS CLASS...



Independent
WEEKEND

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"MY GOODNESS! A BUFFALO."



STYLISH

Cullen
clears
way for
inquiry
to begin

Amie suffers a relapse in hospital

PETER VICTOR

Stories of individual tragedy continued to emerge yesterday from the horror of the Dunblane massacre.

Trainee teacher Alison Curry was chatting outside the gates of Dunblane Primary after dropping off five-year-old Ryan when she heard gunshots ring out on Wednesday. She dashed through the school and was one of the first to arrive at the scene of devastation in the gymnasium. She found her son, alive, lying among the dead and injured.

Yesterday, as news of her appalling ordeal was released, she maintained a bedside vigil as Ryan lies critically injured in hospital. Ryan, who uses the surname Liddell, suffered multiple bullet wounds and was described as "stable" in Glasgow's Yorkhill hospital yesterday.

A neighbour of his mother's said: "We've only seen her briefly because she has been at Ryan's side nearly all the time. I don't know what she saw in that school but she's really shocked. She wasn't saying much and her thoughts were elsewhere."

Concern grew yesterday for five-year-old Amie Adam who suffered a relapse at Glasgow's Yorkhill Hospital. Amie whose thigh was shattered by a bullet in the attack on Wednesday, collapsed yesterday lunchtime.

Last night she was critically ill on a life-support machine.

Doctors would only release general medical details about Amie's condition. Medical director Dr Alister Miller said: "She is again seriously ill and has been returned to the intensive-care unit. This is disappointing after she had made such excellent progress after her initial treatment."

Dr Miller said that Amie was having some routine attention to the plaster on her leg when she became unwell. He said: "Her colour changed and she was getting rather breathless so now she is receiving support with her breathing on a ventilator."

Amie underwent emergency surgery on her leg at Yorkhill on

Wednesday night after the shooting. On Thursday she was moved out of intensive care to an orthopaedic ward and was said to be making good progress.

It is understood that bone marrow seeping into the child's bloodstream may have caused yesterday's relapse.

It emerged also that the sister of murdered teacher Gwen Mayor learnt of the tragedy after dropping off five-year-old Ryan when she heard gunshots ring out on Wednesday. She dashed through the school and was one of the first to arrive at the scene of devastation in the gymnasium. She found her son, alive, lying among the dead and injured.

Joan Bedford, mother of three, saw the news of the Dunblane disaster on television when she returned to the staff room for her break. Last night she, her husband and their children were in Scotland comforting Gwen's husband, Rodney.

Kath North, a pensioner who visited her granddaughter Sophie in Dunblane just days ago, returned home to Hertfordshire and then heard that the five-year-old had been one of the victims. Yesterday Mrs North, 75, was being comforted by her daughter in Middlesbrough.

Mrs North, of Hitchin, spent last week visiting Sophie and her father in Dunblane. Sophie's mother died from cancer two years ago.

The elderly man who plays Santa Claus for the children of Dunblane said yesterday: "Christman is never going to be the same in Dunblane."

Ton Allan, 65, of the Dunblane Community Council, told how last Christmas five-year-old Kevin Hasell, who died in the massacre, sat on his knee at a party at the Hillside Playgroup in Dunblane. "Kevin sticks in my mind in particular."

I remember him because he went to the playgroup party for three Christmases on the trot. He was one of the shy ones and I used to make a particular effort to speak with him.

I asked him what he would want for Christmas that year. He said, in a little voice: "What ever you could manage please."

Mr Allan said he also recalls another victim, five-year-old Victoria Clydesdale, because she had visited a charity grotto in the high street.

She sat on my knee and I remember that she said to me: she did not mind at all what she got as long as her brothers and sisters got all the presents they wanted ... She was a beautiful little girl, a cheery little soul and very outgoing.

Mr Allan, who has been on the community council for four years, said his wish was now to make Dunblane a better place for future children. He hoped cash could be found for a swimming pool and possibly a new community centre.

At the moment he could not bear to think about next Christmas, but his Santa Claus outfit would be waiting if he was called for.

Mystery of the student trainer

JOHN MCKIE and STEVE BOGGAN

It started off with a leaflet round primary schools about a five-a-side football club. It ended with the massacre of 16 schoolchildren, a teacher and a suicide.

While the life of Thomas Hamilton has been well-documented, the other name on the leaflet advertising for young recruits remains a mystery.

Little is known of Iain Boal, whose name, address and telephone number appears on the leaflet beside Hamilton's. He advertises himself as "Club Football Coach" but neither Dumbarton's manager Jim Fallon nor the council's former head of youth football coaching had heard his name before.

The Scottish Football Association confirmed that he had taken part in training sessions

but only for a day. He has no formal SFA coaching qualification.

The student who still lives with his mother and unemployed father Thomas, is thought to be in his early twenties. The Boals live a stone's throw from the ground of Dumbarton FC in a small council flat.

He is in the third year of a four year degree at Glasgow's Jordanhill College studying physical and sports education. It is a degree for those who intend to pursue leisure management.

He sometimes drank at The Stag's Head pub near his home. Manager Ian MacDonald said: "He's a customer in here as is his father. He was a PE teacher at Dumbarton Academy last year. He taught my 13-year-old son but he must have been on a course because he was only there for so long."

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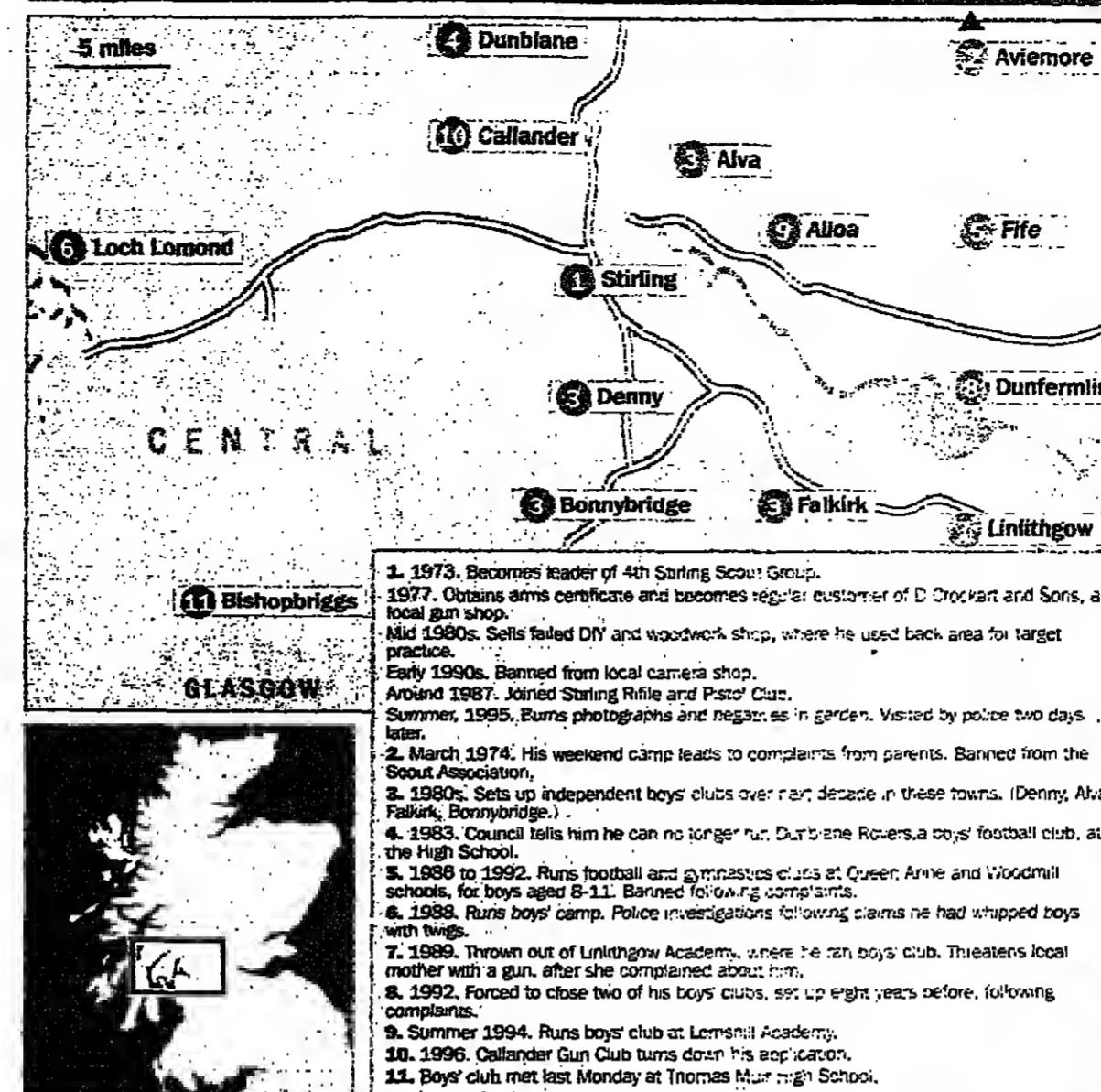
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news

Twenty years in the shadow of a killer: Hamilton's obsessive trail across Scotland



'He would tell them not to tell his secrets to parents'

FROM PAGE 1

"There was nothing specific about sexual misconduct, just the general feeling," said a council spokesman.

Local MP Tam Dalyell became involved after a parent in the constituency, Paula Morley, became suspicious. She said yesterday: "My son joined a sports academy of his and they had to take their tops off and

in normal primary schools they never used to do that."

"He would tell them a secret and then tell them not to tell their parents. And of course my ten-year-old son James came home and told me straight away. We never saw any leaders apart from him."

"It was meant to be a range of sports but it was always gym work and he was using the

equipment so that he could handle the children."

After a battery of complaints from Mrs Morley, the council took action.

Mr Dalyell, the MP for Strathkelvin and Bearsden, said: "I think it's fair to say we ran him out of Linlithgow pretty quickly. Unfortunately we seem to have landed him on someone else."

Fife Regional Council

tried to stop Hamilton taking out leases on school halls but he kept one step ahead. He would give school caretakers bottles of whisky in return for being tipped off when night-time visitors arose.

One source told the *Independent*: "The officials responsible for letting school halls did everything they could under the legislation, but perhaps the

legislation isn't strong enough. They feel terrible about what happened."

Sam Gilbrith, MP for Strathkelvin and Bearsden, still cannot believe that the man was with children from his constituency just 30 hours before the massacre. "I'm just flabbergasted that it was going on and it has taught me a lesson. You just have to be careful."

Major promises money for gym to be pulled down

JAMES CUSICK

The gymnasium at Dunblane primary school is to be pulled down. John Major, who visited the town yesterday and who laid a wreath at the school gates alongside Opposition leader Tony Blair, promised that government money would be provided to redevelop the site.

During a tour of the school, after he had visited Stirling Royal Infirmary, Mr Major announced his preference for the gym's future in stark terms: "They must pull it down," the Prime Minister said.

The school's headmaster, Ron Taylor, who accompanied

the two politicians on their walk inside the school, then asked Mr Major if he would provide the money. The Secretary of State for Scotland, Michael Forsyth, responded: "Of course we will."

The future of the building has been under discussion by the area's education authority, Central Region. Some authority officials believed that to destroy the school gym would be an act that would accomplish little.

The region has been taking advice from clinical psychologists on what effect the building, if it remained in place, would have on the minds of the school's pupils. However, views

expressed by friends of the bereaved families to demolish the hall have been partially accepted by the school's governing body.

Yesterday, the chairman of the board of governors, Michael Robbins, said: "The school is open and available to those parents and any relatives who feel they have a need to go inside and visit the gymnasium."

Mr Robbins said many clearly saw the gym as a "focal point of grief" but that once that process was over "the gym really should be demolished". He added: "We understand that Mr Major has offered the money for it to be demolished and

more importantly to be redeveloped."

Just what form that redevelopment will take - whether the gymnasium will be rebuilt or whether the area occupied will be turned into some form of memorial - is not yet clear.

However, Mr Robbins, expressing the wishes of the school board said: "We want to go inside and visit the gymnasium."

It is understood that a form of memorial more appropriate to the images that the children of the school could gather strength from is being considered. Mr Robbins said: "One of the ideas is that we have some sort of garden area - a quiet area for children."

Commenting on Mr Major and Mr Blair's visit, Mr Robbins said that the atmosphere inside the school was "very sombre". He said the two men behaved "more like parents than politicians".

The governors have decided to reopen the school for classes next Friday following the Queen's visit to the Perthshire town tomorrow and the first of the funerals, possibly on Monday. "They will then have time to be back at school for one day followed immediately by the weekend. It will then only be one week at school before the Easter holidays," Mr Robbins said.

"Top graphologist Priti Cohen said that the handwriting revealed a picture of a 'logical, but obsessive man with an inferiority complex'.

At the same time, he added, it showed a man with intense passion and desires which he kept 'bottled inside'.

Studying a letter written by Hamilton to Michael Forsyth,

his writing sticks closely to the line and to the left hand margin, which shows that he clings to the past.

"His alteration in slant to the left and right show the need for contact with people but also distance."

Mr Cohen said that he had an inferiority complex and was narrow-minded, "but underneath it all he was a warm, full-blooded man who was probably sexually frustrated".

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IN BRIEF

Missing ferry skipper inquiry

Shipping giant P&O was criticised an investigation into the captain of a freighter which was missing in the ice for seven days. The ship, the *St Edmunds*, is thought to have run aground late on Thursday, 11 March, off the coast of Scotland. There are believed to be no serious injuries on board.

On your Marks

Motorists are advised to take care on the roads in the Czech Republic, where a bus has been involved in a head-on collision with a lorry. The bus, which was carrying 20 passengers, was heading towards Prague from the town of Olomouc. The driver of the bus was taken to hospital with minor injuries.

Singer's debts due

British singer David Bowie has been granted a stay of proceedings in his £100 million libel suit against the *Sunday Times*. The court has adjourned the case until 12 April.

Illness: hotel shut

A hotel in the Lake District has been closed due to an outbreak of salmonella. The *Highlands Hotel* in Keswick has been closed since 11 March, following a case of salmonella infection.

Porsche winner

A Porsche 911 has won the 1995 British Grand Prix. The car, driven by Michael Schumacher, finished in second place.

Watchdog report: Calls for stiffer laws on labelling

Green product claims 'mislead consumers'

GLENDA COOPER

"Green" claims on many UK products are misleading, meaningless or even downright dishonest, a consumer watchdog warned yesterday.

The confusion over environmental benefits of household products is so rife that the National Consumer Council fears that many people may give up trying to buy green altogether.

The report, *Green Claims*, published to coincide with World Consumer Rights Day, says that existing legislation fails "to tackle misleading claims on products".

Many claims made by manufacturers were woolly and vague. This included toilet roll which claimed to be "softer on the environment" and stationery made with "environmentally conscious paper".

Others were meaningless,

such as "biodegradable" washing powders (all United Kingdom detergents exceed European Union standards on biodegradability anyway) or they disguised environmental hazards such as CFC-free products whose replacement product is just as dangerous.

The organisation also derided "recyclable" claims because in theory "almost anything is", and in practice very few local councils have the facilities to recycle. "Unless the consumer takes them to a special collection centre, the claim will be meaningless," the report said.

Logos - popular ones included globes, caring hands, streams and mountains - are also misleading shoppers who find it impossible to distinguish between official marks of approval and manufacturers' marketing tools. This simply increased shoppers' scepticism

and confusion, the report said. Environmental claims in advertising have been fairly well-regulated. But existing laws fail to tackle misleading claims on products and packaging. Prosecutions are taken up through the Trade Descriptions Act of 1968 by officers who have to prove the claim is false. To date there have only been four successful prosecutions.

"The situation is a real mess," said David Hatch, chairman of the NCC. "It's as much about what the label doesn't say as about what it does. As Robert Louis Stevenson said the cruellest lies are often told in silence."

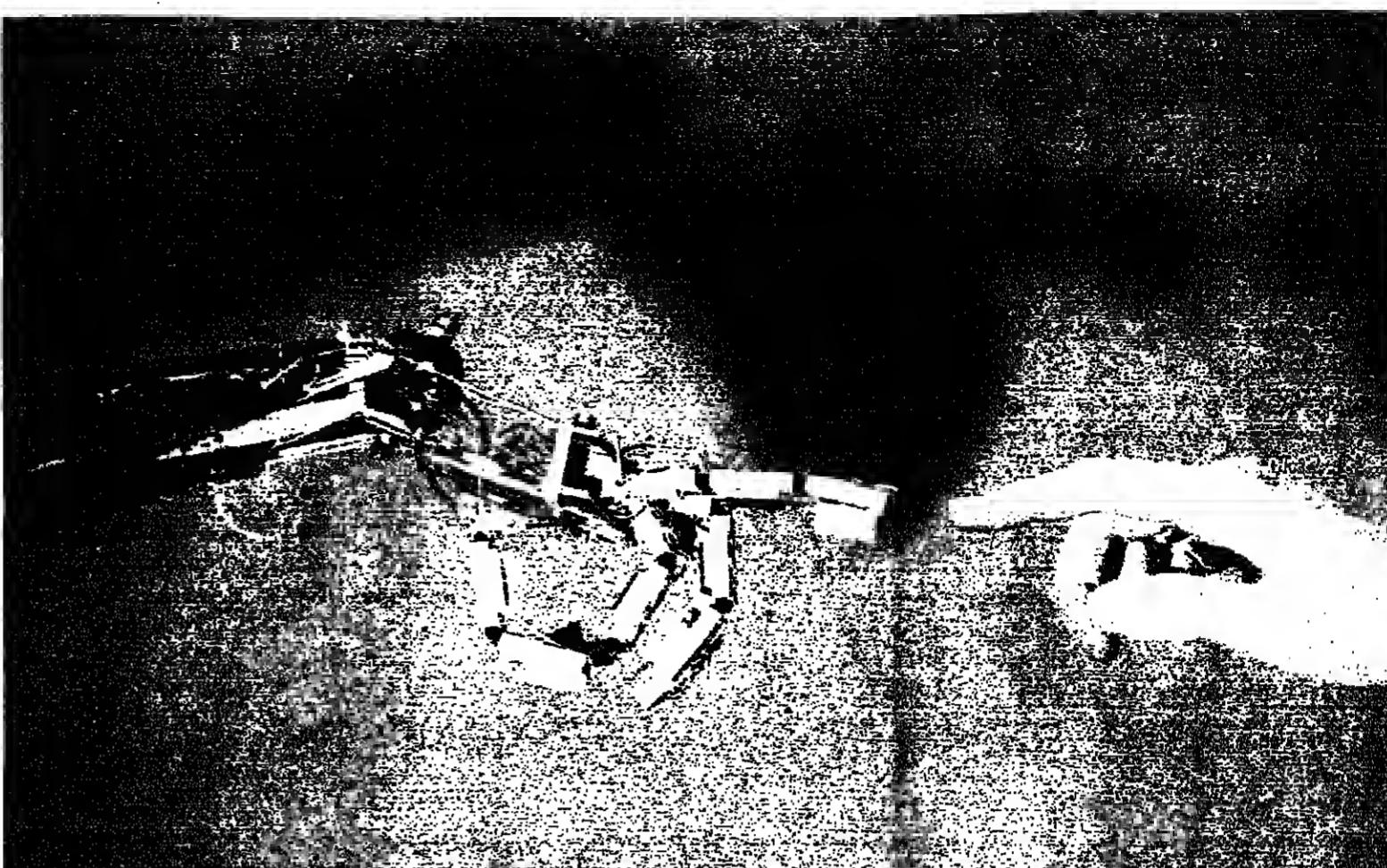
The NCC is calling for the introduction of a new code of practice backed by a reformed Act and a co-ordinated consumer education campaign.

It also supported the EU "ecolabel" which identifies products less harmful to the environment, and the energy label, which provides information on energy efficiency.

But Mr Hatch warned: "They are being crowded out and replaced by other labels displaying meaningless, cunning and deceptive symbols with weasel words and specious claims."

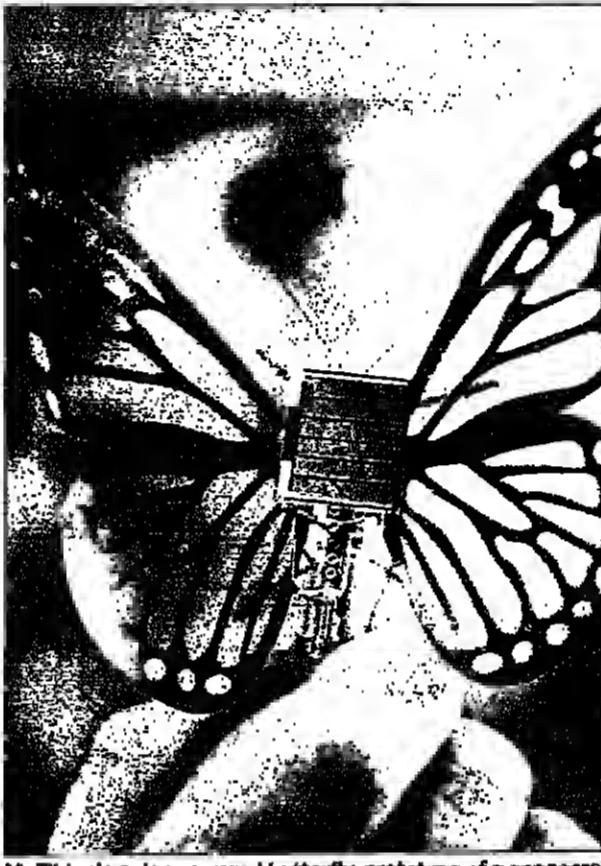
The Environment Minister James Clappison said that the Act was still a safeguard against demonstrably false claims. "However, the NCC report suggests that the Act is of limited effect in dealing with 'green products' claims. . . . The Government prefers to make progress here by stimulating the market to work better, rather than by adding to regulation."

The supermarket chain Tesco said it welcomed the report and backed the proposal to regulate claims. And Keith Chesterton, director-general of the Soap and Detergent Industry Association, insisted the introduction of compact detergents, which cut down on transport and packaging costs, showed that there was concern in the industry.



Hands-on science: Robotic arm built by the Shadow Group of London on show at the Robotix '96 show yesterday

Photographs: Colin McPherson



Mr Tilden's solar-powered butterfly, prototype of a spacecraft

Minesweeping robots apply to the US Army

CHARLES ARTHUR
Science Correspondent

"I'm not aiming to populate the world with machines that will replace us, but with ones that will go where we don't want to," Mark Tilden said yesterday, as he watched one of his robot creations flop its way methodically across a table.

Despite his Indiana Jones hat, Mr Tilden is very serious; he is presently negotiating a contract which could mean that by the end of the year, some of his robots will have a job sweeping a United States Army testing range for unexploded munitions.

In years to come they could clear minefields in countries such as Vietnam, Korea, the Gulf states and any of 60 others where buried mines still pose a hazard to citizens.

The object isn't just to make machines that will find the mines, but to make them cheap, and be able to blow them up

without human control," he observed, as he showed off the "snakebot", a four-sectioned, battery-powered robot about 2ft long, which propels itself along the ground sideways, by rotating its sections.

He plans to build a 7ft one: that would be ideal for finding mines as its weight would set them off. He is also devising a "walking machine" 5ft high, to perform the same function.

Mr Tilden, a biophysicist from the Los Alamos research laboratories in New Mexico, builds robots which diverge from the conventional concept of a shuffling humanoid with diodes for eyes and a grating voice.

Instead, he uses the minimum of parts (at most 24 transistors - "fewer than a radio") and gives them simple aims, such as to seek out bright light to power their solar cells. But once they can do that, he can give them more complex aims. More interestingly, he says, once you ex-

ceed about eight transistors, the machine's exact behaviour is unpredictable, though its goals remain the same.

If anyone says that his insect-like machines look ugly, he responds: "You can't have a minesweeping robot that looks cute. People will get attached to it, and then they won't send it out to do its job."

Mr Tilden was showing off some of his collection yesterday in Glasgow, at the Robotix '96 show in Barony Hall, Rottenrow. But while they might excel at finding mines, his devices are unlikely to compete in the events today: the "Robot Olympics", which include robots competing at javelin throwing, sumo wrestling, wall-climbing, rugby and sprinting.

Human athletes can probably rest on their laurels a little while longer, though. The present British robot javelin record is 2m - about 50 times less than the human one.

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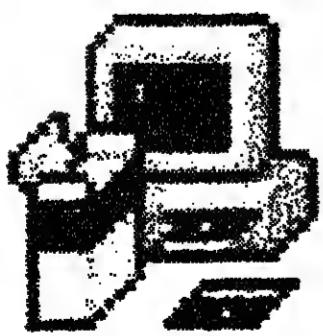
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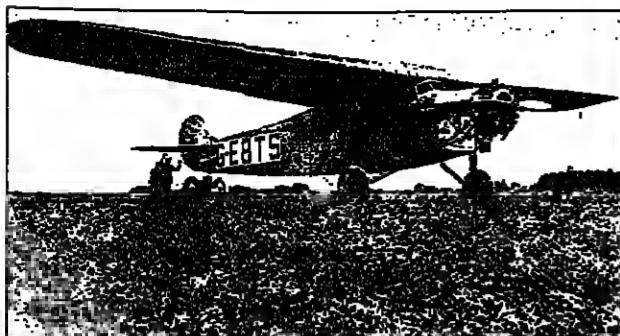
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news

Air industry crisis: UK firm lays off 660 with more to come as Dutch auction fails to save historic aircraft maker from bankruptcy



Flight through history: One of the first commercial Fokker passenger aircraft, left; the Red Baron, Germany's top fighter pilot in the First World War, who flew a military Fokker triplane; and a modern Fokker 70

PETER RODGERS
Business Editor

The collapse yesterday of Fokker, the Dutch aircraft manufacturer, put just over 1,000 jobs at risk at Shorts in Belfast aerospace company.

The bankruptcy of Fokker led to the immediate lay-off of 660 workers at Shorts, employed building wings for the failed company's aircraft. The future of several hundred other ancillary jobs is also threatened.

Shorts said it had already cut the number of jobs at risk from 1,460 who were put on protective redundancy notice in January, when a Dutch government backed attempt to save Fokker began.

Shorts added that it hoped to reduce the number of redundancies among its workforce of 6,800 to below 1,000 by redeployment and training schemes until new orders came in.

It is feared hundreds of jobs in supply companies could be hit, while City sources said the bankruptcy could cost Rolls-

Royce, which makes engines for Fokker, up to £30m. Rolls said it was too early to say whether jobs would be lost.

Shorts has been told that some Fokker 100/700 aircraft are to be completed over the next three months, which will provide some work.

A spokesman for Shorts, which is owned by Bombardier, a Canadian engineering and aerospace group, said: "We are now vigorously exploring a range of measures to limit the effect of Fokker's bankruptcy. In addition we are continuing to pursue new business opportunities which include several UK government defence pro-

grammes for which we are currently bidding."

Shorts has insisted throughout the Fokker crisis that its future is safe because Bombardier has injected £200m since 1989 to pay for diversification and new technology.

The failure of two Far Eastern buyers to come up with offers to buy Fokker finally killed off the company after des-

perate late night negotiations on Thursday with Samsung of South Korea. "This means the end of 77 years of aircraft history in the Netherlands," said Ben van Schaik, Fokker's chair-

man. The company was put in the

hands of administrators in January when its controlling shareholder, Daimler-Benz of Germany, withdrew support because of mounting losses.

But Fokker was given Dutch government bridging finance to keep it alive as talks with potential buyers continued.

At Fokker, more than 5,600 workers involved in aircraft manufacture will be dismissed, the largest single redundancy in Dutch history. But 960 will be offered jobs at the remaining divisions that escaped collapse.

A number of viable businesses employing 2,500 staff in aircraft maintenance, electronics systems and special products will

he lumped into a company called Fokker Aviation. However, the rump company will still need new backing, Fokker said.

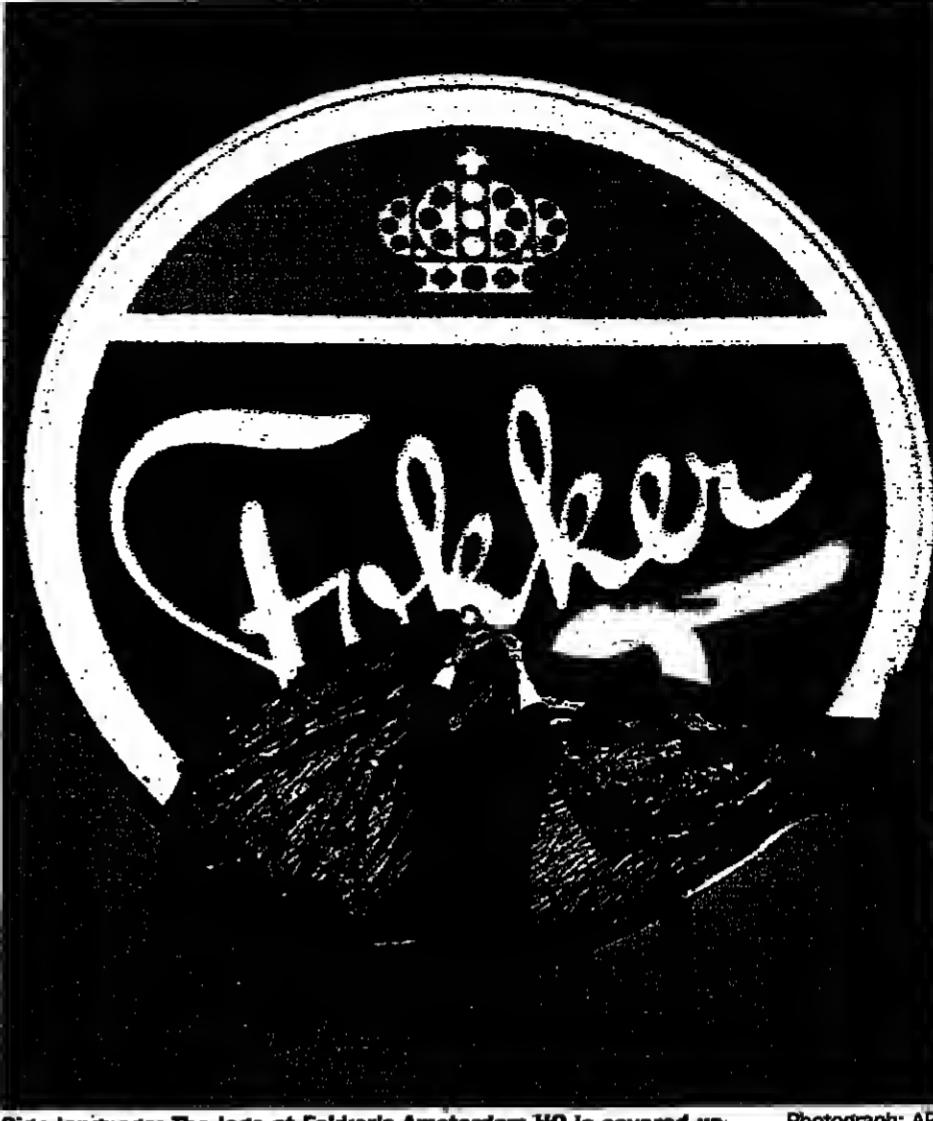
Samsung Aerospace said: "We were interested in Fokker, as a strategic tie-up... But we were not able to make the final offer due to time constraints."

Hans Wijers, Dutch economics minister, said of the talks: "The only thing we got was a letter which contained less commitment than earlier signals." A second suitor, China Aviation Industries, had earlier decided against an offer.

Since it was founded in 1919, Fokker has built more than 125 different types of aircraft.

Sign language: The logo at Fokker's Amsterdam HQ is covered up. Photograph: AP

Fokker fall threatens 1,000 jobs at Shorts



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Leadership poll hit by Harman row

COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

The simmering row over Harriet Harman's choice of a grammar school for her 11-year-old son is threatening to backfire on the Labour leadership and help to tie Tony Blair's hands over the formation of his first Cabinet. Opinion among Labour MPs has hardened so much since the Harman row that pressure to suspend this year's annual Shadow Cabinet elections.

Senior Labour sources said the Labour backbench is determined to bring forward the elections from November to July, threatening Ms Harman with being kicked off the Shadow Cabinet.

The Harman row has also hardened backbench opinion against any change in the rules under which Mr Blair must take those elected in the Shadow Cabinet elections into his first Cabinet. He could co-opt Ms Harman into the Cabinet if she fails to gain a place in the Shadow Cabinet this year but Mr Blair would face serious criticism if he did so.

"Any resiling from the principle that the same people who are elected should go into the Cabinet is just not on. There would be a revolt in the PLP. It is feeling pretty touchy," said one Shadow minister.

Douglas Hoyle, chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, was asked this week to review the rules for the Shadow Cabinet elections as part of a wider review of preparations for Labour taking office. Yesterday he denied the move for a change had anything to do with the Harman row.

Demands for the elections to be suspended have been formally dropped and Paul Flynn,

the MP for Newport West, has tabled a call for the PLP next Wednesday to support moves to bring forward the Shadow Cabinet elections to July on a permanent basis.

The annual elections to the top Labour posts are only held in Opposition.

After an initial period of office, a Labour prime minister is free to pick whom he chooses for the Cabinet.

Supporters of the move to bring forward the elections believe holding them in July would allow the frontbench team to prepare for an early general election or an autumn assault on the Queen's Speech and the final Budget.

It would also avoid the distraction of campaigning for a Shadow Cabinet poll in November.

It was instructed this week to review the rules for the annual Shadow Cabinet elections before the next general election.

The aim of the review was to give Mr Blair a freer hand to fight the general election.

However, senior Labour sources said opinion has hardened so much among Labour MPs that it could have the opposite effect.

Some MPs want to tie Mr Blair's hands further by changing the rules to elect all 22 members of the Shadow Cabinet, rather than 18 as at present, to prevent the leader appointing his own choices. But there is not believed to be a majority for such a serious constraint on the leader's powers.

Mr Blair stood by Ms Harman at the height of the row, but the row has festered, in spite of his intervention.

The demand for the changes to the rules goes across the party, from the right to the left wing.

Walkman 'could be clipped to bag'

A 64-year-old Court of Appeal judge was told yesterday that he does not have to wear a Sony Walkman on his belt - he could clip it on his handbag.

There was bemused laughter from Lord Justice Hobhouse's two fellow judges as he peered over his spectacles at the Japanese stereo device and remarked: "I do not think so."

The three judges, whose average age is 66, are being asked to decide whether the Walkman - the electronic success story of the 1980s, which brought in £3bn sales worldwide - was invented by the son of a German industrialist.

Andreas Pavel, 51, took out a patent in 1977 - two years before the Walkman was launched - for "portable stereo listening device" to be worn on a belt.

Anthony Watson QC, for Sony, was trying to show that the Walkman, although fitted with

a clip, was rarely worn on a belt but mostly fixed on a lapel or dropped in a pocket.

He handed an example up to the judges but it was fitted with a loop and Lord Justice Hobhouse remarked: "You could not use this other than for putting on a belt."

Mr Watson replied: "Well, my Lord, you could put it on your handbag."

Mr Pavel wants Lord Justice Hobhouse, Lord Justice Neill and Lord Justice Aldous to overturn a ruling in the County Patent Court in 1990 that his patent was invalid.

If he is successful, he will claim royalties of up to £100m from Sony and Toshiba for sales in Britain alone.

If he fails, however, he will face legal costs of up to £1m.

Judgment was reserved and is expected to be delivered at the end of next week.

Record damage teacher hurt by

What's

news

Supplier to Iraq is let off £1/2m tax bill

CHRIS BLACKHURST
Westminster Correspondent

A businessman named in the Scott report for exporting explosive detonator transponders, which required an export licence, No application for a licence was made and, said Scott, it should have been.

In his personal statement to creditors, Mr Blackburn says the 'main thrust' of the company's business was in Iraq. At the outbreak of the Gulf war, all contracts were suspended, the company stopped trading, all staff were laid-off and Global lay dormant.

For the first two years he lived off his savings and has since been receiving income support and picking up occasional consultancy work to get by. There is little chance, writes Mr Blackburn, of getting paid by Iraq.

He writes: 'Following the Gulf war my financial affairs were investigated by the Inland Revenue and HM Customs & Excise particularly since I had failed to disclose income from abroad which had been paid into offshore bank accounts and VAT had been claimed on exports which HM Customs & Excise considered to be "outside the scope".'

The IR has agreed to waive £574,000 of his admitted total tax liability of £659,000 and has allowed him to repay £35,000 over two years. He will plead with the other creditors, who are owed £265,000, next Wednesday, at a meeting in the Travellers' Rest Hotel in Warrington, Cheshire. A copy of his letter to them has been sent to the *Independent*.

In it, Mr Blackburn admits that Global Technical Management Services was forced to cease trading as a result of the Gulf war. At that stage it was owed £5m by Iraq for 'engineering services', described in the Scott report as a contract to clear Iraqi waterways of mines and train Iraqis in

removing mines.

Part of the contract, said Scott, included the supply of explosive detonator transponders, which required an export licence. No application for a licence was made and, said Scott, it should have been.

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Arms and the Ma'am: The opening of the new £42.5m Royal Armouries Museum in Leeds yesterday

Queen defends museum's move

A fiercely fought battle between north and south ended yesterday as the Queen celebrated the relocation of Britain's oldest museum, housed for centuries in the White Tower at the Tower of London, to its new, hi-tech, £42.5m home in Leeds, writes Clare Gazeen.

Both the company and the trust, he writes, are receiving government cash from the Department of Trade and Industry and the Single Regeneration Budget.

The company and the trust are formed as a result of my concept and it is vital that I retain full managerial responsibility and control ... for them to succeed."

The DTT's Liverpool office confirmed that Tristan had applied for funding. "They have applied for a regional grant," an official said.

Record damages for teacher hurt by child

A primary school teacher has received record compensation from her local education authority after being assaulted by a 10-year-old boy.

Hazel Spence-Young, who taught at the Frederick Bird Junior School in Coventry, received £82,500 for neck injuries which, six years later, required her to wear a surgical collar.

The out-of-court settlement was believed to be the largest sum paid for injuries to a teacher in a mainstream school.

Many teachers who have also suffered serious injury at the hands of violent pupils may now

follow her lead and sue their education authority.

The National Association of School Masters/Union of Women Teachers is expected to use the case of Mrs Spence-Young, 48, from Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, to highlight its campaign over rising violence against teachers.

The injured teacher claimed the school was negligent for not sending the boy, who had a history of bad behaviour, to a special school. Coventry Council did not accept liability, even though its insurance company had paid compensation.

Code of secrecy masks phone number switch

Telephone codes for Reading are being altered in three weeks time only a year after the much heralded Phone Day transition changed national codes.

Ofcom, the industry watchdog, has agreed to the decision. The new code for the Berkshire town, 0189, will come in on 8 April. In contrast to the multi-million Phone Day publicity last April, Reading's new code has received no publicity and was revealed by a local television station.

Thousands of businesses which altered stationery and hoardings, repainted vans and

changed advertising last April face the same expense again.

Sandy Stephenson, who runs a data recovery firm, said she heard of the change during a business conversation. "I was just talking and this guy asked me if I knew about the phone code change ... I was astounded to be told the date."

Ofcom said the telephone companies had not revealed the date because they were not ready to go public. "The publicity will start at the beginning of parallel running when both codes will work. The final change will not be until January 1998."

Unions warn Labour over pay policy

BARRIE CLEMENT
Labour Editor

Unions have warned Labour that a Blair government could face damaging outbreaks of industrial unrest unless the party begins to thrash out a detailed policy on public-sector pay.

The stark warnings have been delivered in a series of private meetings in which senior Labour figures have been told that considerable expectations about the relative generosity of a Labour government may be building up among some state employees.

However, Gordon Brown's Treasury team have told union officials that they can expect a continuation of the present government's policy of maintaining wage bills at their current levels. Employees' representatives have been told that pay rises must be funded by improvements in efficiency, which unions equate with job losses.

Any extra money would be devoted to the creation of new jobs specifically aimed at improving services.

In a meeting last week of the Public Policy Forum, which involves most of the Trades Union Congress's affiliates, unions warned that there would be "catch-up pressures of varying degrees of intensity among public-sector workers". While the TUC itself has no formal links with Labour, the warning is clearly aimed at the party leadership.

Unions have become increasingly frustrated with what

they see as Labour's "policy vacuum" over public services. Senior union officials have given their opinions explicitly in face-to-face meetings with Mr Blair. The Shadow Cabinet, however, has shown little inclination to fill the void, according to union sources.

The forum is attempting to evolve a unified position on the public sector which it will urge on the Labour leadership.

While union warnings on pay smack of "old Labour", the biggest unions are nevertheless showing signs that they have taken on board some of the new thinking.

The forum meeting last Tuesday agreed that a future government would have to ensure high quality public services. An internal TUC paper prepared for the meeting concedes that the "consumerist" pressures will be greater. It also accepts the inevitability of continuing stringency over public-sector financing.

Following consultation with unions, the TUC concluded that there was little support for a public-sector pay commission under Labour. Both the TUC and a Fabian Society pamphlet had floated the idea.

A paper submitted to the forum, *Unison*, the largest public-sector union, said that instead of such a commission, unions should concentrate on the low-pay commission promised by Labour which would advise the government on the level of a statutory minimum wage.

Tube fares cut by bulk-buy tickets

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR
Transport Correspondent

Continental-style "carnets" are being made available on the London Underground for the first time, enabling people to bulk-buy tickets in advance.

Passengers buying the carnet will receive a 10 per cent discount, getting 10 tickets valid for Tube travel in the central zone for £10 rather than £1.10 each.

The carnets are aimed at visitors to the capital and at regular users of central zone tickets.

London Underground hopes the carnets will save 15 to 20 million ticket transactions each year, reducing congestion at central stations. People using the tickets, which are valid for a year, will have to validate them at an automatic gate or special machine when entering the Tube system.

London Transport hopes to extend the system to outer zones but cannot do so until automatic gates are installed at all stations.

It is also launching two other types of tickets, which will be available this month. Family Travelcards will be available for one or two adults accompanying up to eight children and will give a 20 per cent discount off the cost of individual one-day travelcards.

Weekend Travelcards, valid for Saturday and Sunday at a discount of 25 per cent, will be on sale from 30 March. They are particularly targeted at weekend visitors to the capital and young people.

Tickets are being carried out with "smart cards" which would replace existing tickets and enable LT to offer a much greater variety of fares and discounts.



Norwell Roberts: I think I have earned people's respect

Queen's medal for first black policeman

ROS WYNNE-JONES

London's auction houses have reacted with dismay to news that the European Commission has finalised proposals for a levy on the sale of contemporary artwork to be applied throughout the EU.

The adoption of the proposal, which is likely to be put forward at the Council of Ministers' next meeting, would mean contemporary European painters, sculptors and photographers were entitled to between two and four per cent of the sale price every time their artwork was sold, for up to 70 years after their death.

Artists are currently entitled to resale rights, referred to in the art world as "droits de suite", in most European countries. In the UK, Ireland, Austria and the Netherlands, however, artists receive nothing when their work changes hands.

Christie's, the auctioneers, said the scheme amounted to little more than a "social security levy" for artists. Anthony Browne, a director, said: "If we believe that artists are a very important species, which I doubt, then maybe we should find a special way to look after them. But this is not the way."

Det Sgt Roberts, 50, based at Golders Green in north-west London, came to Britain from the Leeward Islands when he was nine years old.

He said he planned to retire next year.

"I intend to write a book about my experiences," he added. "It will be humorous, but there will be a bit of straight talking."

Latest figures show that the Metropolitan Police has 790 officers from minority ethnic groups - representing 2.8 per cent of its 27,700-member force.

In the rest of England and Wales, non-white officers make up 1.7 per cent.

In Scotland, the figure is 0.2 per cent.

Recent research has suggested it would take at least 20 years for the police to reflect the ethnic mix of the United Kingdom's population.

Rachel Duffield, chief executive of the Design and Artists Copyright Society (DACS) welcomed yesterday's decision at the European Parliament in Strasbourg. "Fine artists are different to other creators, such as musicians, because they sell their work often for a very low price and then, later, huge amounts of money are made for everybody but the artist."

DACS said that Sotheby's had added 5 per cent to their buyers' commission in 1992 and claimed the auction house was being hypocritical by opposing a levy that benefited artists.

The National Artists Association said it supported a move towards resale rights, although some artists shared the auction houses' concern that the new legislation might drive the contemporary art market out of Europe.

A spokesman for the Department of Trade and Industry said the Government could see no benefit in introducing the levy.

What's Tyson been dreaming about in prison?



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news

By-election test for 'Tory unity' over Europe

The Staffordshire South East by-election gives the tory party the chance to prove its new unity on Europe and turn the tide of electoral defeats, the Foreign Secretary Malcolm Rifkind said on a visit to Tamworth, the constituency's main town.

"There have been divisions in the past," Mr Rifkind said. "What was significant this week was that the White Paper which I produced was welcomed across the spectrum of the Conservative benches."

He would not be drawn, however, on the electoral impact of the expected decision to promise a referendum as a condition of joining a single European currency. Would it help the Tory candidate, Jimmy James? "As I don't yet know what the conclusion is, I can't speculate on what its political effects might be," Mr Rifkind said.

Mr James is in favour of a referendum. "If Parliament should decide that we should join the single currency, then I think a referendum would be a suitable way of gauging the public support," he said. But he added: "We want the best economic policy for our country. If that is what we should join a single currency, then well and good, but

The Government hopes the recent White Paper will help halt its run of poll defeats. John Rentoul reports

if not, we should not. I think the Prime Minister and the Chancellor have played it exactly right," he said. In the present Tory climate, an endorsement of Ken Clarke comes close to a factual statement.

Paradoxically, it is Labour's Brian Jenkins, the clear favourite to win the seat, who is marginally the most Euro-sceptical of the three main party candidates.

Mr Jenkins, leader of Tamworth council, said: "There are

conditions in the real economy

that must be met before we can

even contemplate whether we

can go into a single currency. But

I am very keen to ensure that all

the implications must be spelt

out - and if that means it can't

be done at a general election,

then we would have to look at

a referendum as a possibility."

Jennette Dwyv, the Liberal Democrat, was happy to be

described as a federalist, and

said she felt strongly about

"partnership in Europe".

The decision by Sir James Goldsmith's Referendum Party

not to contest the by-election

means anti-EU voters must look

to Andrew Smith, 27, the UK Independence Party candidate. He

claims the vote on 11 April "could

change the course not just of

British but of European history".

In practice, however, the politi-

cal significance of the by-elec-

tion in this prosperous seat is

likely to be that it will test the

extent to which economic re-

covery is feeding through to a

political recovery for the Tories.

Mr Rifkind insisted during his

visit on Thursday, that Labour

support for the European social

chapter and a minimum wage

threatened prospects for a town

which has more home owners

than Cheltenham, Chichester

and Tunbridge Wells. But the

depth of alienation against the

Government makes it unlikely

that the Tories will reverse their

run of by-election defeats.

Result at 1992 general election:

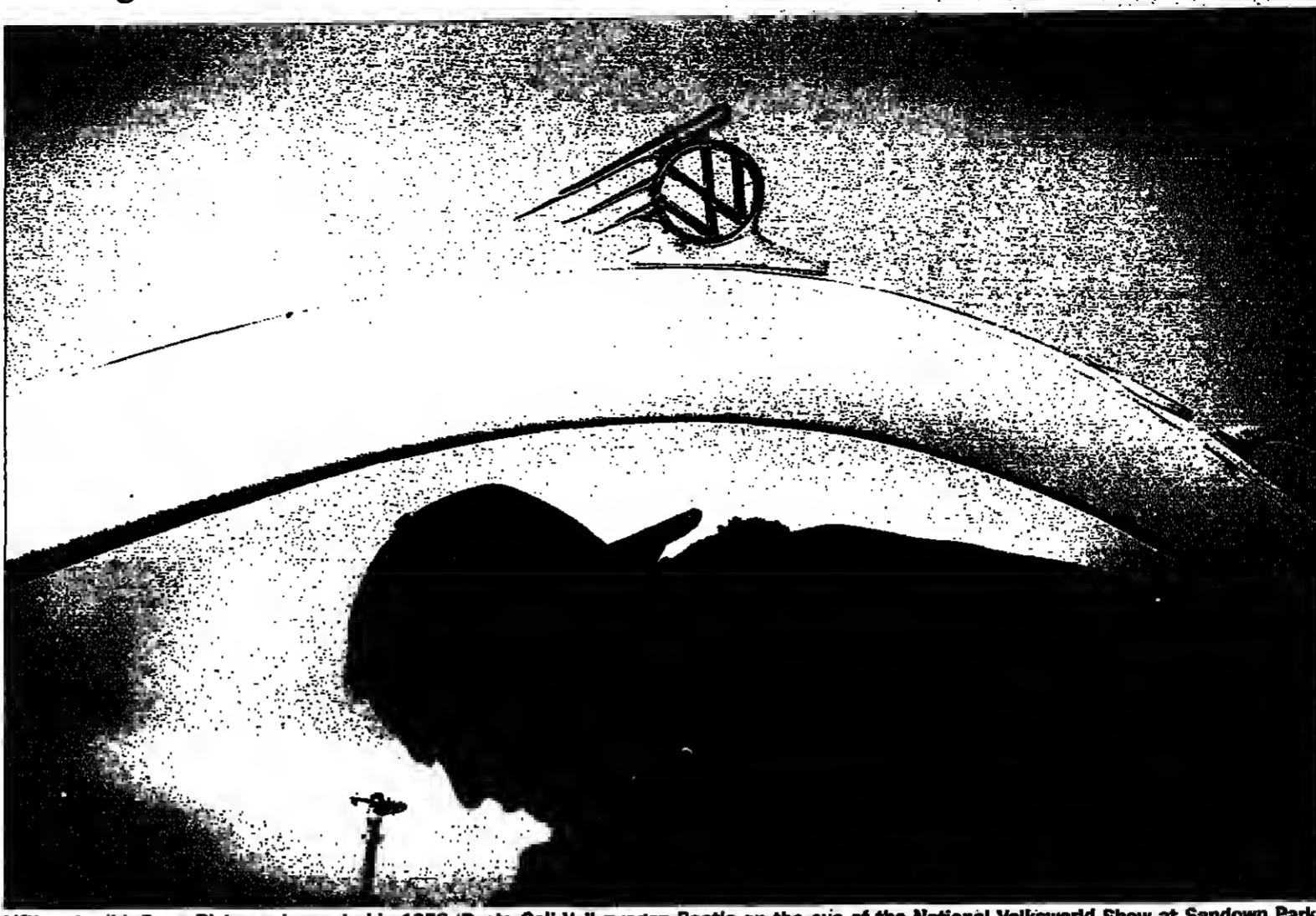
D. Lightbown (C) 29,180; B.

Jenkins (Lab) 21,988; N. Pen-

lington (LibDem) 5,540; J. Tay-

lor (SDP) 895. Maj 7192.

Eyes down for a weekend Beetle drive



Lifting the lid: Dean Richman inspects his 1958 'Resto Cal' Volkswagen Beetle on the eve of the National Volksworld Show at Sandown Park, Esher, Surrey, this weekend. Of course, like any other owner, he knows the engine is located behind the back seat

Photograph: Martin Godwin

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international

'Silk Curtain' cuts Europe in two once more

TONY BARBER
Europe Editor

A new "Silk Curtain", replacing the Iron Curtain of old, is falling across eastern Europe, separating countries that are entrenching themselves in the Western world from countries that are slipping back into Russia's embrace.

While Western governments talk publicly of building a Europe undivided by political or ideological fault lines - "a Europe whole and free", in the words of George Bush, the former US President - the reality is that some countries are binding themselves closely to the West and others are experiencing a gravitational pull towards Russia.

Those which stand clearly on the Western side of the line include the Czech Republic, Hungary, Poland and Slovenia. Those on the Russian side include Belarus and the three Transcaucasian states of Armenia, Azerbaijan and Georgia. In a grey zone, with their future status unclear, are Bulgaria, Romania, Slovakia, Ukraine and the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

Officially, European governments consider the term "spheres of influence" a dirty phrase these days. Privately, however, diplomats acknowledge that the West and Russia are involved in a silent struggle over where the new dividing line in eastern Europe will be drawn.

Russia's parliament, where the resurgent Communist Party is the dominant faction, made clear its views yesterday by approving a resolution that denounced the abolition of the Soviet Union. By 250 votes to 98, the State Duma (lower house) urged President Boris Yeltsin to re-integrate Russia with former Soviet republics that have been independent since 1991.

That process is already in motion in the case of Belarus, whose pro-Moscow president, Alexander Lukashenko, refers to Russia as "the great motherland". He favours not only an economic and military union with Russia but also the construction of a road "corridor" through Belarus to link the Russian heartland with the Russian-owned enclave of Kaliningrad on the Baltic Sea.

That proposal has caused alarm bells to ring in Poland, since the road would probably pass through Lithuania - implicitly increasing Russian influence over an important Polish neighbour - and possibly through part of Poland. Russia's Foreign Minister, Yevgeny Primakov, told Polish leaders this week that "all the talk about the corridor was a misunderstanding", but Mr Lukashenko seems

to be entirely serious about it. Russia's principal objective in Eastern Europe is to prevent its former Warsaw Pact allies from becoming full members of Nato, a move that it says would threaten Russian security by bringing a Western military presence up to its doorstep. For its part, the Western alliance hopes to take in some new members, but is playing down the issue of fear of jeopardising Mr Yeltsin's chances of re-election next June.

Moscow has floated two ideas as possible compromises over Nato enlargement. One is to offer the eastern Europeans a joint Western-Russian security guarantee, and the other is to let them acquire political but not military membership of Nato.

Neither suggestion appeals to the Czech Republic and Poland, which are likely to be among the first new Nato members. The Czech Foreign Minister, Josef Zeleniec, said bluntly this week that the terms of his country's entry into Nato were a matter for discussion between Prague and the Western alliance, "but definitely not with Russia".

Poland's Foreign Minister, Dariusz Rosati, recalled how a British-French guarantee had failed to save Poland in 1939. Flatly rejecting the idea that Poland should be left as a buffer state between the West and Russia, he said: "Poland is determined to seek Nato membership. History shows guarantees are inadequate."

While the Czechs, Hungarians and Poles are developing ever closer relationships with the West, a question mark still hangs over Slovakia. The US and the European Union have publicly rebuked the government of Vladimir Meciar, the Prime Minister, for failing to observe Western standards of democracy.

Last week, the government approved a draft law ordering the imprisonment of people organising anti-government rallies or spreading "false information" about Slovakia abroad.

There is strong evidence that Russia is seeking to exploit Slovakia's bad relationship with the West to its own advantage. The Russians recently offered Slovakia a deal guaranteeing long-term economic supplies in return for Slovak neutrality.

According to central European officials, Mr Meciar personally turned down the proposal. This suggests that, despite its current difficulties, Slovakia is broadly set on the path of integration with the West.

Less clear is the future of the Baltic states and Ukraine. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which were annexed by Moscow in 1940 and broke free in 1991, want to join Nato, but Estonia in particular is on extremely bad terms with Russia.



Relatives of Shaheen Ahmed, killed during anti-government riots in the Adamjee district of Dhaka, grieving yesterday. During the past fortnight, 34 people have been killed in the Bangladeshi capital as security forces have clashed with activists

Photograph: Pavel Rahman / AP

US failure on Bosnian arms exposes split

CHRISTOPHER BELLAMY
Defence Correspondent

The US failed yesterday to persuade the leading European powers to help re-arm the mainly Muslim Bosnian armed forces. The move has revealed a split which threatens to divide not only the Nato nations in the peace implementation force but also the five-nation "contact group".

Representatives of more than 30 countries met in Ankara to discuss US proposals to re-arm and re-train the Bosnian government forces. But Britain and France were only observers and the Russians refused to attend.

The US wants to build up the forces of the Bosnian government and their Croat allies - before the withdrawal of the Nato-led peace force, I-For, at the end of the year - as a counterweight to the better-armed Bosnian Serb forces. Britain and France always opposed arming one side in the civil war and still oppose arming the Muslim-Croat entity before I-For withdraws, in case the arms are turned on their peacekeeping troops.

If the US drive succeeds, Britain, France and Russia will not only be humiliated diplomatically but will also be excluded from arms sales. US equipment and training played a major part in Croatia's victories last summer and are also used by Turkey and Saudi Arabia, which have played a lead-

ing role in supporting US efforts to re-arm the Bosnian Muslims.

So far, the US has offered \$100m and was trying yesterday to gain further contributions from oil-rich Arab states. Bosnia's senior representative, Muhammed Sacirbey, is seeking \$750m to \$1bn in the first year.

Mr Sacirbey said the Bosnian forces had about 200,000 men under arms and that although the economy would benefit from demobilising some of the troops, it would cost more money in the short term.

The Bosnian army is a mainly infantry force and needs more heavy weapons. Colonel Terry Taylor of the International Institute for Strategic Studies said yesterday that the first priority would be light armoured vehicles of the type widely used by the British and French in Bosnia, and light artillery. Although Britain and France are most unlikely to supply arms now, diplomatic sources said Britain might assist in other areas such as training in mine-clearance.

Experts agree that the most important part of strengthening the Bosnian armed forces will be improving command, control, communications and training, plus support including trucks and rations.

■ The UN attacked Bosnia's government yesterday for failing to curb bombing and intimidation of Serbs in the Ilidza district of Sarajevo, now returned to Muslim-Croat control.

Letters, page 14



Copy
video

international

Copycat killing fuels video violence debate

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

When the British video launch of Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers* was cancelled this week after the Dunblane tragedy, the decision had particular resonance in France. A debate about media violence is raging here, centred on that same film and a couple of teenage killers.

Two weeks ago, police discovered a cassette of the film in the bloodstained bedroom of a 17-year-old - referred to only by his first name, Sébastien, for legal reasons - after a particularly bizarre and gruesome murder. The bloodstained body of a 16-year-old boy called Abdel Gharchiche had been found, wrapped in bedclothes, under the patio of Sébastien's family's respectable detached house near Paris. Abdel had been stabbed more than 40 times.

According to the police who

questioned Sébastien and his 18-year-old girlfriend, Véronique Herbert, the scenario for the murder bore an uncanny resemblance to the plot of *Natural Born Killers*.

Together, it is said, they agreed that Véronique would lure Abdel, a one-time schoolfriend, into bed; Sébastien would find them together and see whether he was sufficiently overcome with jealousy to kill.

That, more or less, is what seems to have happened, with a couple of unforeseen hitches: Véronique was accidentally grazed with the knife and had to seek hospital treatment during their subsequent flight. In addition, they had not anticipated the quantities of blood.

In the days that followed the discovery of Abdel's body, the hunt for Véronique and Sébastien was the talk of France. They had taken off in a Renault belonging to Sébastien's father.

For two days there was no trace of them; then police were called to a garage in a small town in the Cantal, one of the wildest regions of central France, where a young couple had filled up with diesel and driven away without paying. The police lost the trail, but finally Véronique and Sébastien were cornered in a town 70km away in the rush-hour crowds.

According to police reports - released, unlike in Britain, at the time charges are laid - they admitted the killing at once. Véronique, a year older than Sébastien and past the age of majority, was dubbed the mastermind - "Véronique diabolique". Called confident and unrepentant, when advised to cover her head to thwart photographers on her way into the police station, she declined.

The French media made much of her background. Her parents were separated and she had lived briefly with her father, an enthusiast for American Indians, who took her on a trip to the "Wild West" of the US. The press printed pictures of her mixing confidently with the wolves her father kept in a pen by his suburban house.

Véronique, it was said, had been obsessed by death since childhood and written macabre poems since the age of 10. *The Silence of the Lambs* was said to have been her favourite film.

It will be months before the case comes to trial. Meanwhile, the French have found a new reason for berating the influence of American films and have opened a debate about violence on television. To many, the crime is not a one-off act of evil, but the logical culmination of what they see as a growing culture of violence that makes it acceptable to bring knives, tear-gas pellets and even guns into the school playground.



Mourners at the funeral of Zahra Rajabi in Paris yesterday. Rajabi, 37, a member of the Iranian National Resistance Council, was assassinated in Istanbul on 20 February

Photograph: Jacques Enron / AP

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OR PHONE FOR ADVICE, ALL THE BETTER.

YOU'LL BE GIVING US MORE TIME TO
GET TO SEE SOMEONE LIKE HIM.



IN BRIEF

Yeltsin claims to have Chechen peace plan
Moscow — President Boris Yeltsin, facing an election in June, said he had a peace plan for Chechnya but kept it under wraps and Russian troops continued shelling in the separatist region. Liberal Russian MPs visiting Chechnya said the troops were targeting villages filled with civilians and refugees were pouring out to escape. Mr Yeltsin, who has said solving the crisis is crucial for his chances of re-election in June, has made much of the proposed plan but has put off a final decision on it.

Sierra Leone votes for end to war
Freetown — Sierra Leoneans voted in a final round of elections to restore civilian rule to their war-weary country, apparently undeterred by a spate of attacks and atrocities designed to discourage polling. Rebels killed 35 people on Tuesday in a vehicle travelling outside the second town of Bo. In Freetown, voting in the presidential run-off between Ahmad Tejan Kabbah, 64, and John Karefa-Smart, 81, started slowly but soon picked up and long queues formed outside polling stations.

Russians play fowl
Moscow — The US-Russian "chicken war" heated up, with officials saying a ban on importing American poultry could be in place as soon as today. Ryacheslav Avilov, Russia's chief veterinary inspector, said US standards were inadequate and the ban would go into effect unless a last-minute meeting with the Americans could be arranged. "Americans have met almost all our demands," he said. "The only question now is how to control salmonella."

Sky will be the limit for pilots
Washington — The US announced a project to let pilots set their own course through the skies. Faster travel, lower costs and improved safety are expected from the so-called free-flight plan. "It's the right time to begin. It will be a long-term effort," Federal Aviation Administrator David Hanson said. He estimated that a decade may be needed fully to phase in free flight.

Germans issue warrant for top Iranian
Berlin — German federal prosecutors have issued an arrest warrant for Iranian intelligence minister Ali Fallahian in connection with the 1992 killing of exiled Kurdish leaders in Berlin, a lawyer involved in the case said yesterday. In the judge's view, the minister is strongly suspected of ordering and masterminding the attack. Hans-Joachim Ehrig, who represents families of the victims, said, referring to the investigating magistrate who must approve arrest warrants.



Renoir stolen from Belgrade gallery

Belgrade — A thief cut a Renoir from its frame and fled the National Museum here before anyone noticed. *The Woman Bathing* disappeared on Thursday from the museum, said to be known for its high security.

Orangutans threatened with extinction
Jakarta — Orangutans in Indonesia's east Kalimantan province on Borneo Island are on the brink of extinction because development is destroying their habitat. Soeparno, head of the Samarinda Forestry Research Centre, was quoted as telling the founder and president of the World Wide Fund for Nature, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

Semtex firm's environmental bombshell
Prague — The Synthesis firm, known as the maker of Semtex, said it had won an environmental prize sponsored by a foundation linked to the Prince of Wales. It said Britain's ambassador to Prague presented the award from the Czech arm of The Prince of Wales Business Leaders Forum. It honoured a big reduction in air pollutants resulting from installation of cleaning devices at its plant in the central Czech town of Pardubice.

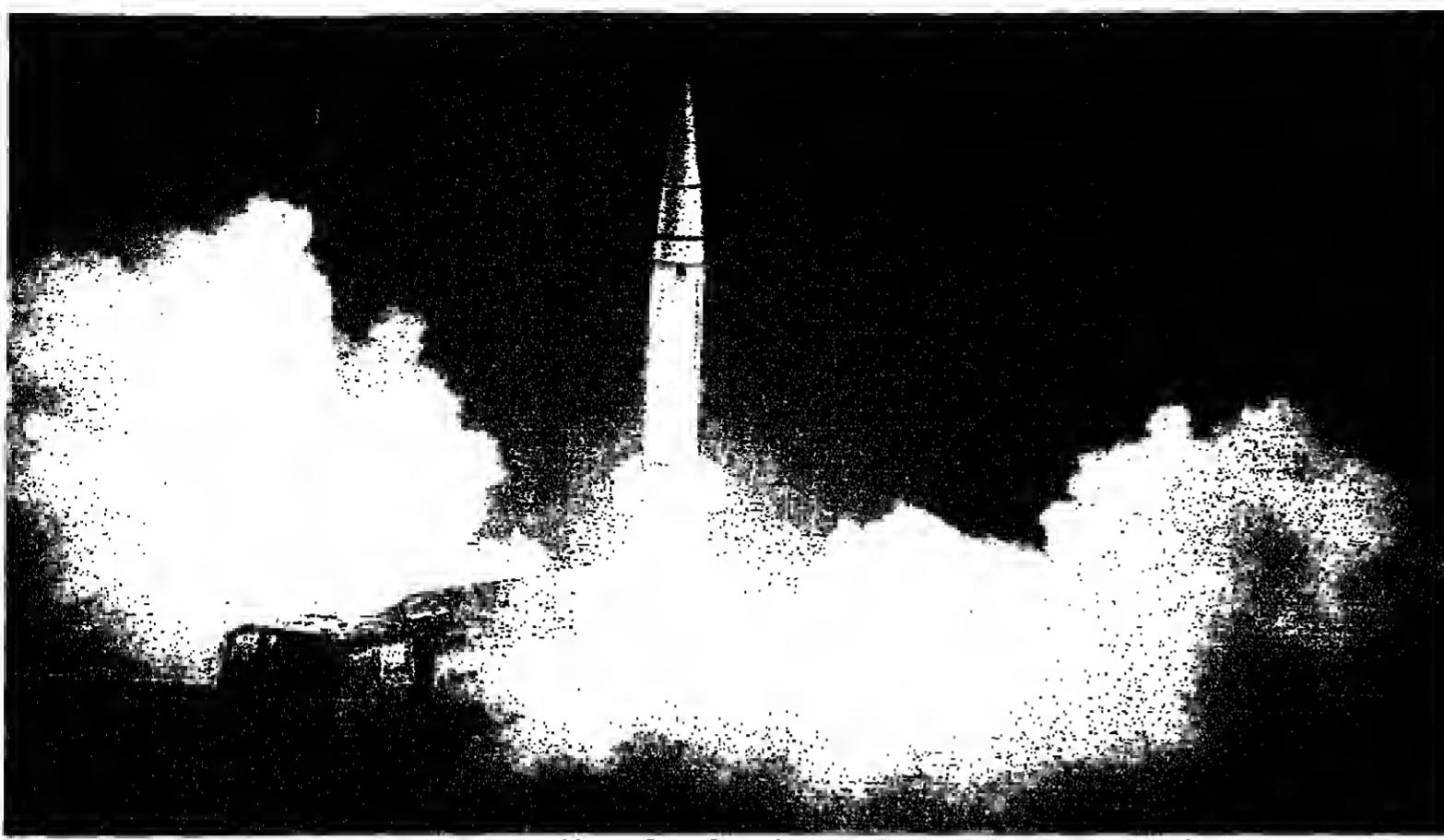
Swedes on course for new PM
Stockholm — The Finance Minister, Goran Persson, was made leader of Sweden's ruling Social Democratic Party, replacing retiring Prime Minister Ingvar Carlsson. Mr Persson, 46, will be appointed prime minister next week.

Spanish legionnaires riot

Melilla — More than 100 Spanish Legionnaires were confined to their barracks after rampaging through this North African Spanish territory following the killing of a legionnaire the previous day in a bar brawl.

AP

international



Just testing: A ground-to-ground missile being launched by the PLA's Second Artillery Force during exercises near Taiwan

China keeps up the pressure on defiant Taiwan

TERESA POOLE

Taiwan

China has no imminent plan to attack Taiwan but will continue to flex its military muscles against the island state long after next week's presidential elections, analysts forecast. "This year is the year of threats for Taiwan," said Yang Chih-heng, senior military researcher at the Institute for National Policy Research in Taipei.

China is trying to allay fears that it plans to invade Taiwanese territory, while keeping pressure on President Lee Teng-hui, the expected election winner. In Washington, the Pentagon said China had explicitly told the administration

that no invasion of Taiwan was planned.

China's first missile tests ended yesterday but the large-scale live-fire naval and aircraft exercises are scheduled to continue until Wednesday, yesterday Peking announced new war games which will straddle the 23 March elections. The March 18-25 manoeuvres in the Taiwan Strait will be the closest so far to Taiwanese-held territory.

The Taiwanese said suspected new movements of People's Liberation Army (PLA) aircraft had been detected in Fuzhou, at the north end of the Taiwan Strait.

Few on the island expect life to quieten down after the election. Andrew Yang, secretary-general of the Chinese Council of Advanced Policy Studies, said: "I think China will continue to use the mixed political, economic, military and diplomatic measures to force Taiwan to come to the negotiating table after the election."

Peking is determined to curb Mr Lee's push for greater diplomatic recognition and to thwart Taiwan's attempt to obtain a UN seat. If he is re-elected, more foreign visits by Mr Lee are likely to prompt retaliation by Peking, which was enraged by his visit in June to the US.

China's strategy is to affect public opinion by targeting the economy. Intermittent military manoeuvres are likely to persist to keep Taiwan's financial markets and business community on edge. Yang Chih-heng said he expected more missile tests into target zones close to Taiwan later this year. "Perhaps the next ones will be in the East China Sea. Maybe around 20 May, when the new president is inaugurated," he said.

The central-bank governor, Sheu Yuan-dong, said 'up to \$4bn (£2.6bn) had left Taiwan recently as residents converted savings out of the local currency. Taipei spent \$1.5bn in the past two weeks buying shares to prop up the local stock market.

Trade and investment are likely to be the next to suffer. Taiwanese figures show \$24bn is invested in industrial ventures in China's southern provinces along the Taiwan Strait and Taiwanese investors will become increasingly nervous the longer the crisis continues. China will have to bear the fall-off in investment but it can weather a down-turn.

Mainland concern about Mr Lee's policies is unlikely to abate. "It seems they are getting very impatient about Taiwan's current political development ... the next generation, when they

are up to the required age to vote, that young generation does not want any kind of reunification," said Andrew Yang.

Peking wants immediate concessions from Taiwan, including an explicit commitment to reunification. But Andrew Yang said it was out of the question. Mr Lee would make political concessions after the election, partly because of pressure by the pro-independence Democratic Progressive Party. His ruling Kuomintang National Party has a majority of just one in the Legislative Yuan.

The best Peking can hope for is lower-level compromises by Mr Lee, who is anxious to ease tension. He may agree to discuss direct air, shipping and postal links, which the mainland has been calling for. He will probably also propose opening discussions on the peaceful settlement of cross-strait relations.



Lee: Unlikely to make any political concessions

tions. But this is unlikely to placate Peking. "What China is trying to pursue is the political issue," said Andrew Yang.

For the PLA, the East China Sea will become its priority area for regional security. Peking's aggressive stance will include more investment in defence. It is already set to buy more Su-27 aircraft from Russia and is keen to purchase more submarines, which would have a role in mounting any blockade of Taiwan.

Taiwan also wants to increase its submarine fleet from four to 12; F-16 and Mirage aircraft on order will start arriving later this year.

Rhetoric will remain shrill as the two sides stake out positions. "Taiwan will stress political reform and the mainland will stress nationalism," said Yang Chih-heng. But Peking realises it has a window of opportunity in terms of the effectiveness of its bombast before Taiwan's new arms are delivered. "Peking knows now is the time," said Yang Chih-heng.

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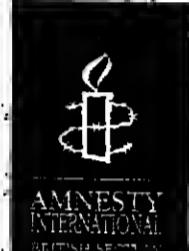
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“I don’t really fill my mind much with what one set of foreigners is doing to another.”

Alan Clark,
ex-Defence Minister.

Successive British Governments have continued to permit sales of equipment used for torture to countries with appalling human rights records. The Scott Report touched just one tiny area of a huge worldwide trade in instruments of pain and death. Two recent Dispatches documentaries 'The Torture Trail' and 'Back On The Torture Trail' have shown that our Government is still turning a blind eye to this vile trade; if not actively encouraging it.



Amnesty International exists to expose and oppose human rights abuse wherever it occurs.

We are not party political. What we do insist on is that Governments should respect and fulfil their international commitments to protect human rights and that the law - which they have sworn to uphold - should apply fairly and freely both to their citizens and themselves.

From Channel 4's Dispatches documentary 'The Torture Trail'.

Each night, as allied jets took off on bombing missions over Iraq, a man called Mohammed was tortured by the Saudi secret police, who suspected him of spying for Saddam.

"They started beating me with the electronic sticks. For many hours they tortured me. Being hit with an electronic baton not only made me vomit, but I lost control of my bowels, my water. I just could not control anything in my body. I was left in my own vomit and urine all night."

Mohammed was not a spy. He was innocent and was later released. Even if he had been a spy, torturing him was illegal under international law.

Not that the torturers care much about international law. During the Gulf War, both sides used torture. Iraq employed at least 30 different methods, including beating, burning and gouging out the eyes of victims, and torturing children as young as five years old in front of their parents.

The Saudis and Syrians were scarcely less ingenious. Their repertoire included anal rape, hosing with icy water, electrical shocks to the genitals and threatening to sexually abuse prisoners' families. But the politicians who condemned Iraq were oddly silent about allied tortures.

The world's politicians had a lot to be silent about.

In March 1988, world opinion was outraged when 5,000 people died after Iraqi jets attacked the Kurdish town of Halabja with chemicals. In April, after a similar attack on a village, some men found a small boy and girl clinging to one another. While running away through a wheat field they had been attacked by an Iraqi helicopter and got separated from their parents. The parents had died but the children did not know this. They kept saying that when it grew light they would go and look for them. They thought it was night. They did not realise that they were blind.

On April 12, less than a month after Halabja and at about the same time as those two children were stumbling into their endless night, Junior Minister David Mellor was forecasting "a bright future in Iraq" for British industry.

His fellow Ministers would soon adopt "a more flexible approach to arms sales to Iraq".

The Scott Inquiry heard how Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe was advised to keep this quiet because "It could look very cynical... so soon after expressing outrage about the treatment of the Kurds".

Once cynicism starts where does it stop? Today, the Government isn't keen to talk about the fact that it still allows British firms to join in the international torture trade. The booming torture and cruelty business is worth millions a year to western firms, whose catalogues contain products ranging from medieval style thumb-cuffs and leg-irons to sophisticated electro-shock equipment.

In 1991 the *Observer* reported that a British company had sold to Dubai a torture chamber called the 'House of Fun', which used electronic 'white noise' and strobing lights to induce nervous breakdown, epileptic fits and possible death.

But the torturer's favourite tool is the electro-shock baton. These batons give shocks of up to 150,000 volts which cause violent pain yet leave hardly a mark. No wonder they have been called 'the universal tool of the modern torturer'.

Electro-shock batons are used to rape women, including pregnant women, and for anal rape on both sexes. They are used on prisoners' testicles, thrust into mouths, ears and eyes.

Last year a Channel 4 documentary *The Torture Trail*, which was recently re-screened, proved that British companies were offering electro-shock batons for sale. A Glasgow firm claimed to have made such weapons and that the Government had even sponsored a sales trip to sell its horrible wares in China.

China? But after pro-democracy supporters were massacred in Tiananmen Square, hadn't Sir Geoffrey Howe announced in the House of Commons: "I'm sure that all members of the House will share the worldwide sense of horror and join in the international condemnation of the slaughter of innocent

people. Her Majesty's Government has therefore decided on the following action: all arms sales to China have been banned."

Yet the Glasgow firm said the Government sponsored its sales trip *less than a year* after the Tiananmen slaughter.

"The Chinese bought electro-shock weapons from a UK company," says Amnesty International's Secretary General Pierre Sané. "And now they are manufacturing them and exporting them throughout the world."

On March 13 Amnesty launched a campaign against human rights abuse in China, where the use of electro-shock batons is now so widespread and endemic that it is almost impossible to document and follow the cases or the number of victims.

In Liaoning, four girls under 16 were tortured with electric batons to make them confess to 'promiscuous behaviour'.

What is such torture like? "They kept the baton on my back, rolling and rubbing, touching my spine with the end of the baton. I felt really horrible. I felt my whole body, my mind, my brain just exploding," one victim said.

Tibetan monk Palden Gyatso was tortured with the baton pictured on the left. After they shoved it down his throat and triggered it, he woke in a pool of blood having lost 20 teeth.

Do you want to stop this horrible trade? You could try writing to the Government. After *The Torture Trail* went out, hundreds of people did just that. With their own eyes they'd seen British businessmen waving arcing electro-shock batons, yet they got back replies claiming that the programme makers had told lies and made up evidence.

Unfortunately for the Government, many of these people were Amnesty members. *Torture Trail* reporter Martyn Gregory says: "When Amnesty members received the Government's letters they sent them to Amnesty and Amnesty forwarded them to me."

Armed with the letters Martyn sued the Government for libel, citing letters signed by Michael Heseltine. Martyn won. Heseltine apologised in the High Court and the Government paid £55,000 damages. Parliamentary questioning finally forced the Government to admit that in 1993 it had issued a trans-shipment licence for electro-shock equipment.

A year after the first programme, Dispatches went *Back on the Torture Trail*. Guess what, it's still business as usual. Five of the British companies approached said that they could supply electro-shock batons.

The shameful fact is that it is *legal to sell them*, provided the shipment never touches British soil. The Government, while turning a blind eye to this legal loophole, has part-funded a document, which is currently still available, to advise British firms on 'market opportunities' in the Gulf.

One page unambiguously provides the market intelligence that "Qatar Special Forces are interested in electric batons."

Suppose you knew that a man had a history of violent knife attacks. If he offered you £10 for your carving knife, would you sell it to him? What is the difference between this and what companies do when they sell torture equipment (and Ministers don't stop the sales to people whom they know will use them to kill and maim?)

How do they know? Because year after year, Amnesty brings them the evidence. Year after year, they ignore it.

They saw pictures of women and children gassed to death at Halabja, then struck new deals with the murderers.

They watched film of Indonesian troops gunning down civilians in East Timor, then invited their commanders to the UK to buy a whole new batch of armaments.

They watched a man stand in front of a tank in Tiananmen Square and then sent electro-shock batons to help the people who'd just massacred his friends.

Alan Clark doesn't fill his mind with what one bunch of foreigners does to another. Nor, to be frank, do most of us.

If we opened ourselves to all the horrors of the world, we would go mad. Sadly, shutting out horror doesn't get rid of it.

But there is one small thing you can do which will genuinely help rid the world of torture. Join Amnesty International and strengthen us with your voice and your support.

Help us force a proper inquiry into Britain's involvement in the torture trade. Help us force Ministers to answer why they still allow British companies to trade this equipment.

Help us flush out the dealers and their friends. If the trade is legal, let's have it out in the open. If legal loopholes permit the trade to continue, help us to slam them shut.

Above all, help us bring home to our politicians that we don't like what they're doing in our name, with our money.

Please fill in the coupon and join us, or make a donation.

Thousands of people in prison around the world, waiting in fear for the call to the torture chamber, would ask you, if they could, to fill in the coupon. Their families would ask you.

We are asking you to fill your mind with their pain and to become their hope. Pick up your pen, do it now.

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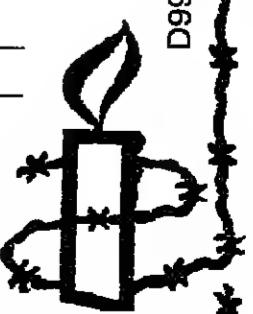
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international

UN targets aid to build a new Africa

DAVID ORR
Nairobi

The United Nations biggest ever campaign for the development of Africa - recognised as "the world's foremost development challenge" - was unveiled amid much fanfare yesterday.

The so-called Special Initiative for Africa was launched by Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the UN Secretary-General, in tandem with the World Bank and UN agencies in Nairobi, Geneva, New York, Paris and Rome.

"Now is the time for the United Nations and international community as a whole to stand together with Africa," he said. "Now is the time for us to forge a new partnership."

"We want today to tell Africa solemnly it isn't alone, it isn't abandoned, it is more than ever in the sight of the world ... I'm not appealing to the gen-

erosity of the international community. I'm appealing to its conscience," he said.

The programme, whose estimated cost over a 10-year period is \$25bn, aims to expand basic education and health care, to promote peace and better governance, and to improve water and food security.

The huge cost of the initiative will have to come from a redirection of existing UN resources and from a readjustment of African governments' often much-criticised spending priorities.

It will also require fresh financing from Western governments equivalent to about 20 per cent of current development aid flows to Africa. The sources of funding, given the UN's current financial difficulties and the pressure on aid budgets, are vague.

Despite the upbeat tone of the initiative, which suggests

that Africa's prospects for economic recovery are better than ever, the continent remains the only one where, on UN measures, poverty is on the rise.

And though its leaders and visiting aid experts never tire of expounding on its abundant promise and potential, Africa has been beset over the past three decades by repeated economic and social crises.

The results of structural adjustment - the ideology of economic management devised by the World Bank and often criticised by African leaders - have been modest and progress has fallen well short of expectations.

The poor, and particularly women and children, have been the first to suffer as governments have sought - often under extreme duress from the donor community - to live within their means.

Africa has been largely left

behind as countries in Asia and elsewhere have made better use of their resources and competed more effectively on the world market.

Africa's countries include 22 of the 25 nations identified by the United Nations as having the lowest human development levels in the world, while 33 of the world's 47 least developed countries are African.

Access to such basic services as health care and primary education in Africa remains lower than anywhere else, while population growth and infant mortality levels are higher. It is estimated that by the turn of the century one-third of the world's poor will be living in the African continent.

So at a time when many countries continue to be torn apart by conflict - among them Burundi, Sudan, Somalia - the timing of this new UN endeavour is crucial.



Military manoeuvres: Women training yesterday with the Sudanese Popular Defense Force at Khawi, outside Khartoum. The militia - optional for women - provides troops to fight against the southern rebels. Photograph: AP

Ethiopians edge back from brink of famine

For the first time the country is almost self-sufficient in food, writes David Orr

Addis Ababa - To many in the West, Ethiopia has become synonymous with the terrible famine of 1984-85, when nearly 1 million people died.

Though its sheer scale has earned it a special place in the annals of human suffering, the Eighties famine is by no means unique in Ethiopia's recent history. In 1973 a drought in the same north-eastern region of the country resulted in the deaths of some 300,000 people.

Again, in 1994, food shortages in the Tigray and Wollo areas killed between 5,000 and 10,000 people.

There are those who believe starvation to be the intermittent but inevitable fate of this part of Africa. Simon Mechale, the man whose unenviable job it is to prevent another famine, is not one of them. But neither is he overly complacent about the future.

"This is the best year in our country for a long time," Ethiopia's Commissioner for Disaster Prevention and Preparedness said. "We've had better rain, there's peace and the government has been helping farmers with fertiliser and improved seeds. But this

lulation of 57 million people. Besides, the areas of maximum rainfall do not coincide with the areas of maximum population.

Almost half the inhabitants are judged by the United Nations World Food Programme (WFP) to be under threat from famine.

"Simply put, people are living where they shouldn't," Allen Jones, WFP director in Ethiopia, said. "It rains more or less all year round in the west but most of the population is concentrated in the centre, the north and north-east."

Yet relocation is not the solution it might appear. Around the time of the 1984-85 famine, the regime of Mengistu Haile Mariam, which fell in 1991, tried to shift whole communities from the beleaguered north and north-east.

It was a disaster: people and cattle used to the highlands fell victim to unfamiliar diseases in the lowlands. And there were outbreaks of ethnic unrest as hitherto unacquainted tribes were forced to compete for scarce resources.

The severity of the 1984-85 famine was exacerbated by the rigidly Marxist Mengistu regime and by its cynical use of food as a weapon of war. Food aid was withheld in an attempt to flush rebels out of their highland strongholds.

Five years of relative peace coupled with the reintroduction of a market economy by the government of Meles Zenawi have helped boost agricultural production. These factors combined with the good rains of last year, have conspired to make the country, for the first time in recent memory, almost self-sufficient in food.

In the past decade or so Ethiopia needed about 600,000 tonnes of food aid a year. That amounts to an average spending of £80m a year on food aid. But the bulk of the 125,000 tonnes needed this year will be purchased in Ethiopia.

Yet Ethiopia remains one of the poorest countries: per capita income is estimated at less than £75 per annum.

"Ethiopia is extremely vulnerable," Mr Jones said. "In times of drought, the people don't have enough cattle to sell to tide them over. A man can't just go out and pawn his wife's jewellery, because she hasn't got any. People don't have much access to jobs; the vast majority just scratch a living from the land."

Nevertheless, there are signs that the situation is improving. The 1994 drought endangered just as many people as were affected a decade earlier, yet the death-toll was much lower.

The difference was that in 1994 the relief mechanisms were in place. The government, the UN and non-governmental organisations were able to act quickly, implementing a pre-agreed plan and drawing on massive food reserves at strategic locations.

This year for the first time the government is asking for aid to train people to look after the food needs of their own regions and to detect the early warning signs of food shortages.



Mengistu: Ruthlessly used food as a weapon of war

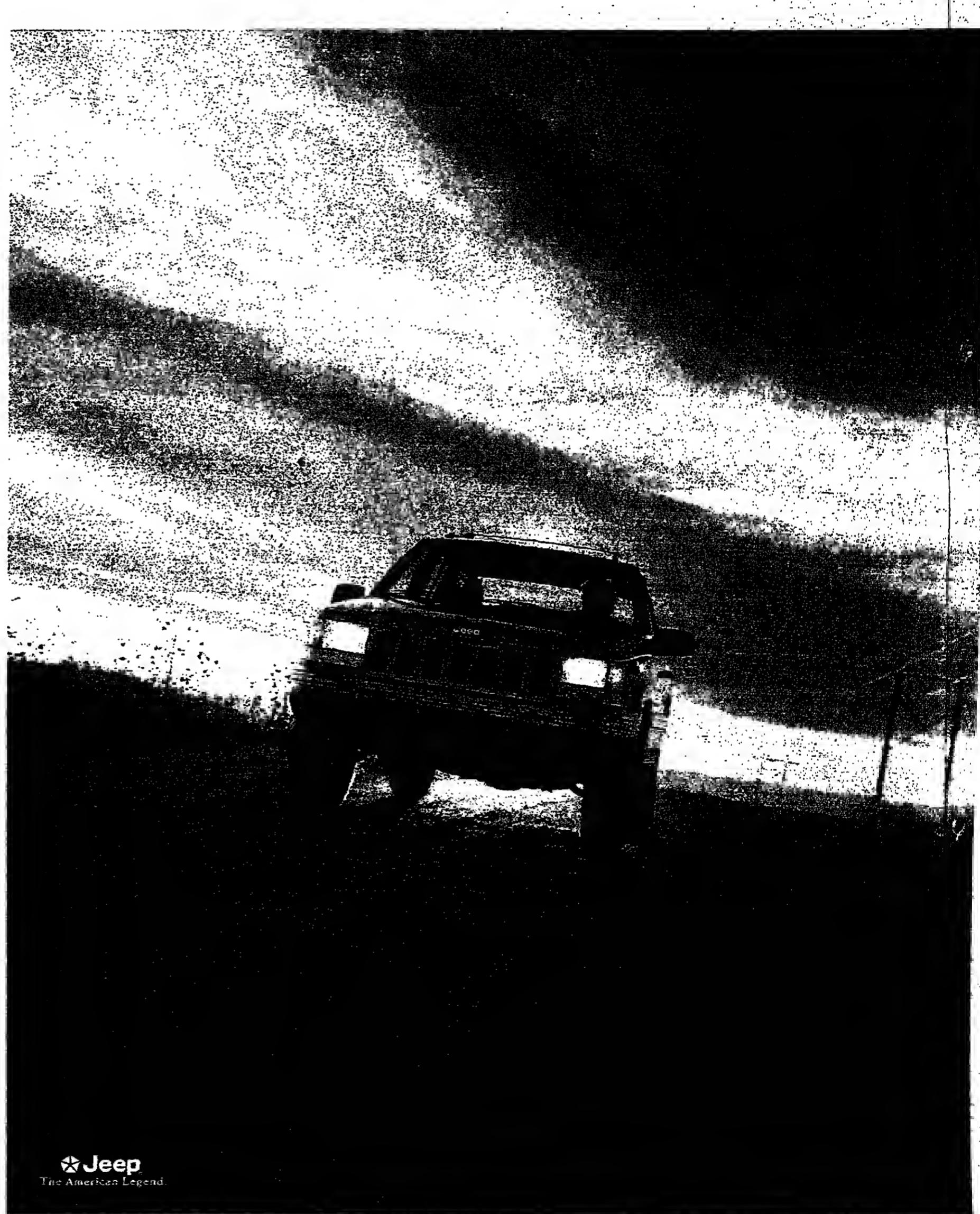
doesn't mean there's no problem. We still need food aid for 2.3 million people this year."

Ethiopia is one of the most famine-prone countries on Earth. There is a food shortage here every year, a crisis about once a decade. With proper management it is usually possible - as it should be this year - to prevent people dying from starvation. But the threat of disaster is constant and it is likely that the country's food aid needs will continue to grow rather than diminish.

"To a certain extent we have control over the human elements: what sort of government we have, whether there's war or peace, whether we're implementing the correct agricultural policies," Mr Mechale, an economist with a degree from Bradford University, said. "But if the rain doesn't come, there's nothing we can do."

Among the government's disaster-prevention schemes is a plan to lessen the country's dependence on rainfall by utilising rivers, which an official report has said could be harnessed to develop nearly 6 million acres through irrigation.

The underlying problem is that population growth is outstripping agricultural production and the land is simply not fertile enough to support a popu-



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Peter Brook

The one that got away

Interview, page 3

Photograph: Nigel Parry/Katz

THIS WEEKEND WHY NOT...

DISCOVER

The Insect World

Get behind the scenes in a workshop with *Alien Empire* producer Steven Nichols and find out how to turn your exploring skills into an understanding of the natural world. It's National Science Week, an ideal opportunity to give the children a voyage of discovery.

■ Natural History Museum, London SW7 (0171 938 9123) Adults £5.50, Children £2.80

MAKE

Your Mother Happy

Sort out a bouquet of flowers, make breakfast in bed and cancel the morning in the kitchen by taking Sunday lunch aboard a steam train. Book now for a traditional five-course dinner on the Mothers' Day special at Butterley Station.

■ Midland Railway Centre, Butterley Station, Ripley, Derby. (01773 747674) Adults £11.95, children £7.95

SEPARATE

Fact from Fiction

A highlight of the London Interactive Book Festival is this afternoon's discussion between the country's leading biographers and writers of historical fiction. Luminaries in attendance include Victoria Glendinning (who bats for both teams), Stella Tillyard, Allan Massie and Melvyn Bragg.

■ National Hall, Olympia, London W14 (01225 448831) 2-5pm, £10

BUY

Funny Face

Audrey Hepburn was never lovelier than in Stanley Donen's ravishing homage to the fashion photographer of genius, Richard Avedon, played here by Fred Astaire. Style expert Kay Thompson barks at you to banish the beige and "Think Pink", while Hepburn at her most gamine coos her way through "How Long Has This Been Goin' On?"

■ On CIC video, £10.99

LAUGH

On St Patrick's Day

Scamper off to Battersea Arts Centre, order a pint or three of Guinness, and round off the day with a night of Irish comedy compered by comedy musician John Moloney. Dylan Moran stormed the event last year; he's back with Barry Murphy, Kevin Gildea and Noel Faulkner. Big laughs, late bar and disco.

■ BAC, London SW11 (0171-223 2223) Sunday, 7pm-midnight

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SHOPPING	4-6
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BOOKS	9-11
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TRAVEL	16-22
MONEY	23-25
PEPS REPORT	26-29
GOING OUT	30
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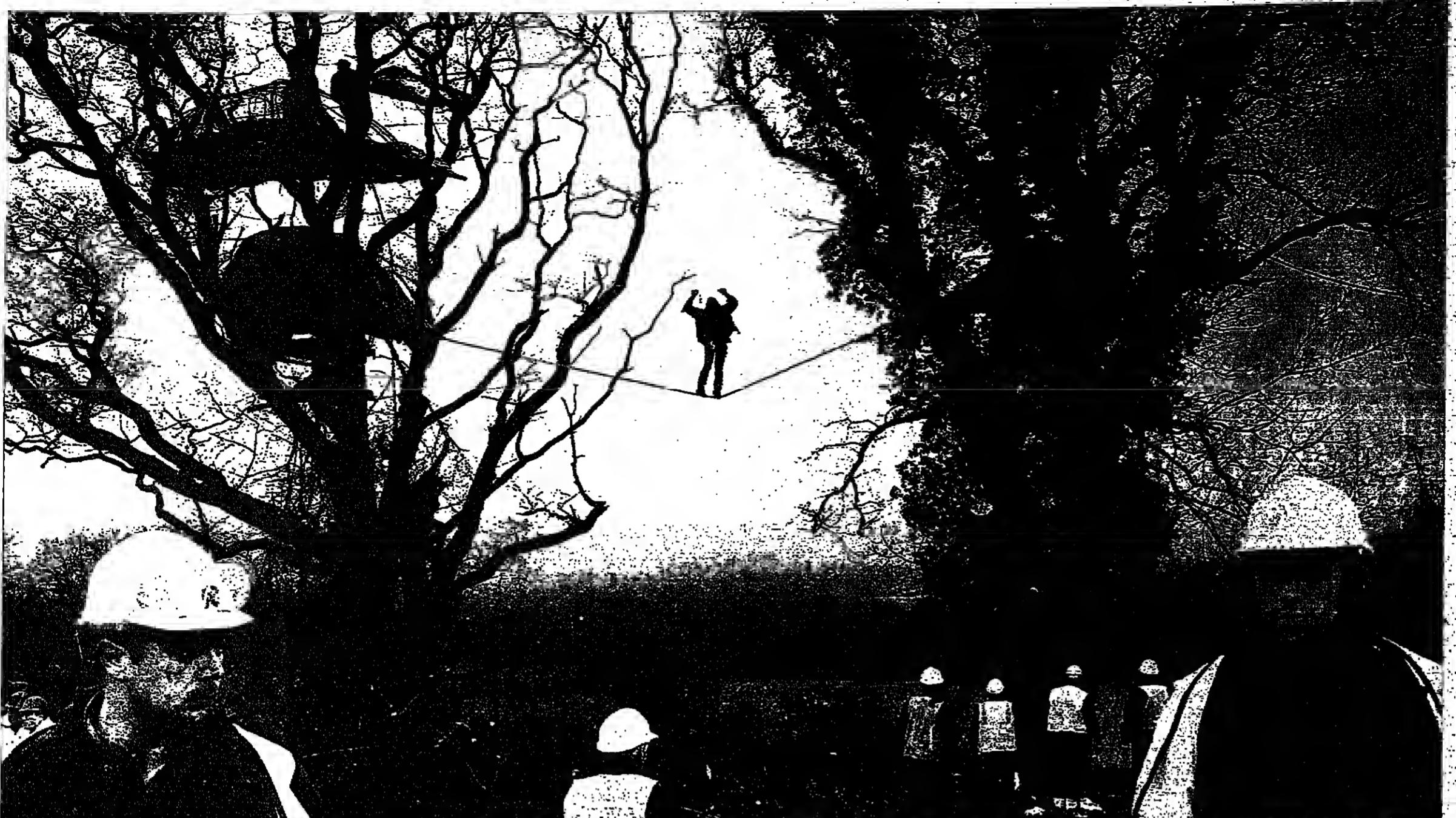
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PICTURE STORY



Walk on the wild side: a protestor crosses between sky-high tree houses at the Granny Ash camp by means of a nylon walkway. In the foreground, part of the ring formed by the security force when they clear the tree camps.

IF YOU GO DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY



Chain-gang: other protesters, some of them local residents, try to stop cherry-pickers and bulldozers moving in by forming a line of their own just outside the security ring

It's more than two months since contractors first started to clear the woodland areas that stand in the path of the proposed Newbury Bypass. Initially outwitted by protesters, they are now rapidly gaining ground. John Voos watched the daily clash of wills in the camps at Granny Ash and Kennet



Dawn radio: at Kennet camp, Jim, a local resident, cradles a CB radio and listens in to find out which camp is being targeted next for eviction. As soon as protesters get hold of this information, they regroup



Left: a notepad and a camera are just two of the tools used by legal observers to record unnecessary uses of force (others include camcorders and cassette-recorders). A number of protesters are currently bringing assault charges against individual security guards

Right: contractor-bashing brightens up protesters' days, while, below, small fires keep spirits alive during the long night-watch. Ever since contractors decided to surprise protesters by turning up during the small hours, nothing has been left to chance. But despite the sophistication of the protesters' organisation, Kennet was cleared yesterday after two and a half days' battle. Six of the 28 camps (and the trees that housed them) have now fallen and a seventh, at Castlewood, is currently being cleared



The

Board of Enquiry
SPEECH AT ADOBE



DAY

The king over the water

Board the Eurostar to Paris and just a stone's throw from the Gare du Nord you'll find England's greatest stage director at work on England's greatest play. Paul Taylor asks 'qui est là?' at the court of the Player King

One of the less discussed consequences of the Channel Tunnel and the Eurostar is that English theatre-goers are now only three hours away from the work of the man who has been called—since his symbolic move, in 1970, from the restrictions of English institutional theatre to Paris and the demanding freedoms of the Centre International de Recherche Théâtrale—the greatest director this country hasn't got.

The journey is particularly easy if you happen to be the artistic director of our own National Theatre. Waterloo is just a step away from the South Bank and likewise, at the other end, it takes no time to walk from the Gare du Nord to the Bouffes du Nord, the wonderful old horseshoe-shaped vaudeville house that—left more or less as it was in all its peeling, dilapidated, glowing-red glory—is home to Peter Brook's productions.

Richard Eyre had made such a trip only the previous week. Brook tells me when we meet for a drink at the Café de Flores II, also reveals that it was a conversation with Eyre that threw up the germ of his present production, *Qui est là?*, a fascinating mosaic-like mix of scenes from *Hamlet* and reflections on the nature of theatre, acting and direction, culled from the writings of Artaud, Brecht, Stanislavsky, Meyerhold, Gordon Craig and the Nob master, Zemán.

Theatre is a quintessentially collaborative art. It struck Brook as therefore something of a paradox that directors tend to operate in isolation from each other. So, about six years ago, he and Eyre "invited a group of directors of different ages to come together to see if we could have a free and intimate exchange about our problems and, as we left, he and I began to talk around this theme and I said that I had, at the back of my mind, the sense that it could be dramatised and Richard was very encouraging".

Brook's initial impulse was to do a play that concentrated on Vsevolod Meyerhold, the revolutionary Russian director and founding member of the Moscow Art Theatre. "He is the first great hero of theatre: a hero and a martyr," declares Brook. "He is the theatre's Socrates," this last a reference to the fact that—after a career of brilliant experiment stretching from the days of Symbolist aestheticism to those of prescriptive socialist realism—Meyerhold was driven out by the talentless apparatchiks of the Stalin era and died,

a "non-person", either at the hands of an executioner or in a labour camp.

Brook rapidly saw, however, that when you contemplate the beginning of this century—when the modern idea of the director and the art of *mise en scène* were suddenly invented, in reaction to the bankrupt pictorialism and practices of the previous era—what is interesting is the emergence not of a single figure but of "a handful of super-talented visionaries possessed of that energy that comes from entering a new continent".

These men had, to put it mildly, their doctrinal disagreements and Brook is both amusing and sympathetic about "the natural, human tendency to believe in and defend one's own territory excessively. So Stanislavsky [with his emphasis on the actor's inner motivation and emotional memory] for a long time had to believe that his dear pupil Meyerhold was on the wrong track [with his view of acting as Pavlovian reflex]. And Meyerhold had to believe that his dear, much-respected father-figure, Stanislavsky, was also off the mark."

Matters veered into farce when Stanislavsky invited Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry and cousin of John Gielgud, to the Moscow Art Theatre to direct *Hamlet*. But then, that would have been hard to avoid, given that the one was a champion of the interior actor, the other of the actor as *Übermarionette* (super-puppet), one element in the total scenic design.

The crunch came, Brook recounts, at the final dress rehearsal. To create a sense of space as a fluid reflection of *Hamlet*'s subjective states, Craig had devised a system of mobile screens that could register shifts of locale and of consciousness and be brought into abstract, cubist patterns. Craig's idea was that these should be moved in full view by costumed stagehands, whereas Stanislavsky's naturalist instinct was to bring the curtain down at the end of every scene. At the final dress, though, the screen somehow came loose and toppled over like a pack of cards, the accident settling the argument in Stanislavsky's favour.

In *Qui est là?*, Brook has avoided what he calls the "television approach" of battenning on dispute. The aim, rather, is to show that "these great visions of theatre are linked and complementary" and that, as he writes in a programme note, the theories aren't absolute truths established for all

time, but ideas to be used at strategic moments. Hence, these voices from the past are transmitted to us by the performers of the *Hamlet* scenes and they are left unidentified except as a list in the programme and to the extent that it's possible to guess that, for the most part, each actor has been assigned the words of one particular visionary. Artaud's reflections, for example, acquire a haunting authority when delivered by a young woman who is partly still in character as Ophelia and partly herself.

An absolute purity of focus has long been one of Brook's cardinal strengths as a director and this is matched by the extraordinary quality of attention he offers you as an interviewee. A small compact figure, now in his 71st year, he is a magnetic combination of intellectual precision and physical daintiness, his fingertips tracing in the air the contours of some fleetly articulated thought. After we'd watched him spellbinding the audience at a recent Empty Space Award ceremony, a fellow judge remarked to me that you felt like forsaking wife, children, worldly goods, the lot, and following him. It does him credit that he has not abused that power. As Irving Wardle has written, "The usual penalty for joining the entourage of a great director is that you turn into a courtier and your brain is taken away. But there are no tame house-scribes to be found among Brook's circle."

Like *The Man Who...*, his Oliver Sacks-derived study of the human significance of neurological disorder, *Qui est là?* is at once pell-mell, playful, serious without solemnity, and rinsed clean of all redundancy.

The setting is a simple square of cream matting; the props are minimal: percussively punctuated by a lone instrumentalist, the production is light on its stocking feet. *Hamlet*, a play with a thespian troupe, an inset drama, and a profound preoccupation with what it means to "act" (the verb covering both real and simulated action), is well-equipped to function as the backbone of this "recherche théâtrale". Now in the thick of the drama, now outside it voicing or demonstrating an *aperçu* from the writings of the chosen directors, the cast of six make seamless transitions.

It's a key moment in *Hamlet* when the First Player performs the speech about Priam's slaughter and Hecuba's grief because it brings home to Hamlet a shaming irony. The professional actor is able to

work himself up to real tears in the service of a mere piece of fiction, whereas Hamlet, who has a real cause for passionate commitment, remains inactive. The way *Qui est là?* treats the episode is typical of the whole enterprise. Firstly, by the time we get to this point, we have already heard two divergent comments on producing stage tears. There's the "biomechanical" approach of Meyerhold, who illustrates his theory with the formula "I see a tear, I'm afraid, I tremble, No, that's not it, I see a bear, I tremble, I'm afraid. We are machines."

And there's the "emotional memory" method of Stanislavsky, who confesses that a street accident he recently witnessed involving the death of an old man would be of less use to him in summoning up stage tears than the recollection, from much further back, of seeing a little monkey dead on the pavement.

It's characteristic, too, that the Player King's speech is performed in a mixture of his native language and ancient Greek by a Japanese actor, Yoshi Oida. This is partly for pragmatic reasons: in the original and in European translations, the speech sounds ridiculously dated and bombastic. But the casting and the invoking here of a non-Western theatre tradition and rhetorical style are deeply in accord with the philosophy of Brook's international centre. The aim there has always been not a melting-pot synthesis but a valuing and harnessing of cultural differences purified of cliché. For Brook, the policy has clear benefits in making Shakespeare convincing for a contemporary audience.

This you don't achieve, he argues, by bringing on machine guns and all the paraphernalia of the modern world. Instead, you create a situation where there seems to be no barrier of belief between the actor and his lines. Take the problem of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. If you have two African actors (Bakary Sangare and Sotigui Kouyaté) playing the hero and his father, the cultural awkwardness of crediting an after-life disappears. There's an extraordinary physical tenderness here between Sangare's Hamlet and Kouyaté's Ghost, who appears as a palpable body rather than a spirit and whose continued existence is accepted as quite natural.

The five directors whose voices resonate in the piece were all, says Brook, "Europeans who, at some point in their lives, received the shock of the Oriental theatre.

The one thing they were not exposed to was what the African can bring... These are the great thinkers who have influenced Brook's practice (Artaud, for example, lay behind the *Theatre of Cruelty* season in the Sixties; the historic white-box-and-trapeze *Midsummer Night's Dream* was described as Meyerholdian). Movingly but quite unpretentiously, the piece feels like the résumé of a century of theatrical endeavour and of Brook's own continually questing art.

Qui est là? offers, it's true, a very truncated *Hamlet*, which climaxes not with the duel and the poisonings but with the hero's "readiness is all" speech. It's typical that Brook—whose radically telescoped and reshaped *Carmen* aimed "to unearth the little jewel lost, thanks to the dictates of the Opéra-Comique, in an old warhorse"—should think of *Hamlet* as existing on two distinct levels of achievement. For him, the spiritual journey is complete by the graveyard scene. The final stretch he dismisses as "the Tarantino version", a reverting to the melodrama values of the commercial potboiler on which the play was based. For French audiences, unfamiliar with the tragedy, he needed to keep a thread of narrative continuity, but when, as he plans, he develops the piece for an English-speaking public, he will be free to use *Hamlet* much more impressionistically.

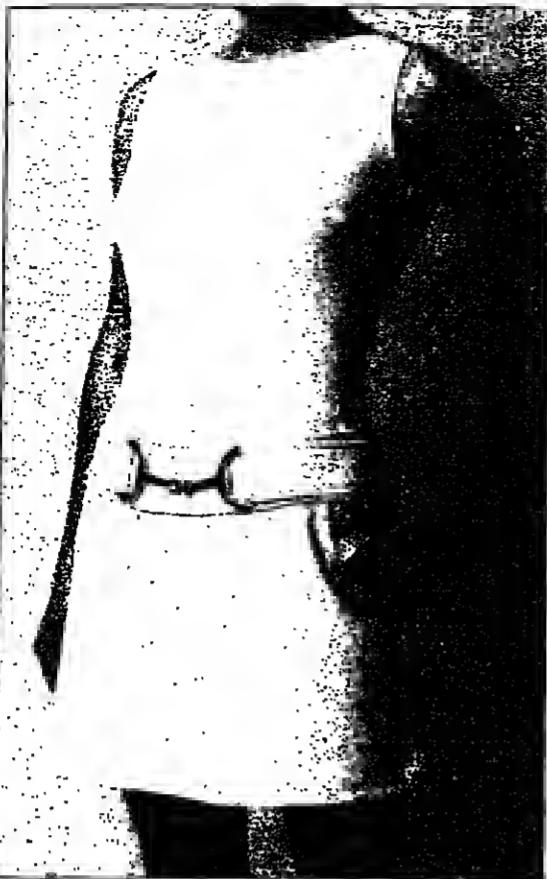
Once completed, the English version will be seen at the National Theatre. Brook offers an interesting angle on the question of the succession there. Of Daldry and Mendes, he says that "we have to run three theatres isn't right for a young person. I think it would stultify them." Trevor Nunn's appointment has been met in the press with a certain amount of priggish comment, the implication being that, by directing Andrew Lloyd Webber, Nunn has touched pitch and could never present a clean enough pair of hands. If anyone has the moral right to take such a lofty position, it is Brook, whose career has been an object lesson in the avoidance of commercial compromise and of the temptations that beset a director in mid-life (megamusicals or mousticism; cynicism or whining). His reaction to the news, however, is one of delight. He points to the richness of Nunn's experience in so many different forms of theatre, his generosity, vigour, imagination and openness. "I think he will be marvellous. Absolutely. I can't think of anyone better."

• • •

ESTATE

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1 Morgan, £59.99. White sleeveless dress in stretch jersey. A neat little dress that holds its shape well, a good one for taking on holiday or for evenings. This dress has mid thigh, is quite clingy, and shorter than we have seen for a while. Also available in black or nude. From branches of Morgan nation wide. 0171 436 5255.

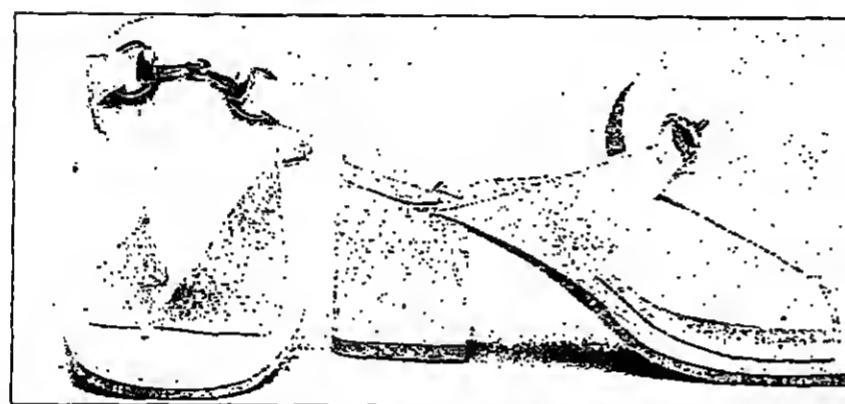


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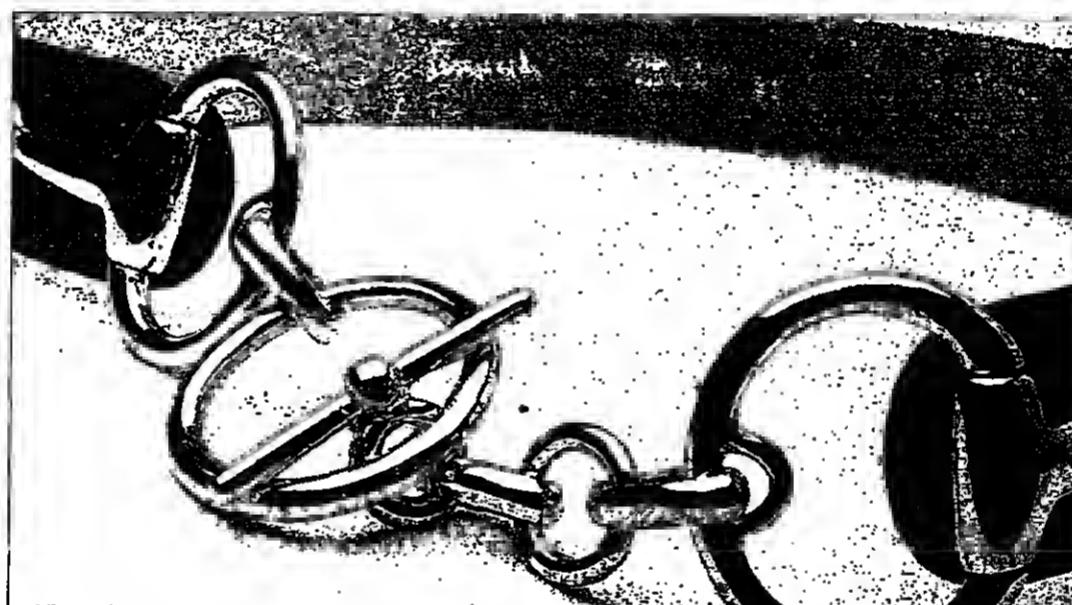
4 Office, £39.99. White patent thong sandals, with Gucci style silver snaffle. High street stores currently have loafers, court shoes, pumps and sandals emblazoned with the Gucci style snaffle, it is one way to look cool. If the snaffle fits, wear it. Available in black or white. From Office stores London and enquiries 0181 838 4447.



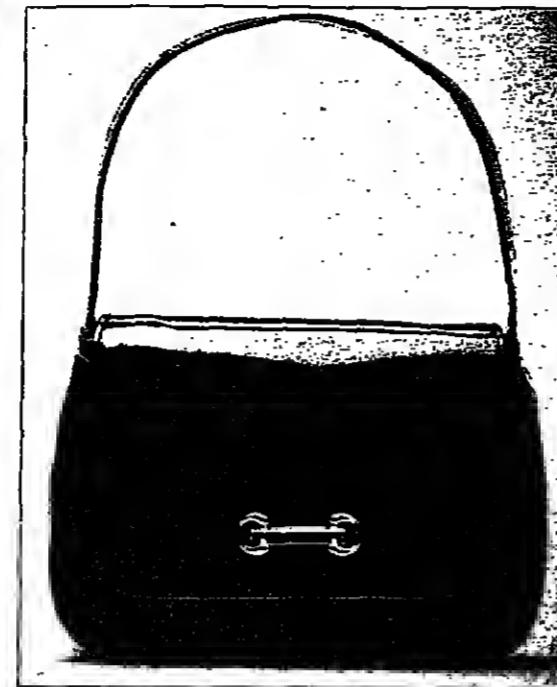
5 Oasis, £39.99. Black and white zebra print shirt. The fabric is fairly sheer, so this shirt is not for the faint hearted. The shape is very narrow and fitted, for that 70s look we are used to seeing on the likes of super models and Madonna. From selected branches of Oasis. 0171 377 5335.



6 Fenwicks, £35. Black leather belt with silver ring fastening. Lies quite low on the hips so it can be teamed with hipsters, or worn over a long line tunic dress for that ultimate Gucci look. Available from Fenwicks, London, and Tunbridge Wells, Kent.



2 Dollargrand Bag, £49.95. Black patent with perspex snaffle. The short shoulder strap seems to be an up and coming trend, it tucks neatly under the arm, and keeps your contents out of reach of pick pockets. A good shape to see you through the summer months. Available from Fenwicks, Harrods and Selfridges. Enquiries 0171 794 3028.



3 Warehouse £39.99. Black side zip hipster trousers, slightly stretch and gently flared. Chain belt from Fenwicks £35. Very comfortable to wear and easily adjustable. Ravel black patent high heeled shoes £34.99. It has been a long time since high heels and trousers have been so fashionable. From branches of Ravel nation wide 0171 631 0224.

The thing about... Mother's Day

Once upon a time there was a mid-Lent festival called Mothering Sunday. On Mothering Sunday, you returned to your mother church for mass, and, if your parents were anywhere near its vicinity, popped in on them as well. It was one of those examples of the church working for the good of *hui polli*: it meant that, once a year at least, the servants got the opportunity to see their families, and, of course, things like graveyards got a good seeing to.

Along with most of the other Christian festivals, Mothering Sunday has long since been subsumed by the great god of Shopping. Mother's Day is another marketing opportunity in those dear days between Santa and the Easter Bunny.

So what are you going to get for the old girl this time around? The time has passed when a nice bunch of daffs from the garden and a big kiss would do. The shopping conspirators are bombarding us with the most tasteful of advertising campaigns. Superdrug reckon you'll be wanting to make a bit of a stink with a bottle of Charlie (yes, they still sell it) slashed to £5.95 from £8.95. Good idea: take her back to the Seventies and remind her how much older she is now. Debenhams, home of the blazer and pussycat bow, is publicising a very special offer: free wrapping paper with every gift. Now that's something to get you salivating.

The card makers, as always, have pulled their fingers out. "You're loved so much because you're you", says the giant-sized rosebud-covered monstrosity at £1.89 in my local newsagents. "Because you're so special" quack some cute ducklings. Now I don't want to get narky, but how come there aren't any that say "because you feed us baked beans every night" or "because I only see you at weekends"?

The Post Office has got in on the act as well. Spotting an extra opportunity to steal directly from the hands of babes, they have plastered bus stops with posters of an infant in a pushchair by a pillar box. "No matter how close you are, mum's card is more special by post" is the slogan. Absolutely. Especially if it turns up on Monday because of no Sunday deliveries.

This year's Ivana Trump award for good taste, though, goes to Interflora. A special Mother's Day arrangement costs "about £27.50", though the more miserly among you can opt for a Hattequin basket at £16.95 or a bouquet at £19.95. But you can order on a special 24-hour freephone (0500 43 43 43), so you're getting top value. And the slogan with which they woo your best familial instincts? "Your mum is expecting". Ahh. Sweet.

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The thing
about...
Mother's Day
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Happiness is a steak and kidney pie

In Germany, the locals are joining homesick natives in British speciality food stores. By Klaus Smolka



Hayley's British Shop: the ketchup is just "a little more tomato-ish"

Such, runs the old joke, is hell: the car-drivers are French, Germans run the Ministry of Fun, Americans are in charge of the arts, Italians organise the whole show. Ob, and the chefs are British.

Any comment by a German on British cuisine is likely to start off with some calumny of this sort. Yet while Germans may pour scorn like gravy, on typically British dishes, the contempt runs both ways.

Many of the 115,000 British expatriates in Germany go out of their way to escape Eisbein und Sauerkraut – and they have around 30 culinary havens to fall back on – shops offering food from Britain.

Hayley's British Shop is one of two such speciality shops in Frankfurt, the city with the largest British community in Germany. The store is run by Hayley Wood, a 26-year-old from North Wales. It has a good position in the Frankfurt West End, an upmarket district rather like the City of London, packed with banks, computer companies, estate agents and consultants. About half of the customers in her shop are British, says Hayley. Most of the others are American or German.

Among the regular customers are Steve Walton and Colin Booth, two construction workers from London, who have been living in Frankfurt for a number of years. Their shopping bags often contain the odd can

of John Smith's Bitter – a weird brew, too flat and insipid by most German standards. "German beer is the best beer in the world," says Steve, "but, well, sometimes the real thing from back home does a lot more to cheer you up."

For Steve and Colin, the steak and kidney pies in Hayley's shop are particular favourites. This is the sort of food you cannot find in most German supermarkets – to German taste buds such pies epitomise the worst of British cuisine.

Steve and Colin also come to Hayley's shop to stock up on products that may be available on the Continent but that "just aren't the same" as the goods imported from Britain. According to the two Britons, the ketchup on Hayley's shelves is "a little more tomato-ish", the mayonnaise "more mustardy", the cereals more crunchy. Even the same product of the same brand tastes different when not imported from Britain, they say.

This refined sense of taste is not entirely imagined. A spokesman of an American company that produces ketchup confirms that although there is one single basic recipe for their ketchup, the ingredients and the processing do indeed vary "to a minor extent" in the individual countries in which the ketchup is produced.

But Hayley concedes that "many customers are probably driven by the force of habit. The

white bread they're after has just got to be Mother's Pride." To meet the demands of her customers she has food products delivered from a wholesaler in Folkestone every Monday.

Some locals now seem to be warming to the notion of food from the other side of the Channel. British food is becoming more popular, says Roy Edleston, managing director of the Frankfurt-based German office of Food from Britain, which promotes food exports from the UK.

"It is true, for a long time we have had to struggle with a fish-and-chips image on the Continent," says Mr Edleston. "And in Germany and Britain eating and drinking is often considered more of a necessity than something to take pleasure in – unlike in Latin countries."

But the range of British food products in Germany is no longer restricted to classics such as whisky, gin and marmalades. Britain has outstanding natural produce to offer, which is then processed in Germany, says Mr Edleston – crustaceans from the Welsh coast, game and cheeses from the north of England, poultry from East Anglia, or milk from the West Country.

Mr Edleston reels off the facts and figures to support his claim: Germany is the third most important market for the British food industry (after France and Ireland); some £670m worth of food products

were exported to Germany in 1990 – 4 per cent more on the previous year; exports to Germany accounted for 8 per cent of total food exports from Britain.

But while Germans may have developed a liking for British ingredients, are they ever going to take to what they regard as a very peculiar way of processing this food? In the English Shop, Frankfurt's other outlet for British speciality products, Germans customers are still rare.

"They account for 5 per cent of my clientele," says shop-owner Gunther Bentz, who is himself German. Four out of five customers are British or Irish. Herr Bentz's assortment boasts some 700 British food products, delivered from London and Kent. Herr Bentz has adapted quickly to cater for British demands on special occasions: before Easter, the shelves groan with Easter eggs of a vastness unknown to Germans; and at Christmas the place is packed with plum puddings.

It is particularly during the festive holidays that many expatriates turn to food to remind them of home. Something that is not lost on Hayley Wood: a tin of baked beans or a jar of orange marmalade may not be the prescribed cure for homesickness, but, a visit to Hayley's British Shop, she says, "the next best thing to being in Britain".

British food in Italy...

Whatever they might say about the bourgeois joys of pasta and ice cream, most Brits living in Italy have a guilty secret lurking at the back of their food cupboards: a packet of tea and scones, perhaps, or a pot of jam. Others choose these gifts straight over by visiting aunts and new neighbours about the lack of ketchup or cornflakes in the local diet. While a bit of scones though, one can't be too sure of some tucked away in a specialist shop. In Rome the big macca is Castrovilli, an international delicatessen just off the Via Veneto where you can find all the old favourites – Forum & Mason marmalade, Bird's Eye butter, Blanton's pickle, Woodpecker beer, and much more. A 100g packet of strong Earl Grey tea costs £5.00 (or about £2.50), a pot of jam is about the same, while Marmite is a real delicacy at £3.00 for 250g.

When you are of Italian bairnness, dipping tea bags into lukewarm water, need for Fratelli, a delighful cafe and tea shop on Via della Lungara in Trastevere, English tea is harder to track down, although a small delicatessen on Via dei Croci, near the Spanish steps, may sell you farmhouse Cheddar for an arm and a leg. Better to head for Il Bistec, a delightful restaurant in Piazza degli Spagnoli near Piazza Navona, where the original pasta dishes include one made with Brussels sprouts and the Stilton.

Andrew Gumbel

...and France

The stronghold of British fare in Paris is Marks & Spencer. English women living here, among them, make straight for the sausage and bacon counter, relieved that it's easy to buy such a familiar dinner. And it means that next weekend's guests will not be asked to include country pork pies in their luggage; not that these guests would wish to eat them – a number of anguished visitors have reluctantly swallowed pork pie and coleslaw with us, clearly yearning for a French plat du jour.

The occasional M&S Indian dinner makes most expats feel very nostalgic for all those possibilities of take-away curries. Drinks party snacks, such as crisps and crisps, are popular with the English in France, too. Whipping and double cream cater for truly English recipes. Tea becomes properly English with Fruited Shortcake Slices, scones and Chocolate Mini Rolls.

More than anything, though, it's the puddings that draw the English resident. Fruit crumble at 17F is excellent value compared to a patissier's exquisite but tiny cake. Most of all, you are tempted by oozing jam tarts – although deliveries of these are erratic. On one occasion, I missed the last tart on the shelf, my precious find secreted into someone else's basket. I expressed some surprise that such an elegantly dressed lady should have such a sweet tooth. She denied this stoutly but the haste with which she fled, leaving her change behind, suggested that she was not entirely speaking the truth.

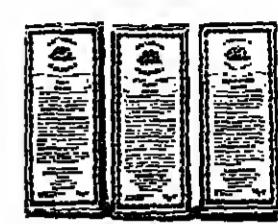
Isabella Palmer



Good thing

Greenwich Herb and Spice Company Dip-Mix, £2.50

Packs of flavoured dips are all very well but what happens when your pot of Mexican chilli dip outlives your tortillas? Most likely it will languish in the fridge until well past its sell-by date. But an end to all that tragic waste is at hand. The Greenwich Herb and Spice Company have the solution: little bags of herbs ready to add to anything, from the smallest dollop of mayo for a sandwich, to a vat of crème fraîche for a marinade. Choose from Garlic & Herb, Lemon & Dill, Mint & Coriander, Mexican Tomato, Chilli Curry, Mustard and Horseradish.



Greenwich Herb and Spice Company, Units 8 & 9 Etington Park Business Centre, Aldermaston, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, CV37 8BT. Tel 01789 450945 for mail order details.

Mad thing

Bath Time Treats by Zarvis, £25.00

Zarvis's bath kits look rather like a beginners guide to voodoo, but will guarantee the bath-time equivalent of a stiff drink for

Mother's Day. The enticing Pandora's Box and the highly sexed Vice Box (which comes with the warning "For Baths Only") contain packets of leaves, little bottles of oil, aphro bath sticks, scrolls of cedarwood and chunks of lava stone, all nestled on a bed of alarmingly hair-like packaging.

Liberty, Tel 0171-734 1234 for mail order or details of your nearest store.

Checkout

Rococo

Rococo Chocolates, 321 King's Road, London SW3 5EP (0171-352 5857)

What is it? A mecca for serious chocolate lovers. The shop was set up by Chantal Cody, founder member of the Chocolate Society.

Who shops here? Those who really know their Grand Cru Manjari from their Grand Cru Guanaja (both blends of rare cocoa beans), and passers by who are drawn in by spectacular window displays.

What should I buy? Wonderful bunches of chocolate asparagus (£7.50) and chocolate cigars (£3.50). For Easter there are chocolate hens (£6.75) and hares (£5.25), and a huge selection of bird eggs – choose from partridge, hedge sparrow, robin and woodcock. Best sellers are their mint wafers (£6.75 a box). At the cheaper end there are chocolate champagne corks (40p) and sardines (35p). Make sure you get one of their lovely blue and white carrier bags to take your booty home in.

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AUCTIONS

Will the young artists work evolve or will they get fed up with painting and become dentists?

Next week London's spring contemporary art sales. The market for contemporary art is recovering and the rich are getting richer. Only the rich can afford the safest investments that are the very top of the market – blue-chip names such as the Italians Fontana and Poliakoff, whose established reputations are pushing their prices steadily upwards.

The fat-cat collectors' bunch is that same big names that crested the late Eighties boom will lead the way out of the recession. A Fontana slashed canvas or a blocky Poliakoff abstract composition that would have fetched a whacking £300,000 in the boom years 1988-89 can be snapped up for a third of that today – and in a

rising market. At Christie's last November, Poliakoff's *Composition - Jaune, Bleue et Rouge* (1954) fetched £194,000 – the highest price for the artist for five years. There are two Poliakoff abstract compositions in oils at Christie's on Tuesday (2.30pm) estimated £40,000, £60,000 and £80,000-£80,000. Sotheby's Thursday (10.30am), has two more affordable Poliakoff abstracts: a 1945 water-colour pastel (25in by 19in) est £2,000-£3,000, and a late gouache of the same size est £20,000-£30,000. Fontana's auction prices, hitherto dependent upon fluctuating Italian buying power, have been picking up since last year's exhibition *Italian Metamorphosis* at the Guggenheim in New York. It caught the attention of rich

American collectors. They have brought their own inimitable aesthetic to bear upon Fontana's monochrome slashed canvases: pillar box red sells best, followed by blue, white and green, with gold in a top category all its own. Very symbolic, wealth, see? Preferences for the other colours have probably been prompted by interior decorators.

You need to be quite well heeled to afford even the cheaper, less safe contemporary artists – the slapdash hotshots of the Eighties: German and Italian neo-Expressionists mostly still in their thirties. It costs £10,000-£12,000 to invest in a young German – Fetting, Middendorf, Penck – or £10,000-£20,000 for a young Italian such as Paladino, Chia, Clemente. Are their reputations worth a flutter? Will their work evolve, or will they get fed up with painting and become dentists? You just cannot trust the younger generation, these days.

Stour, estimated £30,000.

The same sale has some 40 paintings and drawings by Augustus John and his sister Gwen, from the private collection of Philadelphia socialites Edgar and Helen Hope Montgomery Scott, upon whom the film "High Society" was based. These fresh-to-market works will either revive the patchy John market or bury it. Plenty of Lowries in this first sale since the announcement of £75m of lottery funds for a Lowry gallery in Salford. Those elogs are becoming very blue chip. Sotheby's has a sale of Impressionists and moderns, Wednesday (10.30am).

John Windsor

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shopping

The ridiculous thing about ducks

The British are obsessed by them, the Americans pay up to £250,000 for them. Clive Fewins on the rise and rise of the decoy duck

Ducks poke their multi-coloured heads out of unexpected corners in every room of Sophie Ridges' stone cottage on the edge of the Mendip Hills in Somerset. The ducks are of the carved, wooden variety: "investment decorative decoys" as Mrs Ridges calls them.

They are made in small numbers by carvers in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic. Mrs Ridges, 52, says the gallery at her home in the village of Farrington Gurney (where she also runs wood carving courses) is the only one in the UK devoted specifically to wooden ducks.

The record price for a decorative carved wooden duck decoy at auction in the USA is \$319,000 (about £250,000) but none of the specimens at Mrs Ridges' gallery costs as much as that. She does, though, have a number on sale at more than £1,000, and a handful that she would not part with for any sum.

The most valuable are American and date from the late 1800s or the early years of this century. They are hollow in the centre, with a keel attached to the base to make them float and are regarded as "authentic" decoys.

These working models had to be durable, realistic and cheap to carve. They were not, therefore, things of great artistic merit. Frequently they were roughly shaped with an axe from a single block of wood. These crude early American decoy ducks can fetch four figures – although there is far less work in them than in the more sophisticated modern carved wooden ducks.

The wholesale slaughter of wildfowl in the USA eventually caused trouble. A number of species of duck became scarce and the Labrador duck became extinct. Eventually, in 1918, Congress passed the Migratory Bird Act and this effectively put an end to market hunting. Many of the hunters turned to other ways of making a living and this gave rise to decoy carving as an art form.

In this country, decoy carving has grown in popularity over the last 15 years. Mrs Ridges finds an increasing number of redundant and early retired people coming on the courses that she runs about six times a year, both at her home and at centres belonging to The Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust.

"If you wish to take up woodcarving then ducks are good things to start on because they are flat and have no legs," she explains. "Apart from being difficult to carve, legs are delicate things that often break."

Ducks have a great appeal to the British sense of the ridiculous and they are also things of great charm and beauty. A duck carving is a comforting thing to have in the home."

There are an estimated 500-600 decoy



At home in the Mendip Hills, Sophie Ridges and her decoy ducks

Photograph: John Lawrence

Pensthorpe Waterfowl Park, Fakenham in Norfolk learnt on a Bob Ridges course and perfected her art on several courses in the USA.

"Last year the event drew enthusiasts from all over the country and sold half the 350 carvings on show for a total of £3,000," said Mrs Nicoll.

Although they sell their work widely in galleries and at shows a number of full-time decoy carvers also sell them direct. Ted Oxley of Thorpe Bay near Southend has carved since the age of 16 but only took up bird carving full time when he retired from his job as a dental technician last year. He specialises in decoy ducks and usually uses Jelutong – the wood of the "chewing gum

tree" from Malaysia – and English lime, as these woods allow very fine feathered work. A duck can take Mr Oxley two solid months or more to make. Last year, at the annual summer show and competition held by the British Decoy and Wildfowl Carvers Association Mr Oxley won the Best in Show award. Prices average £1,200 to £1,350.

Another of the better-known duck carvers is Guy Taplin, whose flotsam-and-jetsam workshops sit on the banks of the River Colne at Wivenhoe on the edge of the Essex marshes. Most of his work is abstract, the ducks being highly stylised. "They are usually just shapes, with no detailed work" he said. "They

sell in the galleries at an average price of £2,000-4,000, though once I sold a big flight on a large base for £10,000."

The styles vary from intricate "feathered" realistic As Sophie Ridges likes to say: "My late husband used to tell his pupils: "Inside every block of wood is a duck. We carvers delight in setting them free."

The Decoy Art Studio and Gallery, Hollow Marsh, Farnington Gurney, Avon BS 18 5TX (01761 452075).

The British Decoy and Wildfowl Carvers Association, 6 Pendred Road, Reading, Berks RG2 8QL (01734 311867).

A life in the shift of...

Paula Howard, 25, manageress, The Joke Shop, Margate

"Mum and Dad bought the shop 26 years ago. Mum ran away from art college to join a fair, met Dad and they settled down in Margate. They bought this shop and the shell shop next door. They divorced: Dad got the shells, Mum got the jokes. Jim, the other assistant, and I have worked here since we left school at 16. I work seven days a week."

In the morning I put stock away and generally tidy up the mayhem from the day before. Every month we get a new delivery of jokes. We've just had new plastic dog turd. It is brilliant. It feels rubbery and you can throw it and it sticks to people."

I love it when you feel you've really helped someone. One lady, who thought her son was nicking money from her handbag, bought a small detonator. He opened the bag and it exploded in his face. She was very pleased with that."

Lads like anything that smells revolting and makes a loud bang. Girls are more into joke cigarettes and soap which turns your face black. We get small kids who've been told off by their parents and who want to make mischief and get revenge and I think, 'Yeah, go for it'."

There's nothing I really hate about my job. Sometimes, if I have a coach-load of old ladies in the back looking at all the sexy stuff and they're screaming with laughter, I think this is one of the best jobs in the world."

Sally Williams

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The fact that only subscribers can watch the Big Fight shows that today's choice is no choice

Two unrelated items in this newspaper caught my eye earlier this week. One was an advert for tonight's heavily promoted Bruno vs Tyson world championship boxing match, the other was the news that Sketchley, the well-known dry-cleaners, is to close hundreds of its high street outlets and set up shop instead in the vast fluorescent-lit sheds of one of the inexorably expanding edge-of-town superstore chains.

By the end of the week these two events had become inextricably linked in my mind, for, in their own ways, both represent contradictory aspects of the fetish of consumer choice that has warped the British body-cultural over the past 15 years.

The promise of successive Conservative governments since Mrs Thatcher was first elected to office in 1979 has been that of a form of

economic liberalism that would somehow bestow upon every citizen the right to choose the way they wished to order their lives. By invoking the free-market spirit of Adam Smith, some form of vote-catching, Mystic Mag hocus-pocus is to close hundreds of its high street outlets and set up shop instead in the vast fluorescent-lit sheds of one of the inexorably expanding edge-of-town superstore chains.

Citizens or "customers" as they were now increasingly known, of free-enterprise Britain were to benefit from boundless choice: the nation would be turned into one giant supermarket and we, customers, sporting in the sunlit uplands of a new-found-land of mortgages, school fees and shares in what were once public utilities, would pursue the high life, indulging in a boundless cornucopia of goods and services. No longer would namby state com-

missars tell us what we could or could not have, or what was good for us and what was not.

In future, when we turned on the television, we would have a choice of a dozen channels with the promise of many more to come. Standing at a London bus-stop we would choose between green, day-glo and buses the colour of Refresher packets: no more tyranny of the standardised red double-decker (note the dictatorial, Communist-inspired colour) for us.

At railway stations we would deliberately miss the 10 o'clock Tesco express (don't miss the on-board shopping facility) so that we could catch the following 10.30am Heineken flyer, the train that reaches parts of Britain no other train can reach (customers, joining at the Paddington station shop, please note the pub car situated

towards the centre of the train). By the year 2000 (when parliament is to be privatised and every MP sponsored by a company, nothing new there), everything we eat, breathe, buy, use and wear could well be put out to tender. How about a choice of lip-smacking tuckwaters (including your choice of Cedric Brown's, the senior citizen's favourite with natural gas, and Frank Bruno's Old Time spearman 'n' prawn cocktail flavoured) brought to us by rival companies?

Is all this nonsense? Yes, but so

is the new culture of choice. We

may have more television channels than ever before, but, if you want to watch Frank Bruno and Mike Tyson knocking the testosterone out of one another tonight, you will have to be a subscriber to Rupert Murdoch's Sky TV and pay an extra £14.95 on top of your subscription for the privilege. You cannot see the Big Fight if you do not. In the bad old days of the choice-free Gustapo state, Frank and Mike would have been slugging it out on BBC or ITV and anyone could have watched for the cost of their annual TV licence.

Recently, Murdoch tried to buy the television rights for the 2000 Sydney Olympic Games. If he had succeeded and if you had wanted to take part (from the comfort of the living-room sofa while tucking into your choice of takeaway pizza, burger or sushi), you would have had to buy into Murdoch's empire

and attach one of those disfiguring satellite dishes to the side of your house. The fact that only Sky subscribers can watch tonight's Big Fight proves that today's choice is no choice.

The same is true of this week's news from Sketchley: in moving their dry-cleaning outlets to banal superstores on the edge of town, they are part of a conspiracy to force us into the jaws of these retail dinosaurs. There are people who claim to prefer superstores to street markets and high-street shopping parades. They remain, for me at least, an enigma. Quite why anyone would prefer a peripatetic continental-style lettuce shrink-wrapped in plastic when fresh green leaves are for sale at lower prices from robust market stalls is quite beyond me (beyond our European neighbours, too). The superstore may well offer a

galactic choice of cheeses air-freighted from exotic parts and pre-washed fruits of paradise from the South Seas, but what choice does it offer those who either cannot get to out-of-town supermarkets or want to shop in the very market towns and high streets they serve to destroy?

If I cannot have my clothes dry-cleaned in the high street, I am pressurised into joining the supermarket set; because I think supermarket culture is damaging our national culture I will refuse, but my choice will mean having a wardrobe of grubby clothes.

Perhaps it is time for us to choose to fight the *blue* culture of choice. After all, what have we got to lose? Only our satellite dishes, shrink-wrapped ugly fruit and 15 years of demeaning political dogma.

Thomas Stucliffe returns next week

Lost boys stuck in Neverland

Something's bugging modern man. He's confused, he's irresponsible, he's immature. Mark Simpson argues that our culture offers boys no inducement to grow up

In his next movie, major box-office draw Robin Williams is to play a boy with an accelerated ageing disease. For an actor who began his ascent to fame playing the childlike naif alien Mork in *Mork and Mindy*, and has since been a 40-year-old Peter Pan in *Hook* and a boy imprisoned inside a board-game for 30 years in *Jumanji*, this latest boy-trapped-in-a-mao's-body role is entirely predictable and entirely in character. More surprising, perhaps, is the news that more men are finding themselves playing Robin Williams.

In a post-feminist, consumerist age in which being a man is an uncertain business of uncertain worth, Peter Pan-itis, a condition where grown men behave as if they had never grown up at all, has become a being evolutionary adaptation, filling the world with men whose bodies have passed through puberty but whose minds clearly have not.

Hollywood, naturally, has been riddled with it for some time. All the biggest male stars are textbook examples. In addition to the juvenile antics of Robin, there's Arnie, the middle-aged man with the boyish grin, obsessed with body building and big guns, who, along with his buddy Sly, does his best to promote permanent adolescence as a lifestyle. Then there's Keanu and Brad, the boy-men who don't look as if they've started shaving yet (Brad's goatee looks as unconvincing as Burt Reynolds's hair). Meanwhile, at the back of the class, there's Jim Carrey putting string up his nose and pulling it out of his mouth, and tongue-tied, bashful Hugh Grant, whose *ménage à trois* with Divine Brown and the LAPD was so funny because it was so unlikely (unless you happen to know any British public schoolboys).

That other mass medium – pop music – must bear a great deal of the responsibility for spreading Peter Pan-itis. Beginning by worshipping youth and turning it into the commodity of the late-20th century, it has ended up by populating the charts with ghastly mummified spectres like Mick Jagger and Cliff Richard, performers who became stars when they were young but now employ all the technology that rots can buy to slow the maturation process.

This is not to mention the self-styled "Peter Pan of Pop" himself – Michael Jackson, the child-star who resolutely never grew up, made himself an orphan by becoming his own special creation, and who dubbed his ranch full of fairground rides and exotic animals Neverland. However, the global triumph of Peter Pan-itis seems to have had a peculiar effect on British pop and the new batch of young (ish) acts. The only way to get attention in British pop these days, apparently, is to be derivative and deferential to your ancestors. Bands like Blur and Oasis sound like *Q* readers singing karaoke. Paradoxically, in a world where boyishness is now preferred to

manliness everywhere, Britpop seems to have decided that the best way to avoid becoming your Dad these days is to impersonate his heroes.

The continued success of boy bands and the Biblical proportions of the deluge of grief from women of all ages which greeted the demise of Take That – a band that was rapidly becoming less and less "boy" and more and more "mutton dressed as boy" – illustrate the enormous marketability of boyishness and how attached women have become to young men who seem only too willing to portray themselves as eunuchs refusing manhood in the service of keeping women happy.

But as evidence of how far things have gone, Peter Pan-itis has been infected with the world of business. The Microsoft Corporation is looked to as a sort of template for the future, and its managing director, Bill Gates, is lauded as a culture / economic guru. The oft-told narrative of Microsoft's slaying of the IBM Goliath is also the story of how manhood has been vanquished.

The sensitive boys who refused to come out of their bedroom and "mix it" with the other boys, building instead a womb-like world of computers and cyberspace to hide in, have been vindicated by the alienating and infantilising effect of technology and media on us all. The geeks have indeed finally inherited the Earth.

In fact, consumer culture has built a Neverland for us all to inhabit. Those who refuse to dwell there are at best deemed anti-social.

Now, when I become a man and put away childish things, I put thousands out of work. Consumer culture has a great deal invested in keeping men immature. The search for pleasure and new experiences, which is an essential part of consumerism, is irreconcilable with the stoicism, self-sacrifice and instinctive distrust of novelty associated with traditional models of manhood.

Real men don't eat quiche, the saying goes. Well, we don't need test men any more, replies consumer capitalism in general, and quiche manufacturers in particular.

Moreover, as productive practices change, and part-time/temporary work becomes the norm, the man who laboured five days a week all his working life to bring home the bacon for his family is fast becoming extinct. Changing reproductive practises, meanwhile, are phasing out traditional manhood too – more families are being raised without fathers. Since we remain basically childish until we take responsibility for another life, this is, in turn, likely to produce more Lost Boys.

This certainly appears to be the view of Robert Bly, author of *Iron John*, the American men's movement's central text. He argues that boys don't grow into men anymore because they have lost the institutions of fatherhood that initiated them into manhood. "Misguided feminism", which fails to distinguish between masculinity and patriarchy, and "Pied Piper" popular culture have trapped males in basically juvenile behaviour.

Whatever the truth of this, it certainly seems that even in politics, a world traditionally dominated by Big Daddies, the Peter Pans have taken over. Today, the The Most Powerful Man in the World is a baby-boomer from a broken home, who, despite his grey hair and all the pomp of office, still seems to be the chubby boy photographed eagerly shaking hands with President Kennedy (or even the fat boy who played the tuba at High School, as PJ O'Rourke put it). His arch-enemy, Newt Gingrich, also from a broken home, displays the same boyish eagerness, albeit with a harrumph streak of egomaniac. On this side

of the pond, meanwhile, the future appears to belong to Tony Blair, a man who looks and sounds like every granny's favourite grandson – the library monitor in the Christian Union with a university scholarship lined up.

And in everyday British life, the males who appear to be in the ascendant are those who appear to have renounced the onerous duties of manhood, whatever they might be these days, and opted instead for the mischievousness of boyhood. Nothing symbolises this better than the runaway success of "lad" culture.

Originally a reaction against the goody-goody image of the New Man, who was portrayed as a nappy-changing "feminist" chap, New Lad celebrated naughtiness and irresponsibility. Not for nothing was the phenomenally successful new men's magazine *Loaded* subtitled "For Men Who Should Know Better". New Lad is and was a purely adolescent idea of masculinity, but one aimed at adult men. In the world according to New Lad, football, beer and babes – the signs of masculinity for a 12-year-old boy – became the measure of all things.

The New Lad version of Peter Pan-itis fed on the class division of British society, which had designated working-class males "lads" rather than fully formed men with fully formed responsibilities, and yet also bestowed on the class that worked by hand rather than brain the claim to a more "authentic" masculinity, which middle-class "ponces" like David Baddiel attached to themselves by becoming New Lads. It was also in working-class culture that the habit of calling your wife "Mum" was most pronounced, as was the Andy Capp stereotype of the irresponsible hubby who escapes his finnisher spouse by going boozing. Implicit in the New Lad view of the universe, for all its apparent celebration of masculinity and denigration of women, is the acceptance of the idea that woman – or "Mum" – rules the world.

Neverland is booming as males are taking advantage of the opportunity presented by the current "crisis of masculinity" to come out of the toy-closet and declare themselves a boy trapped in a man's body. But this new-found freedom for men leaves women as full-time child-carers. Do women really want to spend their lives alternating between Mrs Capp and Wendy?

"I don't want to be a man, Wendy Mother, if I was to wake up and feel there was a beard!"

"Peter," said Wendy the comforter, "I should love you in a beard"; and Mrs Darling stretched out her arms to him, but he repulsed her.

"Keep huck, lady – nobody is going to catch me and make me a man!"

Mark Simpson is the author of "Male Impersonators: Men Performing Masculinity" published by Cassell, and "It's a Queer World" published by Vintage in April at £8.99



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OST 975-9



Geeks inheriting the earth: (clockwise from top) chubbily eager Bill Clinton (Photo: AP); Take That and totemic babe, ultra-geek Bill Gates of corporate giant-slaving fame (Photo: AP); and Hollywood boy-man Brad Pitt, on the brink of his first shave



OST 975-9

arts reviews

TELEVISION

A Bloody Art (BBC2)

Is subscription viewing a blow to safer boxing? Jasper Rees on a tricky question

The trouble with boxing is that you can never believe what people say about it. The infatuated romantics who write about it, the helium-blasted hype-merchants who promote it and the lobbyists who seek to ban it each have their own agenda, but all are equally guilty of misrepresentation. Only boxers themselves, for the most part tongue-tied but clear-eyed, have the honesty to call it the hurt business, a Mephistophelean deal that brings pain and pay.

With all hope abandoned of ever again broadcasting the likes of tonight's big fight, the BBC are now free to join the ranks of those who can say what they like about boxing. And although there might be a twist of sour grapes in any documentary that has to rent out its action clips from 'Dochusters', the BSkyB video library, John Rodda's *A Bloody Art* proved that it is possible to get within striking distance of calm objectivity.

Like a lot of sports reporters pushing retirement age, the *Guardian*'s former fight writer is a fervent nostalgic, in mourning not only for sport's bygone innocence but also, perhaps, for the journalist's more pivotal role before the spread of television. But there is a pragmatic undertow to the mournful reminiscing of boxing's ancients. Rodda argued that if the sport's fatal attraction for lucrative plays any further into the hands of the abolitionists, memories may well be all that's left of boxing.

The equation is simple – subscription viewers want entertainment for their money, which means knockouts, which raise the toll of death and brain damage. Fighters are trained nowadays, like police dogs, solely in techniques of attack, because the subtler skills of evasion that once kept nimble boxers on their feet no longer pay the bills. It makes sense that the traditional doctrine of duck-and-weave holds sway only in the amateur ring. With no money at stake, no one buys for blood.

Aside from suggesting a few rule changes to muzzle the potency of the puncher, Rodda seemed resigned to the fact that boxing will never stem the tide of changes wrought by the tempests of television. It's no coincidence that boxing was the first sport to hurl itself into the ravenous maw of satellite, no surprise that there was no place for boxing on Parliament's list of shielded sporting events. You can't safeguard a home on terrestrial television for a sport with no annual niche in the sporting diary, nor anything as basic as a united governing body. WBO, WBA and IBF sound like competing ad agencies, and practically are.

For anyone with an eye on the calendar, Rodda's gloomy forecast of storms ahead for the hurt business was, on two counts, a wry bit of scheduling. It went out on the eve of another thespian night for the sport, in which the dastily costumed participants resemble actors in a sort of blond theatre. The transmission date also happened to be the Ides of March, summoning a vision of all those boxers stabbing Harry Carpenter in the back. *Et tu, Bruno?*

THEATRE The Undertaking, Albany Theatre, London

Philip Osment's tangled web of recrimination in the wake of an Aids death is under-directed, under-edited and under-achieving. By Paul Taylor



Brotherly love and hate: Gary Lilibrium and Liam Halligan as straight Patrick and gay Michael

Photograph: Stuart Morris

The Undertaking, a new play by Philip Osment, concludes with camply costumed obsequial rites. A group of his close (and not so close) friends form a line by the edge of a cliff on a remote island off the Irish coast and, to the strains of a Maher tape, toss the ashes of Henry, a gay man who has died of Aids, in the direction of America. There is no wind that day, so the deceased, while on their minds and lips, does not end up in their hair and eyes. That's a rare stroke of luck for, up to this point, their mourning has not been granted room for much dignity.

If this were a TV movie, Henry's estranged mother and his one surviving gay lover would meet and, after a frosty, tense start, progress through a course of mutual understanding that would leave them both with higher diplomas in emotional maturity. *The Undertaking* is at a far remove from such a formula. Henry's relations are barely mentioned, and in so far as this ensemble play can be said to have a central character, it's Michael (Liam Halligan), an ex-lover who now lives in a sexless sort-of-marriage to their joint friend, Sheila (Patricia Ede).

Michael flunked out of taking any responsibility for Henry during his final illness, though this did not stop him from picking up Eamon (John-Lloyd Stephenson), the young, black male nurse who was in attendance. Peeved at the presence of this camp hunk on their expedition, Henry's last (now HIV positive) lover, Howard (Derek Howard), also suspects that Sheila exercised her influence on the dying man to make Michael his main beneficiary.

Osment's last two plays (*The Dearly Beloved* and *What I Did*

in the Holidays) have prompted comparisons with Chekhov for their ability to orchestrate group scenes where everyone is pulling in contrary directions, and for their sharp but unjudgemental eye for the tragicomedy of human behaviour. *The Undertaking*, though, has the feel of something that should have been pushed through further drafts. A tell-tale sign that Osment, instead of plunging straight to the heart of the story, dabbles at the outset with needless scoops of desultory preparation for the trip. The dialogue establishing the tangled web of relationships and the complicated biographical background sounds like something that has been written for much for the author's benefit as ours; neither the script nor James Neale-Kennerley's under-directed production gives the characters enough to do during this part.

There's one very funny outdoor scene in the second half where all the characters are under the influence of Ecstasy, except for Michael's straight former brother Patrick (Gary Lilibrium), whose mix of bemusement, tolerance and prejudice at homosexuality is nicely captured. Here the material has the space to breathe. But there's an awkward distribution of emphasis again towards the end with a soap-opera rush of wounding home truths, revisited resentments and uneasy reconciliations. We learn that Michael, as a little boy, stoutly defended his brother from a paternal beating; what turned him into a slippery, shier-away from responsibility remains, however, a bit of a mystery.

To 23 March. Booking: 0181-692 4446

BLUES

Jimmy Rogers, Belfast

Muddy Waters' mojo worker, the man to blame for heavy metal, awes Colin Harper

He was born Jimmy Lane in Mississippi in 1924 and has played guitar alongside the greats of the blues since 1947. If Jimmy Rogers told you he was the blues, there wouldn't be many contenders still around to argue the toss. His early recording career, under the Rogers pseudonym or with late harmonica genius Little Walter Jacobs, ran parallel with that of Muddy Waters. When Chess finally allowed Waters into a studio with a full electric band, Rogers was the man who plugged into a primitive amp and blazed on the songs that fired an island of white, middle-class, British, would-be guitar heroes.

Between 1951 and 1955, Waters' band defined Chicago blues with the original versions of virtually all the songs that have cropped up on Yardbirds albums and beer commercials ever since, after which Rogers went out on his own with a stream of generic US solo hits. Gary Moore's recent cover of one, "Walking By Myself", ensured that he needn't work again. So to see a towering figure of 20th-century music subjecting himself to long drives and plane rides round the outer reaches of Europe at such an age is an awesome thing. It's all he knows, apparently, and what would he do if he stopped? The fact is that Rogers' status is beyond contention. Furthermore, he can actually still produce the goods.

Arriving into Belfast from London via Dublin barely an hour before showtime, the whole band – leather trenchcoats, big jewellery and old-time courtesy in tow – were in a visibly exhausted state. The gig was in the Empire Music Hall, Belfast's most sumptuous "new" venue – which was probably still holding custard pie acts when Rogers was preparing himself to take a good deal of the blame for heavy metal, half a century back.

The band featured Jimmy Lane Jr on lead guitar, Barrelhouse Chuck (yes, really) on piano/vocals, Freddie Crawford on bass, ex-Ray Charles man Ted Harvey on drums and the steaming Scott Bradbury on harp. Rogers himself came on in the fourth number. There was a tangible feeling of being in the presence of someone whose achievements are almost beyond comprehension, and a last link to another age.

Impressively tall, dressed in black and gently but effectively stroking a black Gibson 355 with no effect pedals whatsoever, he radiated a love for his craft and a delight to be here and playing for an audience. He introduced the numbers he knew we all knew – "Big Boss Man", "Walking By Myself", and intoxicating, fiery "Mojo Working" – with pristine clarity, and scattered mischievously through the ones not even his band members, it transpired, could put a title to.

"I'm tired and I'm travelling," began one song, and discreet enquiries yielded only blank expressions afterwards from the players in the dressing room. He was probably making it up, but that's the essence of the blues and this was certainly the real thing.

CLASSICAL The Fifties: Towards the Millennium / CBSO, Simon Rattle. Jan Smaczny applauds an outbreak of tonality in the music of a maligned decade

CBSO's second main concert in their celebration of the 1950s revealed a quite different side of this much-maligned decade. An outbreak of tonality in the shape of Martinu's rarely heard oratorio *The Epic of Gilgamesh* and Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony did much for everyone's understanding of the Fifties, complementing rather than contradicting the modernist orgy of Messiaen and Stockhausen at their most uncompromisingly featured in their first concert.

Gilgamesh was a brave choice. It's an elusive work whose obscure, ancient Sumerian text (especially unhelpful in the English translation of Campbell

Thomson which Martinu used) can seem to ask more questions than it answers. Musically it also poses considerable problems for the performers. Martinu's spare lines and quirky sense of motion add up to the sort of piece that only "comes together" after much effort, late in the process of rehearsal.

CBSO began its exhumation of the score by commissioning a revision of the libretto. Amanda Holden's make-over not only banished the odd "snood" and "awn", but made the whole text far punchier and comprehensible for performers and audience. The finished product from choir, orchestra and soloists must rank among

Rattle's finest rehabilitations, proving beyond doubt the viability of this unsettling masterpiece. The story of Gilgamesh may be nearly 5,000 years old, but it sprang to life with searing immediacy. The sense of involvement from the soloists, in particular Rita Cullis and David Wilson-Johnson, was complete. Rattle handled the accompaniment with profound insight, turning a score which, in the wrong hands, can sound close to organised chaos, into a miracle of luminosity.

And then there was the chorus: it would be hard to imagine a more thrilling rendition of Martinu's angular, bittersweet harmonies. Their richness

of tone, razor-sharp ensemble and above all, near-superhuman clarity of diction made this their most memorable outing of recent years. The only slight miscalculation in an otherwise richly convincing performance was the decision to divide the brief stretches of spoken narration between the male soloists. Part of the secret of Martinu's storytelling is the distance a separate narrator provides.

The contrast between the sober clarity of Martinu's vision of ancient mythology and one of Shostakovich's strongest, and most personal, symphonies was a bold piece of programming. Whether or not

Shostakovich's Tenth, with its ludicrously bombastic finale, is a joke at the expense of a vindictive Soviet regime didn't seem to be the issue at stake. Providing a context for the modern repertoire is one of the "Towards the Millennium" festival. Nevertheless, Rattle and the orchestra left context, not to mention worries about what it all means, behind in a performance that played the work for all it was worth in purely musical terms. The wind solos of the third movement may have developed an almost operatic personality and the fast music had an impassioned conviction which took it

well beyond the abstract, but the performers never fell into the trap of preaching. If their performance didn't quite plumb the depths of one of the 20th century's most tortured souls, it did the equally estimable service of liberating this symphony from the wretchedness of the life from which it sprang.

Simon Rattle and the CBSO perform Britten, Stravinsky and Shostakovich for the final Birmingham concert in the "Towards the Millennium" series on Tuesday. Booking: 0121-212 3333



THE WEEK IN REVIEW

David Benedict

THE MUSICAL COMPANY

Sam Mendes transfers his Donmar Warehouse production of Sondheim's tart, tough and terrific musical dissection of marriage into the West End with the entire company intact.

David Benedict praised the pumped-up energy level and the enlargement also widens the production's cracks. "There is no getting away from the wit and brio of the staging or the sheer enjoyment of a wonderful cast," conceded the FT. "The change is an improvement," pronounced the Times. "A bittersweet but life-enhancing concoction... works even better," eulogised the Evening Standard.

At the Albery Theatre, London WC2 (0171-369 1730) until 22 June.

on view

The musical for people who hate them.

THE FILM GET SHORTY

Barry Sonnenfeld's witty film-within-a-film about movies and the mob is based on the Elmore Leonard novel and forms the latest chapter in the rise, fall and rise of John Travolta.

Ryan Gilbey was amused. "An amiable picture, and when all else fails, the Casino-esque crimes of fashion keep you grinning." John Travolta is the best thing in it, declared the Spectator. A breezy, smoothly sophisticated affair... everything clicks," cheered Time Out. "The actor outshines the material," opined the FT. "Impossible not to enjoy," concluded the Guardian.

On general release.

THE OPERA LA TRAVIATA

Richard Eyre's Covent Garden

version of the opera – returns with Carlo Rizzi conducting, using soprano Andrea Rost as Verdi's doomed heroine and Ramon Vargas as her lover.

Michael Church found Rost's voice "a little small but with real dramatic presence. In the longish

will give Gennia a run for her money... when

throws down a most substantial challenge to

those following," a performance that grew in

vocal stature," applauded the Times. "A performance capable of putting more established stars to

shame," approved the Evening Standard.

Continuing in repertory at the Royal Opera House, London WC2 (0171-304 4000) until 29 March.

Compare and contrast with

Angela Gheorghiu, who returns

later this year to the role that

turned her into a star.

KEY

EXCELLENT

GOOD

OK

Poor

DEADLY

OUR VIEW

The musical for people who hate them.

Travolta is on Pulp Fiction form, but groupies should track down *Moment by Moment* to see just how bad their hero can be.



using the nuts

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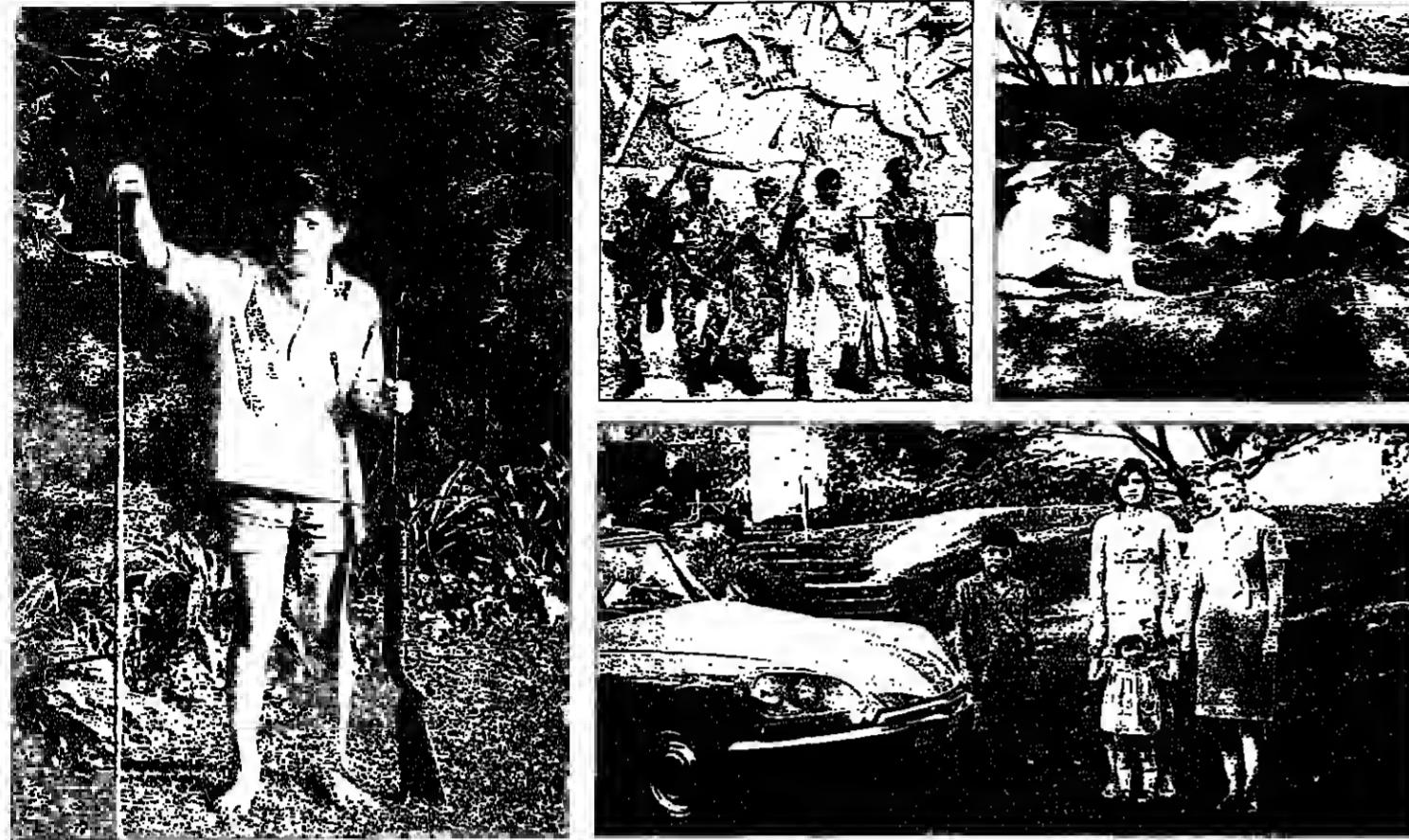
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books

A good yarn in Africa

Peter Godwin's memoir of a Zimbabwean childhood is a ripping colonial tale. By Hugo Barnacle



Scenes from Peter Godwin's family album, clockwise from far left: aged 9, gun and green mamba snake in hand; soldiers from the Zimbabwe national army in 1982; at play with a servant boy; Godwin's father; a young Peter with his sisters, mother and dog

Peter Godwin is best known as the *Sunday Times* stringer in Zimbabwe who exposed the Mugabe government's genocide campaign against the southern Matabele tribe in the mid-1980s. This memoir of his childhood and youth as a *mukuni* (whiteface) during the country's messy transition to black rule includes an account of life at a posh Jesuit boarding school which seems to invite comparison with Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*. Godwin's work inevitably comes off worst, but the book does demonstrate the vivid readability and the magpie's eye for a telling detail that make him an exceptional journalist.

His mother was chief medical officer for the eastern highland district where his father ran a forestry business. "I knew more than other children about dead people because I went with my mother when she dug them up and cut them open." He noticed that "Death could apparently happen to anyone, although obviously it happened mostly to Africans. Whites only tended to die if they were very old. Africans died at any age."

One white person who did meet a pre-

mature end was the Godwins' neighbour Piet Oberholzer, dragged from his car and knifed by terrorists one evening in 1984. The Godwins had driven past a few minutes before the gang blocked the road with boulders, and they still weren't far away when the police call came on the radio. Hanging about at the crime scene while his mother filled in the *Sudden Death* Docket, five-year-old Godwin "wondered if perhaps I could have the knife when they'd finished with it."

The civil war proper did not get going until some years later. For a time, Godwin's mother even drove a 70-mile round trip twice a day taking him to school and back, fearing potholes more than ambushes. In the holidays, Godwin would help out at the clinic, dispensing polio-vaccine sugar cubes or wandering along the queues of patients to see if there were any urgent cases waiting at the back. He remembers Mercy, just 24 and already a mother of six because Shona husbands demanded annual offspring. She hrowbeat Dr Godwin into prescribing the Pill, unheard of for Africans then, and went on to become the first black family planning conse-

Mukuni: A White Boy in Africa
by Peter Godwin
Picador, £15.99

lor in the region. The terrorists put a bomb under her Land Rover because contraception "was a white man's conspiracy to reduce the black population". Godwin is remarkably understanding about this. The Smith government was on a white immigration drive at the time, which could have led to these fears. At any rate, he doesn't openly put it down to anything as obvious as dick-driven peasant male pride.

There are some fine set-piece recollections: a forest fire; a leopard hunt, and the subsequent negotiations over its body parts; riding the range with Isaac the herdsman, who conversed almost entirely in plonking Shona proverbs and rude folk tales; shining shoes for a black prefect at the Jesuit school, then doing national service to find that black batmen only cared to shine shoes for white officers.

Godwin did his service in the police, considered a better niche than the army, though the work involved was mostly the same, tracking and shooting terrorists. Sometimes the terrorists' trail was easy to follow: "women impaled on stakes. Whole families burned to death in their own huts". Sometimes it required the services of a genuine pygmy tracker.

The terrorists, from Shona and Matabele factions, spent most of their time killing each other rather than the security forces. "I walked around a hut and saw an old woman in a red dress, sitting against the wall... Then I realised her dress had not originally been red, it was soaked in blood. I lifted her head. Her throat had been cut." Godwin is careful to blame Smith's white government, for not conceding power fast enough.

He himself had near misses. His later life was charmed in other ways. He got a place to read law at Cambridge, returning after the war to a job with a prominent legal firm" in Harare, just like that, and when the law palled, once he'd worked on the successful defence team in Mugabe's show trials of "dissidents", he had no trouble getting freelance work with the London papers. Even when Mugabe tried to have him put away because of the *Sunday Times* story, a detective tipped him off, explaining, "I may have a Shona surname but my mother's family is from Matabeleland. Many of my people have been killed there." Godwin was safe in Botswana by the time they broke down the door. He was later allowed back, "as long as I didn't do any reporting."

Mukuni is a gripping yarn told with an old hand's professional polish, funny and shocking at once but contriving to avoid any awkward clash of tone. Consider the moment shortly after Godwin discovered the old mine-shafts full of Matabele bodies, when a drunk Shona general pulled a gun on him in front of the entire foreign press corps: "It was rather a beautiful weapon, I noticed, its handle inlaid with mother-of-pearl... 'I am going to kill you,' he unflconced. 'And then you'll be sorry.' 'Drink, General,' invited his ADC, and produced the somewhat depleted bottle of Johnnie Walker. The general stumbled around for his tombler and I slipped away."

Successes with girls

Nicholas Wroe finds Kingsley Amis alive and well and writing about Hampstead

This Is It
by Joseph Connolly
Faber, £15.99

In Joseph Connolly's second novel, the main character, a seedy landlord posing as a writer, is asked whether his much-vaunted book is "a Hampstead novel". The fact he hasn't actually written a novel doesn't prevent him from conceding that, "in many ways it might be". Equally *This Is It* in many ways might be. It is certainly set in Hampstead and maybe criminal extortion, prostitution, drug abuse and sado-masochistic sex are to today's chattering classes what stripped pine and holidays in the Dordogne were to the previous generation.

In *Poor Souls*, his debut published last year, Connolly emerged as an impressively observant stylist: something of a hybrid between Kingsley and Martin Amis, opening as a broadly straightforward comic piece and closing with a young girl being raped with a gun barrel in an alcoholic frenzy. In *This Is It* he has tended to stay more firmly in Kingsley territory, only periodically sliding into Martin scenes when involving gangsters, tarts and a cough-syrup addict called Vole.

This Is It opens with Eric Pizer, the bogus author and resident landlord of a block of bed-sits in Hampstead, being knocked down by a bus. It's just the beginning of his physical deterioration; he is regularly assaulted throughout the rest of the novel to cruel comic effect. His physical decline is matched by an increasingly precarious grasp on a personal life complicated by financial, logistical and structural problems – even his house starts to collapse.

Eric, like all the other characters as it turns out, has lots of secrets, most of them involving women. Decrepit, selfish and transparently duplicitous, Eric's habitual approach to women is to boast how he "put her down with wit and concision" ("Oh do fuck off, Fiona"). Yet a string of attractive, sexually inventive and sometimes even young women make themselves available to him. Glorifying in the astonishing powers of sexual attraction exercised by shabby, bookish, middle-aged men is becoming a Connolly trademark. It could be seen as creepy, but taken in tandem with his wider assessment of women in *This Is It*, it can assume a more elevated meaning. The depiction of Helen, a teenage daughter of Eric's friend and therefore only reluctantly allowed to worship him, as "not neurotic like most women are, but completely bloody asylum-standard mad", almost transforms one man's lechery into another man's homage.

But no amount of speculation as to Connolly's PC quotient alters the fact that he really can write. There is cringingly accurate dialogue, a morbid appreciation of downward mobility ("redundancy pay is the demob suit of the Nineties") and a robustly fantastic approach to characterisation. If he is at his best on modern manners – particularly in scenes involving food with some terrifying dinner parties and a fiasco in a restaurant – he also provides a convincingly funny and sad core to the motivations of his unsympathetic cast as they negotiate the half-fit world of middle-class penury.

The novel ends surprisingly neatly, although not neatly enough, entirely to tie up all the foregoing mayhem. While this points to an increasing control over his vulgarly readable talent, it gives little notion of where Joseph Connolly will go from here. He has moved from unpublished novels to what looks like a literary fixture in about a year.



Audiobooks

The Last of the Mohicans
read by Larry McMurtry

Our Game
read by John Le Carré

can't quite account for the magnetism of Larry McMurtry's mellifluous reading of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (Recorded Books, 15hrs 30m, £47, or call 0171-731 6262 for mail-order rental). It is quite simply unmissable; maybe that's what hooks of legendary fame are about.

Christina Hardymon

Darkness at the heart of Mann

Peter Parker is absorbed by the secret life of 'the last great European man of letters'

Thomas Mann, by Ronald Hayman, Bloomsbury, £25

In the final sentence of this long, over-detailed but largely absorbing biography, Ronald Hayman describes Thomas Mann as "the last great European man of letters". He died in 1955, and it is hard to think of a writer since who has had so solid an international reputation not only as a bestselling novelist but also as an all-purpose intellectual heavyweight. His life was punctuated by public readings of work in progress, lectures, monumental essays, testimonial dinners, and the bestowing of laurels and prizes. Until forced into exile by the Nazis, he lived a well-ordered life of some splendour in Munich with his wife and children – the epitome of bourgeois respectability.

The terrible personal cost of maintaining this public image is what provides Hayman with his principal theme. The real man, as he skilfully and persuasively demonstrates, is to be found in the books. "Thomas Mann's work," he tells us, "is full of self-portraiture, and none of his characters tells us more about him than Aschenbach."

The protagonist of Mann's beautifully compact tale – a superb miniature in an oeuvre not otherwise characterised by concision – comes to Venice in order to take a holiday from a life devoted to "rigid, cold and passionate duty". A similar impulse must have led Mann to write his diaries, in which he describes his obsessions with a succession of young men and boys similar to the story's Tadzio. It seems that none of these passions resulted in anything more physical than the occasional kiss, which is just as well since the original of Tadzio was a mere 10 years old and his successors included both Mann's son Klaus and his grandson Frido.

Sexual restraint may explain why Mann's erotic fixations maintained their power over him and became transfigured in his work. It has often been said, usually by alarmed critics, that *Death in Venice* is not



Thomas Mann in 1916: sexual fixations were transfigured in his work

a story about an old man's pursuit of a young boy; this is partly true, but there would have been no story at all had not the susceptible Mann become captivated by the beautiful Wladyslaw Moes, who years later vividly recalled the man "who'd been watching him wherever he went", and who remembered "an especially intent look when he and the man were together in the elevator" of the Hotel des Bains.

Although Mann incorporated innumerable details from his 1911 Venetian holiday into *Death in Venice* – including the mysterious gondolier and the ancient dandy, both of whom take on roles that are heavy with symbolism – he excludes his wife, who was with him at the time. (Aschenbach's wife is conveniently dead.)

In spite of a marriage lasting 50 years, and to all appearances characterised by devotion, Katia Mann was often as sidelined in her husband's life as she was in his fiction. He had married her virtually on the rebound from a four-year friendship with a painter called Paul Ehrenberg, a relationship Mann always considered the "central emotional experience" of his life. Ehrenberg was the same age as

Mann and therefore held out possibilities very different from those of minors in sailor suits, but even had there been any suggestion that the two young men might live together, Mann would have been too aware of his reputation (established during this period with the publication of *Buddenbrooks*) to have risked it.

Despite being Jewish in a society that was already rife with anti-Semitism, the wealthy, cultured and attractive Katia Pringsheim was quite a catch. Hayman describes Mann's courtship of her as "assiduous" rather than emotionally committed, and it is possible he was physically more attracted to Katia's twin-brother. He was not, however, searching for a lover, but for a wife, and in as much as he and Katia enjoyed a companionable marriage and produced six children, they both fulfilled their allotted roles. Emotional and sexual fulfilment was another matter, however. "It can hardly be a question of actual impotence," Mann noted after failure in the marital bed. What would happen if a young man were at my disposal? The answer is probably: not much. Mann's children deserve a book

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Paperbacks



Reviewed by Emma Hagestad and Christopher Hirst

In Every Face I Meet by Justin Cartwright (Sceptre £5.99). Shortlisted for last year's Booker; this is the story of a February day in 1990, and of two Londoners in particular: Anthony Northleach, an amiable, rugby-playing advertising executive and Charnelle Smith, crack addict and prostitute. More comfortable inside Anthony's head than in Charnelle's, Cartwright engineers a fatal collision of their two worlds in an unlit street in South London. An indictment of Thatcher's Britain, but works better as an anthropological study of late 20th-century urban man.



that just because you're born with a penis doesn't mean you're a man. She takes up the nature versus nurture debate, but waits until the last chapter to reveal her own colours: once a man she is now a "transperson" who enjoys a "wonderful unsexual lesbian marriage" and midnight meals in Georgetown, "eyes sparkling in the candlelight".

After the Fair by Jo Riddett (Headline Review, £5.99). In old age Connie and Gledwyn Geddes find themselves back at Wickenwood, a Victorian pile built on the profits of tinned meat and Northern gumption. Brother and sister have never been close, and with the arrival of their respective children and grandchildren for the summer fair, Connie retreats to her room to pop paracetamol and brood on the passage of years. A

The Apartheid of Sex by Martine Rothblatt (Pandora, £7.99). With the zeal of the missionary, and the persistence of a lawyer (which she is), Rothblatt preaches the gospel of Transgenderism, and the joyful message



melancholy novel which details the gin-and-tonic haze of a failed Fifties marriage and the "dread octopus" of family ties.

From Sea to Shining Sea by Gavin Young (Penguin, £6.99). These stateside jaunts from a top-notch travel writer follow historical trails with varying success. His account of General Sherman's epic march through the Confederacy is a triumph, combining past horrors and modern resonances. But an early attempt to see modern LA through the eyes of Philip Marlowe is marrred by weak pastiche. You've got to admire Young's spirit. After being told he should return to the sub-zero winter to see the real Yukon, he does just that.

Casting Off by Libby Purves (Sceptre £5.99). Deep down you hope head-girl Libby Purves won't be good at everything, but her first novel scores a perfectly competent B+. The story of

Joanna Gurney, wife, mother (and part-owner of the "The Bun in the Oven" tea shop) who sails off in the family yacht leaving her husband fuming on the quayside. Might have been even jollier with Sandy Toksvig on board.

The Englishman's Flora by Geoffrey Grigson (Helicon, £12.99). Long-awaited reprint of the gruff poet's magisterial reference work – a wonder both for its range of botanical lore and quirky erudition. Fatal to skip through, you'll be detained on every page. Did you know cuckoo-pint derives from pintle or penis? Or that Ragwort was ridden, broomstick-style, by fairies? This book is as refreshing as a bouquet of wild flowers.

The Village that Died for England by Patrick Wright (Vintage, £8.99). A long (400 pages) but engaging dissertation

on Tyneham, an idyllic Dorset hamlet taken over for tank-training in 1943. Somehow, the military never got round to returning it, though they're very proud of recent conservation work. As a symbol of a lost England, Tyneham has been appropriated by romantics and right-wingers, ranging from PD James and Prince Charles to the National Front.

Private Myths: Dreams and Dreaming by Anthony Stevens (Penguin, £8.99). A Jungian analyst probes the world of dreams – in particular, how they relate to our evolutionary development. Hitler dreamed of being buried alive (and so escaped that fate in reality), while Descartes conceived melons and a unified mathematical theory. Stevens is a stimulating writer, though the reader has to negotiate hard-core Jungian concepts – the "suprapersonal Atman", the "Oneness of Everything" etc.

Who's reading whom?

Carmen Callil finds wonderful relief in the nomadic pleasures of 'Desert Places' by Robyn Davidson (Viking)



I'm having to read three novels a week for the book I'm writing about fiction since the 1950s, so Robyn Davidson's earthy account of her time with the nomads of the Thar desert in Rajasthan is wonderful relief. Ten years ago she crossed the Australian desert by camel – so the physical hardships she finds are not unexpected. But the nomads' poverty and isolation is their ancient way of life simply cannot stand up to the strains of the 20th century and to India's expanding population. They are increasingly obliged to settle in order to lay any claim to territory with catastrophic results.

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James Boswell's *The Life of Samuel Johnson* is the most celebrated biography in the English language. Based on a deep personal friendship and enhanced through meticulous research, Boswell paints a portrait of a man at once melancholic yet witty, dogmatic yet possessed of a powerful common sense, overbearing yet capable of great kindness. Read by David Rintoul, this is a remarkable evocation of a remarkable man.

Set in post-war Los Angeles, *Devil in a Blue Dress* is a tale of murder and double-crossing as black war-veteran Easy Rawlins is hired

to track down jazz-club aficionado Daphne Monet. This gripping tale, with brilliant dialogue and a strong film noir feel, is read by Oscar nominee Paul Winfield.

The tiny, inter-dependent community of San Pedro Island is thrown into confusion when a fisherman is found drowned and a Japanese American is charged with his murder. *Snow Falling on Cedars*, by David Guterson, is a gripping, densely atmospheric masterpiece of suspense and is read by Tim Pigott-Smith.

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How to create your dream home: tell the builder what you want before you move in

By Anne Spackman

It is a measure of how far buyers now call the shots in the property market that the word "bespoke" has started to creep into the vocabulary of house building. In an industry long associated with off-the-peg uniformity, the idea of a tailored personal service seems unlikely. But it is a carrot being dangled increasingly in front of prospective customers to persuade them to part with their money.

The word bespoke is a slight exaggeration for what is actually on offer. It is not so much a case of the builder offering Madam a longer line in the kitchen, with the main bedroom taken in a little at the sides, as offering alternative fittings, tiles, colour schemes and even layouts.

The general rule of thumb is that the earlier you commit yourself to the property, the more changes you will be allowed to make. Also, the more expensive the house, the more tolerant the builder is likely to be of your personal requirements.

Many builders now offer

choices in the kitchen and bathrooms. At Berkeley Homes' enormous development of 320 houses and flats at Barnes Waterside, south-west London, buyers have a choice of 12 kitchen cupboard doors and more than 20 ranges of tiles. The size of the site and the price of the property (which ranges from £110,000 for a one-bedroom flat to £1.8 million for a six-bedroom mansion) makes such choices economically possible.

On most developments the scope is more limited. A typical arrangement would be that offered by Grove Manor Homes in Islington, north London. The company is building nine villas in traditional Victorian style and 25 apartments in two blocks. Buyers of apartments have a choice of tiles, buyers of the five-bedroom semi-detached houses also have choices of doors and fittings.

Jeff Duggan of Grove Manor

Homes said they had been happy to accommodate the buyer's wishes because they had exchanged contracts early on a very expensive property. "It's like buying a new Rolls-Royce rather than a second-hand Mini," said Mr Duggan. "It reflects the market. In the Eighties, when prices were shooting away, builders had more of a 'take it or leave it' attitude. They did not need to cater for individuals because if one buyer did not like something, they could sell it to someone else the next day. If houses are harder to sell you have to be more receptive to purchasers."

Try Homes offers buyers of the new development in the centre of Winchester the normal range of choices, but has knocked walls down for one woman customer who bought early enough. Louise Counsell, the company's sales director, said most people were happy to accept the builder's layout. "Customers often feel nervous about their own abilities to design the space they require," she said. "However, we have had clients with real imagination who are able to conceptualise what they want from plans and in those cases we do all we can

to accommodate their ideas."

One buyer who fits this description better than most is David Starkey, a designer of motor yachts. Trained as an architect, he has a professional's eye for how best to use space. He has used his skills to such good effect on the new home he is buying that the developers are offering his layout as an alternative in their brochure.

Mr Starkey lives with his wife and four children in a four-storey Victorian house in Islington, south-west London. They were looking to buy another old house in nearby Richmond when Richmond Bridge Moorings first came on the market. As soon as they saw the location and the plans, they sold.

"Part of the deal at Richmond Bridge was that we could make internal changes. The house gave us five bedrooms, a good sitting room, a family room and a garage – all the components we wanted were there – but I wasn't happy with the way it was put together."

The Starkeys completely

redesigned the ground floor of their three-storey house, knocking out the wall between the kitchen and dining room and rearranging the space to create a raised open-plan kitchen, an eating area and a sitting area. They got rid of the downstairs lavatory and took the bidets out of the bathrooms to give more space on the landing and for wells in wardrobes.

They took out all the Victorian details such as fireplaces, plaster cornices and brass light fittings and replaced them with more simple ones. "What's wrong with a white plastic light switch?" asked Mr Starkey. The interior walls will be polished plaster and instead of carpets there will be old oak floors in the main reception rooms.

"From our point of view it was an ideal opportunity," Mr Starkey said. "We didn't have the time to find a site and get a house designed. This was a good compromise." Did he fear that by creating such a personal house he risked finding it difficult to sell? "I have been buying and

selling houses for more than 20 years," he said, "and I have never lost money on a house. If I had to, I think I could sell this house immediately for as much as it has cost, though I have no intention of doing so."

The Starkeys' home is costing them around £75,000. But buyers of cheaper properties should not be prohibited from making changes. Builders want to sell fast, it may be cheaper for them to change the kitchen units than to finance the loan on the property. Even if the house is complete, builders may make changes in order to get it off their hands. It never hurts to ask.

Barnes Waterside, from Beauval Braxton (0161-741 7400); and Knight Frank (0171-824 8171); Grove Manor Homes from Coppings Joyce (0171-359 9777); Richmond Bridge Moorings from Hamptons (0121-940 2772); St James Mews from Hamptons (01962 842030).

Househunter Bristol

With its arched windows, carved stone figures and cross on the roof, this house on Sion Hill in Clifton seems to deserve the name – St Vincent's Priory – inscribed over the doorway. But there is no evidence to show it ever served a religious purpose, so it may simply have been conceived as a Gothic Revival folly. Built in 1810, the four-storey house retains its elaborate cornices, friezes and marble fireplaces. It has three bedrooms, three reception rooms and a self-contained flat in the basement. Hamptons in Chew Magna (01275 532225) and Hydes in Clifton (01174 731516) are asking £275,000.

For what it's worth

Seven successive months of small price rises have brought the housing market out of its second recessionary dip and back to where it was in the spring of 1994, when nearly 80 per cent of estate agents reported stable prices in the survey by the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors. Its latest report shows a similar figure of 82 per cent. The Inland Revenue's transaction figures also showed a sharp rise in January confirming the Halifax Building Society's view that the number of property moves will go up by 10 per cent this year. However, that would only bring them back to 1994 levels. The Halifax predicts a tiny two per cent rise in prices this year, though it says this could rise if the strong January and February market continues.

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"Paris isn't a place, it's a passion", I was solemnly assured this week by an expatriate Brit in the French capital. But if this is the case, the city risks pricing itself beyond our affections. Our ardour for the City of Light is being dampened by the depressed and depressing state of Sterling. A generation of travellers brought up to believe that there are, and always will be, 10 francs to £1, is having to come to terms with the idea that nowadays you only get seven and a bit to a pound. The £3 cup of coffee (or, worse in every sense, tea) is no longer a cause for heated discussion on the ferry home - it is the norm. Yet while prices in Paris are going through the roof, travelling to the French capital has never been better value. My bus trip from London to Paris and back cost £29; if I had splashed out on a flight, I could have paid as little as £62 return. To boost bookings to the French capital, Air France Holidays has been offering inclusive weekends for the astonishing price of £99 - all of which have been snapped up by bargain-hunting Brits. The problem, as Liz Murray discovered (opposite), is that you can easily spend as much again when you get there. So this guide to budget Paris shows you how to enjoy the city without risking bankruptcy.

Simon Calder

Enjoy Paris without burning a hole

HOW TO GET THERE

1 Air on British Airways: London-Paris is the most competitive international air route in the world and, as a result, fares are low. Through your local branch of Lunn Poly, you can get a fare of £69 (including tax) from Heathrow or Gatwick to Charles de Gaulle or Orly. This is not available direct from the airline, which charges £6 more.

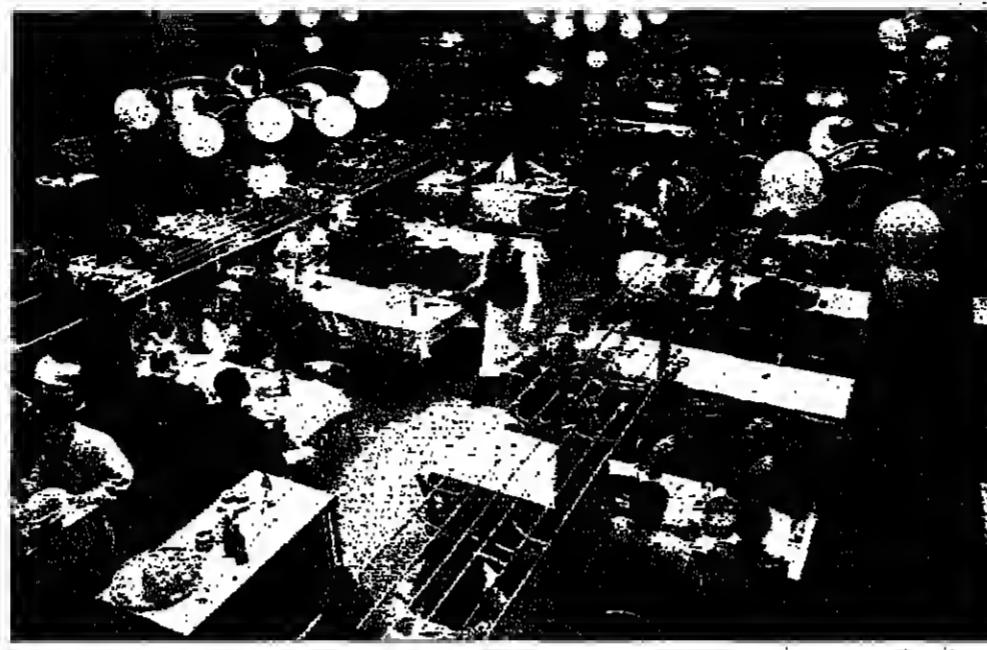
2 Air on Saturdays only: the same branch of Lunn Poly should be able to put you on Air India's Saturday flight from Heathrow to Charles de Gaulle, for a total of £62 including tax - possibly the cheapest 747 flight in the world.

3 Direct train: Eurostar (0345 881881) from Waterloo to Gare du Nord. The getaway fare of £59 from Waterloo to the Gare de Nord requires you to spend a minimum of three nights away, and is not available on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. It is on sale until 28 March. Fares rise to £79 thereafter, if you stay away a Saturday night or three nights. The fare is exactly the same from Ashford, 60 miles nearer Paris, and the only benefit you get is free car-parking (offer applies until the end of the month).

4 Train and ferry: British Rail International (0171-834 2345) sells a £55 return ticket for the Charing Cross-Dover-Calais-Gare du Nord trip. The journey takes a shade over nine hours, not least because of the bus connections required at either port.

5 Bus and ferry: Eurolines (0990 143219) will get you from London to Paris and back for £29, sailing Dover-Calais by ferry. You must travel out and back on a Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday on the 9am service (scheduled to arrive in Paris at 6pm French time, in London at 4pm British time, but may be later). The offer is barred over Easter and the late May bank holiday. Return any time within a month.

6 Hitch-hike: take advantage of the fact that motorists can take any number of passengers through the Channel tunnel without paying extra. Cost: £0 (in theory at least); time: indeterminate, but allow at least eight hours.



WHERE TO STAY

1 Grand Hotel Malher, 5 rue Malher, 4e (42 72 60 92). Métro: St-Paul. The sad little sign by the door, reading "We survived the last three months of '95 by chance", shows how tough the winter has been for Parisian hoteliers. On an opulent edge of the Marais, the Malher was previously a low-budget hotel that has been renovated and enhanced. Single 470F, double 570F.

2 Hotel de la Place des Vosges, 12 rue Birague, 2e (42 72 60 46). Métro: St-Paul. Quiet, prim, and close to the handsome symmetry of Place des Vosges. Single 315F, double 425F.

3 Hotel du Senat, 22 rue St-Sulpice, 6e (43 25 42 30). Métro: Mabillon. For 601F single or 642F double (breakfast included) you get a big, clean room with a fine balcony and expansive bathroom; more modest rooms are available for around 100F less. Close to St Germain, in a part of town that is too often overlooked.

4 Hotel du Centre, 24bis rue Cler, 7e (47 05 52 33). Métro: Ecole Militaire. The name is misleading, as it is a long hike from the city centre. But rue Cler is a lively pedestrian street, in an area with a pleasing sense of community - more like a provincial village than a Parisian arrondissement. Rooms for 350F, single or double.

5 Marais, 2 bis rue Commissaire, 3e (48 87 78 27). Métro: St-Paul. In the real heart of the city, reliable value at 360F single, 390F double.

6 Hotel St Paul, 43 rue Monsieur-le-Prince, 6e (43 26 98 54). Métro: Odéon. The reception area is lavished with Haute Epoque furniture, and guarded by the hotel cat. Each room has a bathroom, TV and minibar. The lowest "rack rate" is 480F single, 550F double, but I secured a discount of 100F just by asking.

... and one real cheapie
Hotel Savoy, 5 rue Jarry, 10e (47 70 03 72). Métro: Château d'Eau. A short walk from the Gare du Nord, the Savoy is nothing like its namesake in London. This version is all peeling wallpaper and creaking floorboards, but a hot shower is included in the rate of 110F single, 140 double.

WHERE TO EAT & DRINK

Breakfast

Rachinel patisserie, 81 rue Saint-Antoine, 4e (Métro: St Paul). This busy, narrow bakery doubles as a cafe, and needs a choreographer to shuffle customers queuing for baguettes as others sample of café au lait. The mouthwatering selection of cakes and croissants is sold at shop prices, so you can set yourself up for the day for as little as 25F.

Elevenes

If you've travelled on the first Eurostar train of the day, it will deposit you in good time for a coffee and croissant for 10F at the Côte Café, by platform 19 of the Gare du Nord - opposite the tourist office.

Lunch

Chartier, 7 rue du Faubourg-Montmartre (Métro: Rue Montmartre). Big, busy and in the fast lane of the tourist trail, but a good venue for midday fuel. Turn-of-the-century décor and waiting staff.

Aperitif

Café l'Industrie, corner of rue St Sabin and rue Sedaine, 11e (Métro: Basfille). This is the Parisian café you always hope you'll stumble upon: a welcoming haunt, decorated with monochrome photographs and oil paintings. The ambiance attracts a trendy crowd these days, and a beer is now 18F, but treat yourself prior to some economy dining.

Dinner

Le P'tit Gavroche, 15 rue Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie, 4e (tel 48 87 74 26; Métro: St Paul). Dine between 7 and 10pm, and a 48F menu in the centre of Paris (and the middle of the gay area) can be yours. On Wednesday I enjoyed a generous plate of *crudités* that would have cost 48F alone in many Parisian restaurants, followed by a delicate French version of shepherd's pie and a hearty bread pudding. You need to swallow a half-litre flagon of house Gamay, price 28F, to break the £10 barrier.

Digester

Majestic Café, 34 rue Vieille du Temple, 4e. A short step in the direction of the Seventies brings you to the handsome mirrors, elegant woodwork and garish lighting of the Majestic, which styles itself "Bar Rock" and plays Bolan and Bowie loud to prove it. Less rowdy options line the same street.

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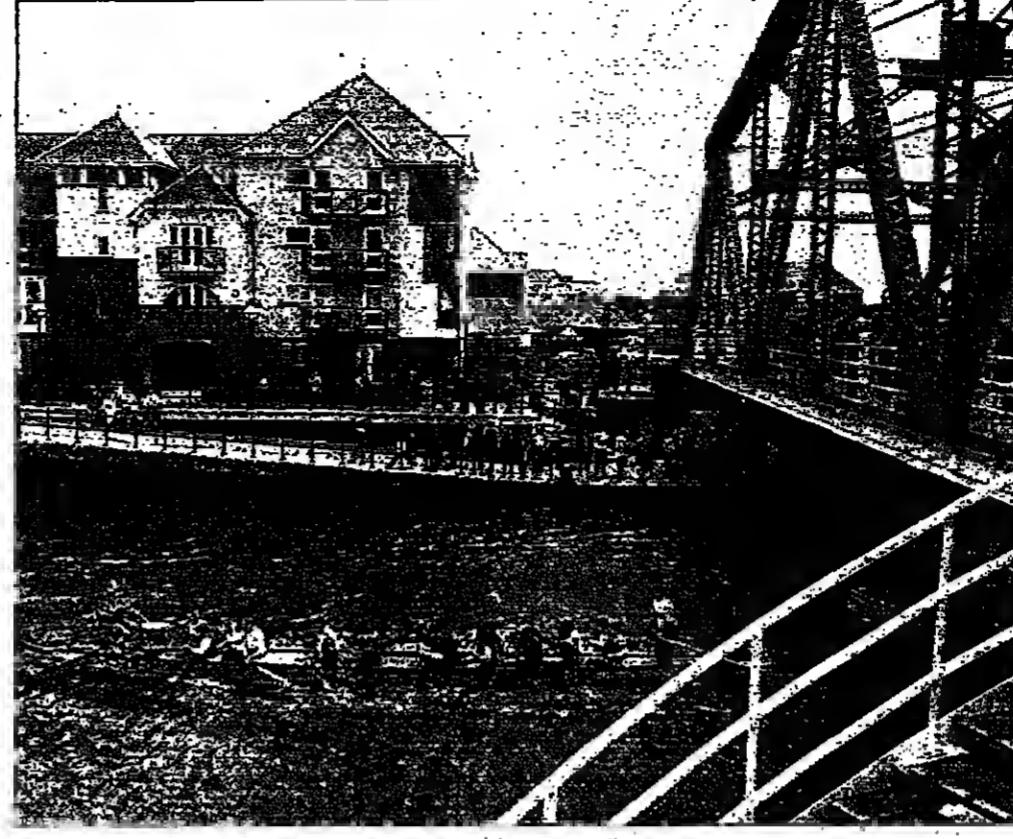
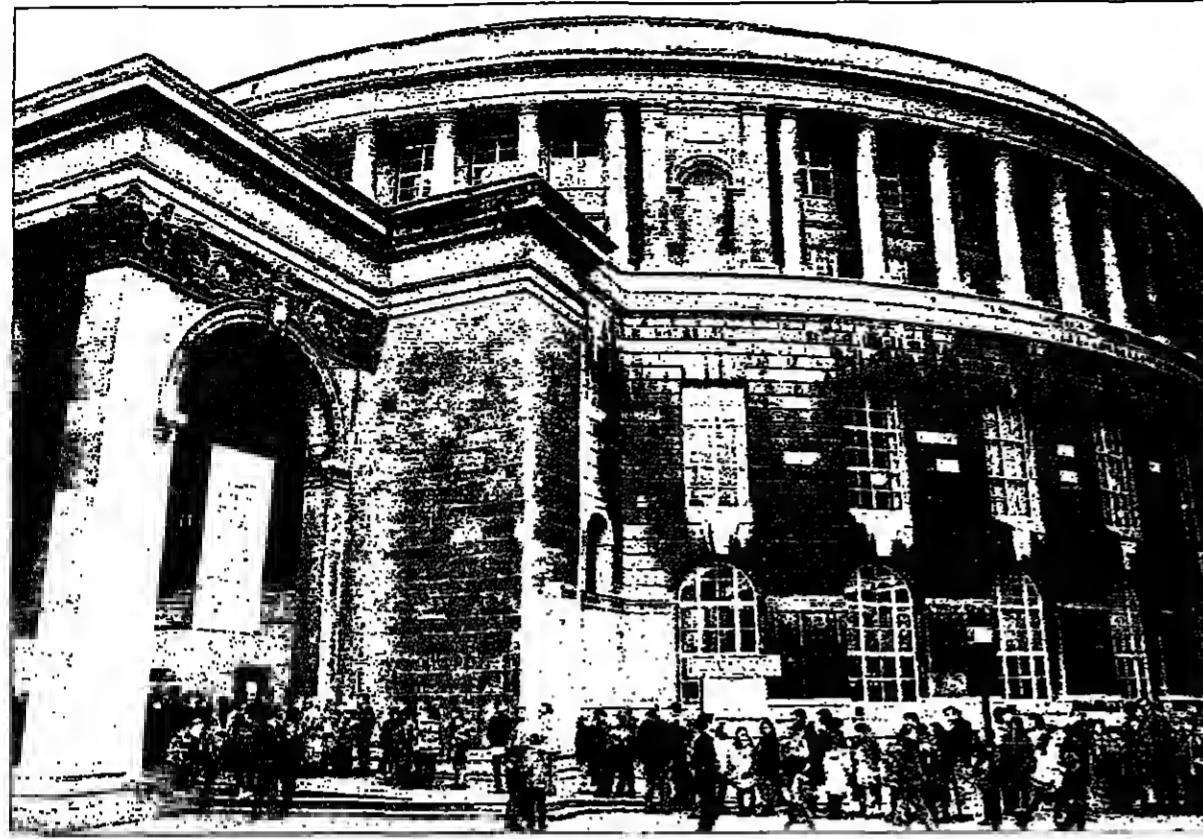
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Manchester: a city united by its past

Simon Calder visits the place named this week as Britain's top tourist town



For left:
Manchester's central
library and
theatre; left,
Dragon boat
racing on the
newly
developed
Salford
Quays.

Photos:
Howard
Barlow

Bernard Cribbins and the Queen are at odds. On Wednesday, he presided at the England for Excellence awards, and praised Manchester despite his roots in Oldham. Two years earlier, Her Majesty told students in St Petersburg that Manchester compared poorly with the former Russian capital.

Both cities, in fact, are chips off the same rebellious block. The roots of the 1917 revolt in Russia can be traced back to Manchester's own revolution. Since then St Petersburg has marched ahead in terms of touristic popularity, but this week's award may go some way to redress the balance.

Your preconceptions may take time to shake off. I have yet to find an approach to the city that does not involve passing through a desolate scattering of council flats resented as a giant, abandoned Lego project. The visitor is bound to encounter a fearsome stretch of urban motorway like the Mancunian Way, as elevated as its name, curving inelegantly through ungainly office blocks. Manchester shares more with Belgrade besides a failed bid to host the Olympics.

Demolition has been a theme ever since Manchester became the first get-rich-quick city in Britain, its development sparked by mechanisation of cotton production. Human fuel for the Industrial Revolution was shipped in like any other commodity. "Site of Little Ireland", reads a plaque on a street corner close to the Palace Theatre.

Large numbers of immigrant Irish workers lived here in appalling housing conditions. A visitor attraction that possibly helped the city win its award is a guided walking tour rejoicing in the title "Cholera in Manchester 1832".

One of the dark, satanic employers was Friedrich Engels, whose father despatched him from Germany to work in the family cotton factory in Manchester. His productivity was directed to studying *The Condition of the Working Classes in England*, which was published in 1848 and planted the seed for his collaboration with Karl Marx on *The Communist Manifesto* three years later. Royalty was not amused. Today the PumpHouse People's History Museum reminds the world that it owes an ideology to Manchester, and ensures the city's radical

politics are not completely demolished in construction work for New Labour. Ideological tokens like the global headquarters of the Co-operative movement are dotted across the city. The tourist, however, will make for the Castlefield area. At the Museum of Science and Industry, relations between power (both senses) and prosperity are examined with imagination on the site of the world's oldest railway station.

The former terminus of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway is now devoted to the story of the city. Celia Fennies, writing in *Through England on a Side-saddle* in 1897, reported: "Manchester looks exceeding well at the entrance. Very substantial buildings; the houses are not very lofty, but mostly of brick and stone." One hundred and fifty years later, much of the city was a slum. The Underground Manchester exhibit in the bowels of the museum tells you considerably more than you ever wanted to know about sewage and the poverty prevailing in Victorian England. Things improved when the Soap Tax was repealed in 1853, and gradually some humanity took hold; Little Ireland was demolished in 1877.

Innovation remained, and a century ago something like a hydraulic prototype of the Internet was devised: a city-wide underground pressure system.

Compressed air was pumped around the city centre, operating machinery such as the safety curtain of the Opera House, the clock in the handsome Town Hall and the organ in the cathedral.

The Victorian value of high pressure has vanished into thin air, but the heroic viaducts have survived.

These days, some of the graceful redbrick arches carry trams as they lop across the city.

Old solutions are sometimes the best.

As industry declined, the only option

was adopted: turn Manchester's empty spaces into a theme park. Castlefield

has become Britain's first Urban Heritage Park. Before resting your head at the new canalside Youth Hostel, take a drink at the Rover's Return - the Granada complex, home of Coronation Street, completes the touristic trick.

The BBC spends thousands on teaching trainees the basics of television, but all the Corporation need do is invest £12.99 a head in the hour-long tour of Granada's studios. Everything you ever wanted to know about TV, from early monochrome episodes of the Street to colour-separation overlay, is explained frame-by-frame in entertaining fashion.

For the facts that inspired the fiction of Coronation Street, you need only step

200 yards from the coach-hauled crowds

at the studios. To be alone in this city of 500,000, just go for a walk by the river.

Cross the Irwell and set out along the river on the Salford side. The view from here, back across Manchester, is a mélange of ruddy brickwork and blank high-rises, reflected in the sheen of oil obscuring the water. Trudging through the desolation, pocked by ancient wharves, you feel like the anti-hero in one of Morrissey's bleaker songs. Back in the heart of the city, Britain's biggest student population is packing out the eatés of Chit Chat and the restaurants of "curry corridor" - while the tourists look curiously at their surroundings. Welcome to Manchester.



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UK DEPARTURES

Greenwich owes its

location as the world's prime meridian, and its selection as site for the Millennium celebration, to the establishment of longitude by the Royal Observatory. A show called "The Discovery of Longitude", telling the story of the quest for the official Longitude Prize, is being staged at the Observatory as part of se96 - the week of

Science, Engineering and Technology. There is some latitude about attending: the drama will be performed twice today and three times tomorrow, with the same pattern next weekend. Call 0181-858 4422 for details and times.

On Monday, plans are due to be unveiled for Segaworld at the Trocadero, "the world's largest futuristic

indoor theme park". Until it opens, flight simulators remain the most effective form of "virtual travel". The Yorkshire Flight Centre (01432 340664) offers an hour on a Boeing 737 simulator for £180, including turbulence, instrument flying and an in-flight "emergency".

Northern Ireland enjoyed double-digit growth in tourism in 1995, reflecting a full year of the ceasefire. In an effort to limit the damage of the present uprising in violence, the Northern Ireland Tourist Board has published its Holiday Breakaways brochure. It includes opportunities for fishing, flying lessons and a selection of hotels suited for the over-55s. Order the brochure on 01232 246609.

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Nobody who works in the financial markets, or writes about them professionally, can do so for long without recognising that their logic often seems to come straight out of Alice in Wonderland. In few other areas of everyday activity are we invited so regularly to believe that what seems "good" is in fact "bad", and vice versa. Not surprisingly, this tends to baffle ordinary investors, and reinforces the notion that there is some mystique about finance which it is not given to mere mortals to understand.

The most common example is the day when the markets fall sharply after taking fright at some piece of economic news which to any lay observer seems to have unalloyed good news, but which is nevertheless greeted by the markets as something close to Armageddon. The next day's headlines almost invariably refer to "market turmoil", or some such phrase, and record how billions of pounds have been "wiped off" share values by falling prices.

This phenomenon, which happens more often than you would have thought possible, happened again eight days ago. Anyone who read the financial pages last weekend might have forgiven for thinking that some climactic economic disaster had befallen the world, judging by the gloom in the



**JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS**

headlines. The pretext was the fact that Wall Street had fallen quite sharply on Friday, a drop that was widely expected to be followed by sharp falls in London and other international markets this week. Meanwhile, the bond markets, which have been weakening since January, continued their run of

originals. And what was the cause of this sudden attack of jitters, which prompted a "markets in turmoil" front page story in the *Financial Times*? None other than the release of the latest monthly employment statistics in the United States. These showed that "non-farm payrolls" – as the Americans call the figure they use to count those with a job – had jumped by 705,000 in a single month. In plain English, nearly three-quarters of a million people who did not have a job the month before now do have one.

If ever there was an example of seemingly clear-cut good

economic news, this surely was it. If more people were being employed, then the economy must be doing better too. And yet the news sent Wall Street tumbling by over 150 points, and investors, so we were led to believe, into something approaching panic. In the event, stock markets all round the world have fallen this week, though not by as much as many originally feared.

Bond yields have also continued to rise, pulling up medium and long-term interest rates, and quite swamping the impact of Mr Clarke's latest trifling 0.25 per cent cut in short-term interest rates. No wonder those who follow the doings of the City and the markets from afar are bemused by these strange events. Even Sir Samuel Brittan, doyen of economic commentators, was moved in his column in the *Financial Times* this week to say that Karl Marx would have been proud of what had happened – since it

seemed to demonstrate that the markets only prosper when labour is in retreat.

How then to pick a path through these strange and paradoxical events? And what does it tell us about where the markets may be heading now? The answer, I think, is to hang on to the following simple propositions about how markets behave, all of which have been amply borne out by events of the last few days.

1. Markets do not like to be taken by surprise. The real problem with the US employment data was not the trend it showed, but the fact that the published number was much higher than most economists had been expecting. It forced them to re-examine their assumptions about what they thought is happening to the American economy.

2. In particular, the data (assuming it is confirmed by other statistics) suggests that the US economy is growing much faster than most people realised. Last year's worries about a "new recession" can be safely laid to rest. But growth is very much a two-edged sword for investors. What is good for company orders and profits may also be bad news in as far as it threatens to push up inflation and raise the cost of money.

3. Markets cannot live without worries of some sort. The new one is that interest rates, having fallen

sharply over the course of 1995, are unlikely now to fall much further, if indeed at all. The danger now is more of the economy growing so fast that it starts to generate new inflationary pressures. This may prompt the Federal Reserve to think about raising interest rates again (even though this is an election year when such increases are unusual).

4. No market is an island any more. In these days of growing interdependence, what happens in the US economy and in US financial markets quickly spills over into the UK and the rest of Europe. The long-term trend in interest rates for the last five years has been downwards. If the interest rate cycle in the United States is about to reverse, you can be certain that the same will eventually happen over here. But bear in mind, finally:

5. Markets are anything but omniwise. Today's crisis frequently turns out to be tomorrow's false alarm. Those investors who can ignore the daily dramas and concentrate on the long-term trends will always be the ones who fare best. On that score, the omens are looking like as ominous as the headlines suggest. My reading of the historical trends is that we have still not reached the bottom of the down wave in long-term interest rates, though it cannot be all that far away.

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Inflation is still low. Is it time to head for corporate bonds?

Liam Robb offers a guide for investors looking to for a better performance

Over the past few years, while inflation has been low, bonds have actually given a higher return than equities and the Chancellor's decision last summer to allow corporate bonds to be repaid was seen by the investment industry as godsend.

There are two types of corporate bond PEPs. The vast majority - there are currently about 50 - are pooled unit trusts which invest in a range of fixed-interest securities with varying redemption dates. The problem is that as bond prices go up, their yields drift down and income flows and redemption prices from pooled vehicles can only be predicted - not guaranteed.

One alternative is Sun Alliance, which has recently launched the Daisy PEP. For a 5 per cent initial charge, the manager will guarantee repayment of capital if the fund is held for six years.

However, an increasing number of single corporate bond PEPs are arriving on the market. These offer the opportunity to invest in a single fixed-interest stock with a known redemption

date and price (providing the bond is held until maturity) and a known yield which will be paid irrespective of prevailing interest rates.

General Accident, for example, has packaged National Grid debt in a corporate bond growth PEP which pays no dividend but promises a tax-free return on the original investment plus 50 per cent growth at August 2000 (offer closes 26th March). Some companies have marketed their own debt - Legal & General was the most successful, raising £130m in a guaranteed bond plan which offered 7.0 per cent fixed 5.5 years or 45 per cent growth. This issue is now closed although further issues are being considered.

Corporate bonds offered by building societies or banks are not eligible for inclusion in PEPs. However, Johnson Fry has packaged various building society securities within its Chip 5 fund offering a guarantee of capital repayment after five years. The yield is 6.3 per cent (equivalent annual return for basic rate tax payers of 7.88 per cent). The offer closes 18 March.

It is possible for private investors to pick their own corporate bond and transfer it to a self-select PEP scheme. There is no shortage of choice with Eurosterling bonds available from most of the large quoted companies like Tesco, ICI or PowerGen. However, it is not necessarily possible for a broker to buy the bond in exactly the denominations a client needs. In addition, many domestic UK bonds do not have credit ratings so it can be difficult for private investors to assess the risk they are taking on.

Hargreaves Lansdown Asset Management has overcome some of the problems by buying single corporate bonds in bulk - normally those which are trading at or under par - and then packaging them in denominations which suit potential PEP buyers. There are savings to be

made because of the economies of scale and the bonds on offer vary from week to week.

The company is currently promoting two: Eastern Electricity, which has a very long 30-year redemption date but which nonetheless offers an impressive gross redemption yield of 9.4 per cent, and Glaxo, which yields 8.7 per cent. The yields are guaranteed and are considerably higher than most of the pooled unit trusts. Perpetual's PEP bond fund, for example, which was voted top investment product for 1995 by independent financial advisers, is currently yielding 7.3 per cent.

Many management companies believed that the natural market for corporate bond PEPs would be those who were in, or nearing, retirement. In fact, as Peter Hargreaves, chairman of Hargreaves Lansdown has discovered, the products are attracting investors of all ages. However, as Amanda Crowley of Allenbridge Group explained, a high yield should not be the only consideration. "The yields on single corporate bonds and the capital repayment at the end of the term are only guar-

anteed" while the company is still in business," she said. "The reason they are yielding more is simply because they are much riskier vehicles."

Graham Hooper of independent financial advisers Chase de Vere also urged caution. "We would want to look at each issue on its merits and certainly wouldn't advocate investors going into single corporate bonds for the sole reason that they are yielding more," he said.

"The collapse of Barings has shown that having all your eggs in one basket is not necessarily a good idea. For the less risk-averse investor however, certain single corporate bonds may well be worth considering."

Johnson Fry
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Hargreaves Lansdown
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Sun Alliance 0500-100 333
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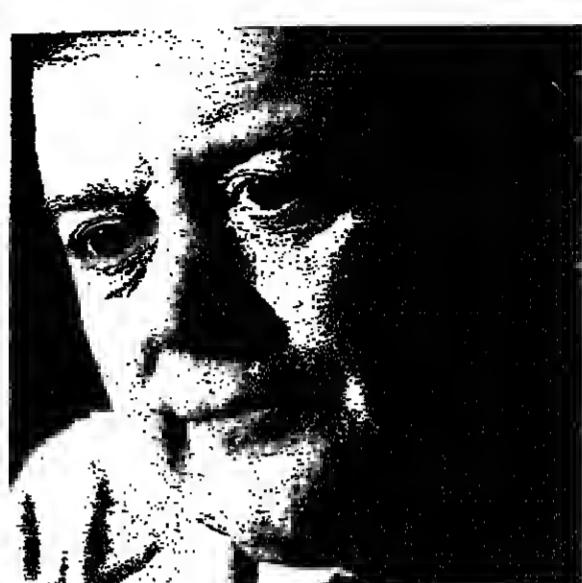
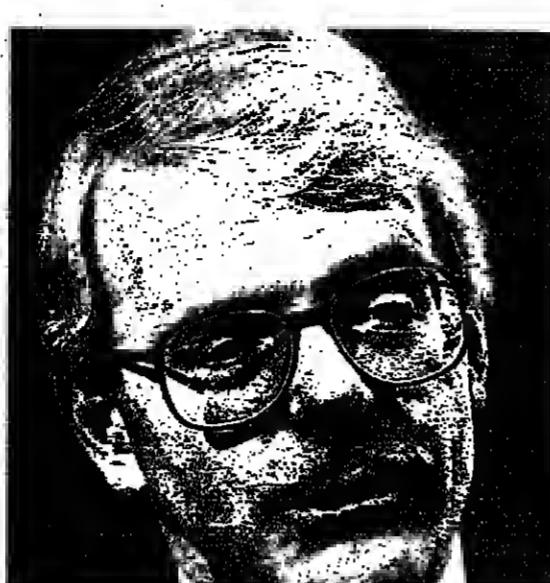


E W



Are you getting your share?

PEPs are still the most advantageous way for big and small investors to buy equities. Clifford German looks at what's on offer



PEPs have outlasted four Chancellors so far: Nigel Lawson, John Major, Norman Lamont and the current incumbent, Kenneth Clarke

It really does make sense for small investors who want to buy and hold shares (and not just stag new issues) to invest through a Personal Equity Plan. Dividends on shares held in a PEP are not liable to income tax, and any gains made on disposal are exempt from capital gains tax. PEPs make sense for small investors and they make even more sense for big investors who are otherwise liable to higher rates tax on share dividends and who regularly expect to make capital gains in excess of their annual tax-free allowance.

PEP holders do not even need to declare the income or the gains on their tax forms. And unlike Tessa's (Tax-Exempt Savings Accounts), which lose their tax-free status if the capital is withdrawn in the five-year life of the account, PEPs can be cashed at any time without losing the tax advantages they have already earned.

PEPs have been around since 1987, and anyone who bought the maximum amount allowed each year could have invested £64,000 and with average luck should now be sitting on a tax-free portfolio worth at least £100,000 and perhaps £30,000 worth of tax-free dividends.

The annual investment limits have increased over the years – and the choice of investments has widened – so that anyone over 18 can now put up to £6,000 during the tax year ending 5 April into a PEP which invests in a spread of shares, plus a further £3,000 each year can be invested in the shares of a single company.

Since last July investors have been able to choose between a PEP invested in shares and a corporate bond PEP

which invests in fixed-interest loan stocks issued by UK companies and the UK government gilts.

You do not have to invest the maximum sum to get a PEP; you can usually invest as little as £500 as a lump sum, or put from £20 a month into a regular savings PEP. You can buy a PEP off the page from an advertisement, you can buy one through a retail stockbroker, or get an independent financial adviser (IFA) to buy one for you. If you are in any doubt about where to start, both the Association of Unit Trusts (Autif) and the Association of Investment Trust Companies (Aitc) will be happy to send you a free fact sheet and a list of providers.

In practice, most PEPs are invested in a unit trust or an investment trust, which gives you a spread of investments, and you can monitor their performance from the prices listed in the main financial papers. You can choose a PEP which is intended to maximise dividend income, usually one with the words high income or extra income in its title; or you can choose one which is designed to produce capital gains, or one which tries to secure a happy medium; you can choose distribution PEPs which pay out the tax-free income or accumulation PEPs which reinvest the dividends.

These days you can also choose income shares in certain "split-level" investment trusts, which entitle you to the bulk of the dividends on the assets, while someone else gets the capital appreciation. Or you can choose tracker funds which select their investments to follow, almost exactly, the performance of a specific stock market index, usually the FT-SE 100 share index or the All-Share index. There are also

a few "guaranteed" PEPs, like the Legal & General corporate bond, which deliver a fixed yield, and others which look in capital gains.

Including corporate bond PEPs, there are now more than 2,000 different PEP plans you can choose from, almost as many as there are companies whose shares are listed on the stock market. But you can also use a self-select PEP as a way of investing directly in the stock market while still benefiting from the tax advantages of a PEP. You instruct a stockbroker which shares to buy and sell, and when to do so – but the shares are held in your PEP. More and more stockbrokers offer this service – and the cut-price share-dealing services will do it at their standard fee or less.

Which kind of PEP you choose depends on whether you want to maximise income or chase capital gains, or a combination of both. But you should remember that tax-free dividend income from a PEP benefits virtually all investors, while most investors are already exempt in practice from capital gains because they do not realise £6,000 of gains anyway, and only the top 10 per cent or so will benefit from exemption. For most small investors therefore it makes sense to go for income from a PEP and go for gains outside the limits of a PEP plan.

It is estimated that around 14 per cent of the adult population now has a PEP, compared with the 16 per cent who have a Tessa. But while most investors are limited to a total holding of £9,000, PEP investors can invest up to £9,000 every year.

PEPs must invest directly in ordinary, preference or convertible preference shares in companies based in the UK, or the European Union provided they are listed on a recognised stock market, or in corporate bonds or convertible loan stock of UK companies which are priced in sterling, pay fixed rates of interest and have at least five years left before they mature.

That includes Eurosterling bonds issued by UK companies offshore, but excludes bonds issued by companies in the financial sector such as banks. But PEPs can be invested in unit trusts or investment trusts which invest at least half their funds in qualifying assets.

As a further dispensation investors can get some exposure to the US, Japan or emerging markets by putting up to £1,500 out of their £6,000 allowance into unit trusts or investment trusts which do not qualify – provided that any further investment in the same year is managed by the same provider.

You can only buy one PEP (or one equity PEP plus one bond PEP) each year, but you can buy from a different provider each year, and you can transfer your PEPs to another manager each year. But you cannot simply set up your own PEP. You have to go to a bank, building society, stockbroker or one of the new providers such as Virgin or Marks & Spencer.

Investors must remember that PEPs, like shares, can fall as well as rise, and providers can deduct initial charges, exit charges and annual management charges, which have to be set against your tax-free advantages, but even these are falling as a result of competition.

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What's inside the tax-free wrapper?

By Liam Robb

The great bulk of money placed in PEPs is actually invested in new or existing unit or investment trusts which are assigned to a PEP "wrapper". So the most frequent choice a PEP investor needs to make is between a unit trust and an investment trust to invest in.

The fundamental difference between the two vehicles is that investment trusts are closed ended and unit trusts open ended. At the beginning of an investment trust's life, the manager will have a specific amount of money to invest and the value of the entire fund - which is listed on the Stock Exchange like any other share - will fluctuate with market sentiment.

If the market believes the future is bright, the trust may trade at a premium to the actual net asset value (NAV) of the fund's underlying investments. At other times it may trade at a discount - a frustrating quirk which can result in the value of the shares falling despite the fund manager having performed well.

Unit trusts, on the other hand, issue units to buyers rather than shares. The fund is not listed on the Stock Exchange and if there are more buyers than sellers then the fund manager will have to invest that additional money. Conversely, if investors are net sellers of the fund, the manager will have to liquidate some of the investments in order to pay them back. The size of the fund will therefore expand and contract, and the price of the units is adjusted each day to reflect the net asset value of the underlying portfolio; investors know they are buying at "fair value" and for this reason many people feel more comfortable with unit trusts.

"Asking whether you should be in investment trusts or unit trusts is the wrong question,"

said Jason Hollands, director of PEP analysis, Best Investment. "The real question is: which sector should you be in and which is the best fund within that sector?"

Most investors plump for unit trusts, although this is partly as a result of strong marketing by unit trust managers. Inevitably, these costs will impact on the initial management fee - 5 per cent is typical - and investors may ask whether they wish to pay for this - particularly as most investment and unit trust managers have underperformed the FTSE All-Share over the past five years.

A perception persists that investment trusts are the reserve of more sophisticated investors. They tend to be more specialist and to some extent more risky vehicles since there are virtually no restrictions on what shares or securities an investment trust portfolio can hold; unit trusts are obliged to hold a minimum of 90 per cent of their portfolio in securities listed on recognised stock exchanges.

A more important legal difference between the two vehicles is that, unlike unit trusts, investment trusts are permitted to "gear" - to borrow additional funds to purchase investments. Gearing, as the name suggests, has the effect of exaggerating the returns of the fund.

Independent financial adviser Chase de Vere has undertaken research which shows that, because of the gearing effect, investment trusts will, to varying degrees, outperform unit trusts in bull runs but will underperform when markets are depressed. However, since most markets tend over the long term to be bull markets (the FTSE 100, for example, now stands at around double what it was 10 years ago, despite the devastating crash of September 1987); surely this would imply that



What's in the wrapper? The usual choice for investors is between a unit trust and investment trust

investment trusts offer better value?

Investment trust performance statistics are always based on the mid-price. With offer-to-offer calculations, unit trusts' initial and annual management fees are ignored. On an offer-to-bid basis they are included and their performance suddenly looks far less impressive.

Most advisers favour investment trusts above unit trusts under two circumstances: when they are trading at what seems to be an unnecessarily high discount to NAV and when markets are volatile.

Investors tend to move in herds and will buy or sell particular stocks or sectors en

masse. Although some of the fund can be kept in cash, in a volatile environment unit trust managers are forced to buy near the top of the market and sell near the bottom - a complete contradiction to investment theory which could adversely affect the overall performance of the fund.

A pebble hybrid offering the best of both vehicles would seem to be the answer and that answer should arrive this July in the form of Open Ended Investment Companies (Oeics - pronounced "oh-ees" to the industry's dismay).

Like unit trusts, Oeics will be valued according to the underlying assets but investors will be issued with shares rather than units.

Another important difference is that Oeics will have a single price for both buyers and sellers rather than a bid-offer spread, which should make the job of comparing competing funds considerably easier. Expect increasing piles of Oeic promotional literature to land on your doormat as summer approaches.

Association of Unit Trusts and Investment Funds (AUTIF)
0171-631 0896

Association of Investment Trust Companies (AITC)
0171-592 5347

How investors can have their income cake and eat it

By Chris Whittingslow

Falling interest rates are putting the squeeze on investors who rely on savings, threatening them with a choice of selling assets or reducing living standards. But there is an alternative. It is to buy "income shares" issued by a certain kind of investment trust known as a "split level trust". These shares take the lion's share of all dividends from the investment trust. Dividends are still on an upward trend, unlike interest rates. So they can provide a very high income - typically around 11 per cent at the moment.

They can give you just as much income as an annuity, without involving the sacrifice of all your capital. They enable you to have your income cake and eat it too. And, as dividend income grows, you still have the possibility of seeing your income grow too. You won't get the sort of capital growth an equity income fund tends to produce, but you should retain a decent sum to hand on to your family.

And if you change your mind there is nothing to stop you selling your income shares and either investing in something else or simply spending some of the money.

In recent years the emergence of unit trusts investing entirely or mainly in a portfolio of income shares has transformed income shares from being the preserve of wealthy individuals and financial institutions into an investment which the average person can now consider. Unit trusts based on income shares can also be held in a Personal Equity Plan, which adds tax advantages to the attractions of a high income.

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in all. On this the cumulative tax saving, on current rates of income tax, would be between £1,200 and £2,400. You would certainly be getting full value out of the PEP's freedom from income tax.

Chris Whittingslow is investment director of Exeter Fund Managers (01392 412144)

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Regulated by IMRO and the Personal Investment Authority

Registered Office: Michael House, Baker Street, London, W1A 1DN

Registered in England: 2253009

A subsidiary of Marks & Spencer plc.

Marks & Spencer Unit Trust Management Ltd is a part of Marks & Spencer Financial Services Marketing Group which uses the business name Marks & Spencer Financial Services.

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8.30am to 8pm weekdays,

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The guarantee is applied on the 5th April 2001. The original investment is guaranteed unless you have already made a complete withdrawal of your investment. If you make a partial withdrawal before 4th April 2001 the amount of your original investment guaranteed will be reduced. The guarantee is provided by Marks & Spencer Financial Services Ltd and does not form part of the General PEP.

We may telephone you to confirm receipt of your information pack.

going out



CINEMA

Get Shorty John Travolta's (above) performance in *Pulp Fiction* was just a warm-up for his shimmering turn here as Cliff Palmer, a loanshark who turns up in Los Angeles to hassle movie producer Gene Hackman for a debt and ends up pitching him an idea.

II Postino Michael Radford's sweet-tempered tale of poetry and love in 1950s Italy earned the biggest ever release of any subtitled film, and deservedly so. With Massimo Troisi.

Underground Emir Kusturica reaches new heights with this odyssey linking two wars through a story of betrayal and deceit.

Ryan Gilbey

THEATRE

Olivier & Elegance Rita Two plays for two acts, by two men (David Mallet and Willy Russell) about love and what they did with their teachers. Rita has more laughs. *Salisbury Playhouse: An Ideal Husband* (above) Superbative, playing in Peter Hall's finest production in ages enhances Wilde's bemendously funny and strikingly pertinent comedy of public lives and private morals. *Delicious*. *Theatre Royal Haymarket, London*. Observe the Sons of Ulster Cancel all other engagements for this beautifully written study of bravery, love and loyalty in Patrick Mason's fine production. Closes tonight. *Barbican, London*.

David Benedict



EXHIBITIONS

Leicester Drawings from the Royal Collection (above) by probably the greatest draughtsmen the world has seen. An impressive group, indicative of the quality of the little-known riches in royal hands. *Queen's London SW1*, to Jan 1997.

Cezanne After all the hype this blockbuster lives up to expectations. The final mom, with its well-deserved title, *The Large Bathers*, is a genuine gem.

Ephraim, Tate, London SW1, to 28 Apr.

The Doria Pamphilj Collection One of the finest groups of Old Masters in the world: Velazquez's *Portrait of X* and works by Titian, Brueghel, Caravaggio, *National Gallery, London*, WC2.

Jane Gaze



POP

Nigella

London: Nigella Lawson's *How to be a Superstar* (above) is a riot. The first mom, with its well-deserved title, *The Large Bathers*, is a genuine gem.

Ephraim, Tate, London SW1, to 28 Apr.



CLASSICAL

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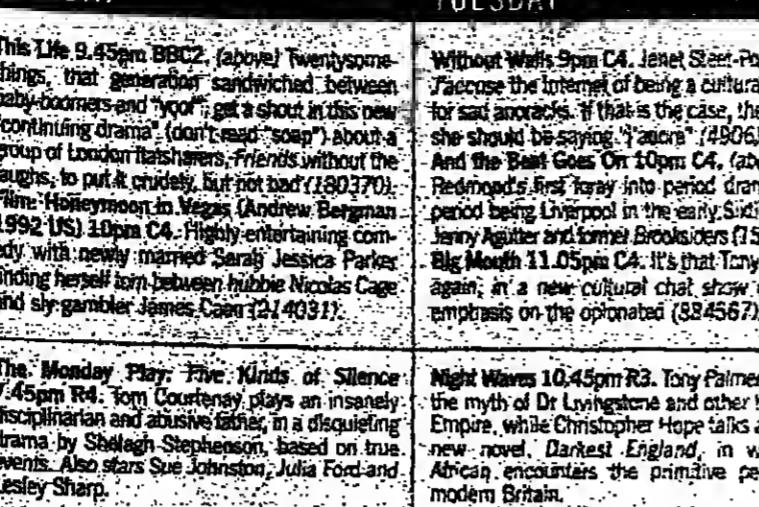
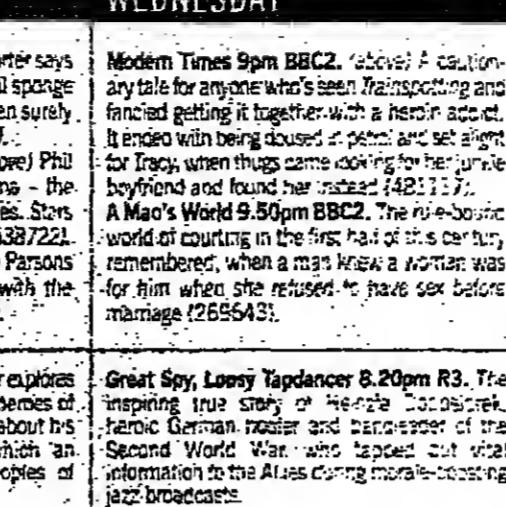
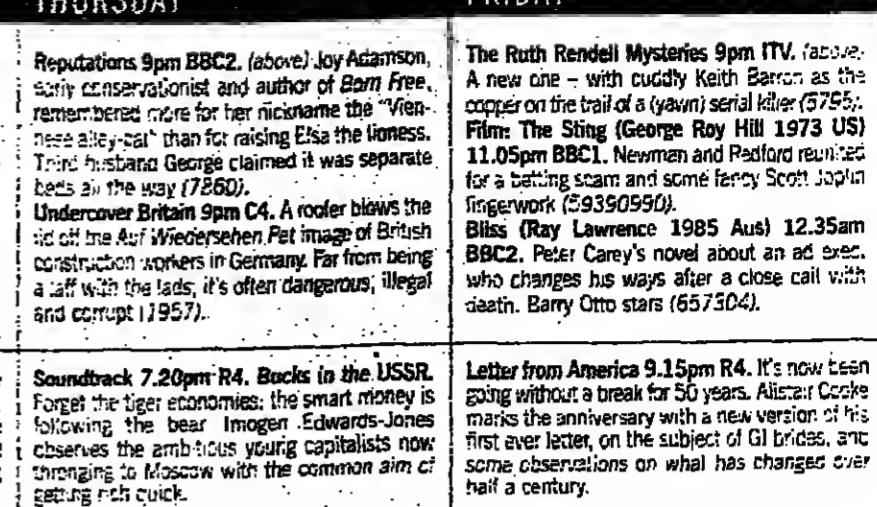
Arts and entertainment listings

FILM

WEST END

• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. MGM/Sony, London, WC1, 20 Mar.• *Angels and Insects* (18) Adaptation of AS Byatt's novel. 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staying in

MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY	
Television The Beloved Gilbert									
Radio By Robert Hanks	The Monday Play: Five Kinds of Silence 7.45pm Red. Tom Courtenay plays an insanely dyspeptic and abusive father in a disquieting drama by Shelagh Stephenson, based on true events. Also stars Sue Johnston, Julia Ford and Lesley Sharp.								
This Life 9.45pm BBC2. (above) Twenty-something things, that generation sandwiched between baby-boomers and 'youth', get a shot in this new continuing drama (don't mind "youth") about a group of London flatsharers, friends without the laughs, to put it crudely. If not odd (7.30pm) Film: Honeymoon in Vegas (Andrew Bergman 1992 US) 10pm C4. Highly entertaining comedy with newly married Sarah Jessica Parker finding herself torn between bubbly Nicolas Cage and sly gambler James Caan (12.40pm).	Without Walls 9pm C4. Janet Street-Porter says "I've seen the internet as being a cultural sponge for sad anecdotes. If that's the case, then surely she should be saying 'Yours' (1980).	And the Ball goes On 10pm C4. (above) Phil Redmond has us into period drama - the period being Liverpool in the early Sixties. Stars Jerry Agutter and former Brookside's (1982-92) Big Mouth 11.05pm C4. It's that Tony Parsons again, in a new cultural chat show with the emphasis on the opiated (8.45pm).	Modern Times 9pm BBC2. (above) A cautionary tale for anyone who's seen <i>Trainspotting</i> and fancied getting it together with a heroin addict. It ended with being dosed in petrol and set alight for Iraq, when thus came looking for her private boyfriend and found her instead (4.20pm).	A Man's World 9.50pm BBC2. The rule-bound world of courting in the first half of the century, when a man knew a woman was remembered, when a man knew a woman was for him when she refused to have sex before marriage (2.55pm).	Reputations 9pm BBC2. (above) Joy Adamson, early conservationist and author of <i>Born Free</i> , remembered more for her nickname the "Venezuela alley-cat" than for raising Elsa the lioness. This husband George raised it when it was separated all the way (7.20pm).	The Ruth Rendell Mysteries 9pm ITV. (above) A new one - with cuddly Keith Barron as the copper on the trail of a (yawn) serial killer (7.55pm). Film: <i>The Sting</i> (George Roy Hill 1973 US) 11.05pm BBC1. Newman and Redford reunited for a belting stomp and some fancy Scott Joplin fingerwork (5.30pm).			
10.45 The French Experience (3.31/185). 11.00 Hidden Empire (R) (S) (185). * 11.30 My Brilliant Career. John Spies, campaigning Chairman of Brighton NHS Trust (R) (S) (2814). * 12.00 Countryside (S) (92475). * 12.30 On the Record (5.6271). * 1.30 EastEnders Omnibus (S) (5173663). * 2.55 The True Grit (Henry Hathaway 1969 US). John Wayne finally won his Oscar by sending himself in this surprisingly violent western in which his drunk-hardened one-eyed US marshall is persuaded by a 14-year-old girl to track down her father's killers. With Glen Campbell, Kim Darby (as the girl) and Robert Duvall (7.37/30036). * 5.00 The Pink Panther Show (1648630). 5.20 The Clothes Show (S) (1285456). * 5.45 News, Weather (5.10/185). * 6.05 Local News (292533). 6.10 Songs of Praise (S) (569340). * 6.45 Antiques Roadshow. Henley-on-Thames throws up a Venetian old master (S) (817659).	Night Waves 10.45pm R3. Tony Palmer explores the myth of Dr Livingstone and other heroes of Empire, while Christopher Hope talks about his new novel, <i>Darkest England</i> , in which an African encounters the primitive peoples of modern Britain.	Great Spy, Long Tapdancer 8.20pm R3. The inspiring true story of Helga Dorothea, heroic German resistor and daughter of the Second World War who tapped out vital information to the Allies during morale-boosting jazz broadcasts.	Soundtrack 7.20pm R4. Books in the USSR. Forget the tiger economies: the smart money is following the bear. Imogen Edwards-Jones observes the ambitious young capitalists now thronging to Moscow with the common aim of getting rich quick.	Letter from America 9.15pm R4. It's now been ten years without a tiger for 50 years. Alizan Cooke marks the anniversary with a new version of its first ever letter, on the subject of GI brides, and some observations on what has changed over half a century.					

Sunday television and radio

BBC1

7.30 Jim Henson's Animal Show (S) (4228369). 7.55 Playdays (R) (S) (1772-73). 8.15 This Mutton (Top Business) (5941678). 8.30 Breakfast with Fresh (8.123). 9.30 Songs of Change (502494). 10.15 See Heart (S) (492-505). 10.45 The French Experience (3.31/185). 11.00 Hidden Empire (R) (S) (185). * 11.30 My Brilliant Career. John Spies, campaigning Chairman of Brighton NHS Trust (R) (S) (2814). * 12.00 Countryside (S) (92475). * 12.30 On the Record (5.6271). * 1.30 EastEnders Omnibus (S) (5173663). * 2.55 The True Grit (Henry Hathaway 1969 US). John Wayne finally won his Oscar by sending himself in this surprisingly violent western in which his drunk-hardened one-eyed US marshall is persuaded by a 14-year-old girl to track down her father's killers. With Glen Campbell, Kim Darby (as the girl) and Robert Duvall (7.37/30036). * 5.00 The Pink Panther Show (1648630). 5.20 The Clothes Show (S) (1285456). * 5.45 News, Weather (5.10/185). * 6.05 Local News (292533). 6.10 Songs of Praise (S) (569340). * 6.45 Antiques Roadshow. Henley-on-Thames throws up a Venetian old master (S) (817659).

7.30 Ballykissangel. Last part of the English-priest-in-Ireland comedy drama (S) (13814). * 8.20 The Scent of a Woman (Martin Brest 1992 US). BBC1's second Oscar-winning performance of the day belongs to Al Pacino as the blind army colonel running one last species before ending it all. Chris O'Donnell is the shy college boy assigned to look after him for the weekend. Both lives - needless to say - are changed forever (Concluded after the News) (4836659).

9.45 News, Weather (5.07/291). * 10.00 The Scent of a Woman (S) (2307). * 11.00 Heart of the Matter. Divorce, British-style. Joan Bakewell investigates (S) (597307). * 11.40 The Duellists (Ridley Scott 1977 UK). Scott's first film is a stunningly photographed, coolly impersonated adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-era story *The Duel*, and stars Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel as two French fliers fighting out their own private war through a series of duels, against the backdrop of the wider conflict (9.13746). * 1.20 Weather (86-19963). To 1.25am. REGIONS: Wales: 11.00pm Wales Playhouse. 11.30 Heart of the Matter. 12.10 Film: *The Duellists*. 1.15 News. NI: 2.25pm Now You're Talking. 3.20 Up to the Port. 3.50 Film: *Wings of the Apache*. 5.10 Our Roving Reporter.

BBC2

6.15 Open University: Pure Maths: Multiplying Matrices (5906/59). 6.40 Maths Models (6893185). 7.05 Developing World (56265-3). 7.30 Biology: Form and Function (4215611). 7.55 Christopher Plantin, Polyglot Printer of Antwerp (1761369). 8.20 Animal Behaviour (455672). 8.45 Making Readers for Life (6014746). 9.10 Children's BBC: Jackanory (1771388). 9.25 Phantom 2040 (6847104). 9.45 The All New Popeye Show (2161161). 10.05 I'll Never Walk Alone (4514562). 10.20 Garage Hill (9018524). 10.55 The Art and Design Show (9960730). 11.20 Short Change (6099165). 11.45 Star Trek (R) (5379201). 12.35 Police Squad. Police spoof (7965611). 1.00 Singled Out (82230185). 1.20 Holiday Outings (54160630). 1.30 Regional Programmes (27659). 2.00 *ITV* Judgment at Nuremberg (Stanley Kramer 1961 US). An all-star guest-victim appearance, was how Gavin Lambert wickedly summed up: Kramer's drama about the trial of the Nazi judges who enforced Hitler's laws. Spencer Tracy presides over Burn Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Marlene Dietrich and Judy Garland (7.2937475). 4.55 Rugby Special (S) (6577123). 5.55 The Natural World. The colourful Bowerbird in action (S) (522659). 6.45 Come as You're Best in Show. The announcement of Best in Show, and the Working, Terrier and Hound groups. *Cat* viewing (S) (2322678). 8.00 Clive Anderson Is Our Man... In... Belvoir. See Preview, p32 (S) (2929814). * 8.40 The Money Programme. The concern in universities that pure scientific research has been sacrificed for the needs of Industry (629562). 9.20 Horizon, 1/2. See Preview, p32 (S) (10562). * 10.10 Cricket World Cup. Highlights from the Australian-Sri Lankan final in Lahore (5.8104). 11.10 *ITV* Cat Chaser (Abel Ferrara 1989 US). Witty, underlined Elmore Leonard adaptation, co-written by Leonard, stars Peter Weller as a Miami-based ex-marine who asks for trouble by dating the wife of the secret police in the Dominican Republic. Kelly McGillis (Followed by Weatherview) (S) (706017). * 12.40 *ITV* Act of Violence (Fred Zinnemann 1949 US). Film noir about crippled POW camp survivor Van Heflin hunting down the ex-inmate who betrayed him and his comrades during a prison break-out (8182895). To 2.00am. REGIONS: Wales: 3.30pm Welsh Lobby. 4.55 Scrums. 5.10 Our Roving Reporter.

Choice

Nobel laureate Seamus Heaney introduces and reads his poem Station Island (5.45pm R3), about a pilgrimage to the shrine in Donegal also known as St Patrick's Purgatory. And, defying all attempts at making a sensible link, Rosemary Firth (R) presents a profile of the Victor Silvester Orchestra in a new programme, Let's Dance (4pm R2).

11.15 In Committee. 11.45 Seeds of Faith. 12.00 Something Understood. 1.00 News. 1.20 Sunday Papers. 1.45 Our Farm. 1.50 Sunday.

1.55 The Week's Good Cause. 1.55 Weather. 9.00 News.

9.10 Sunday Papers.

9.15 Let's Dance (R) (106). Includes *Reindeer Games* (Olympics). 9.30 *ITV* Cricket World Cup Final. Live coverage of the sixth World Cup Final from Pakistan. 10.15 *ITV* The Archers. 11.15 *ITV* Mediumwave. 11.45 *ITV* Books and Company. 12.15 *ITV* The Island Discs. 12.45 *ITV* Weather. 1.00 *ITV* The World This Weekend. 1.45 *ITV* Cricket World Cup Final. 1.55 Shipping Forecast. 2.00 *ITV* Gardeners' Question Time. 2.00 *ITV* Cricket World Cup Final. 2.30 *ITV* Classic Serial: *The Roads to Freedom* by Jean-Paul Sartre (C9). 3.00 *ITV* Pick of the Week. 4.15 *ITV* Analysis. 5.50 *ITV* News: *The Off Season*. 5.50 Poetry Please! 5.55 Shipping Forecast. 5.55 Weather. 6.00 *ITV* Six O'Clock News. 6.15 Feedback. 6.30 *ITV* Business. 7.00 *ITV* Children's BBC: *4 Travelling Light*, Light by Sharon Prendergast (3.6). 7.30 *ITV* Opinions (4.16). 8.00 *ITV* Weather. 8.30 *ITV* News: *The Off Season*. 8.45 *ITV* Gardeners' Question Time. 8.50 *ITV* Cricket World Cup Final. 9.00 *ITV* Open University: *VIPIs*. 9.30 *ITV* Weather. 10.00 *ITV* Pick of the Week. 10.35 *ITV* Crime Desk. 11.00 *ITV* Extra 12.05. Nightfall 2.00 Up All Night 5.00-6.00 Morning Reports.

Classic FM (106.5-107.5MHz): 9.00am Straight Up 6.30 Brian Hayes at Breakfast 9.05 Sunday with Matt 11.35 Special Assignment 12.00 Midday Edition 12.15 The Big Picture 1.05 Gary Lineker's Sun 2.00 News Extra 7.30 The Acid Test 8.05 *ITV* Good Friday 8.30 *ITV* Weather. 10.05 Out This Week 10.35 Crime Desk 11.00 Night Extra 12.05 Nightfall 2.00 Up All Night 5.00-6.00 Morning Reports.

11.30 *ITV* Weather.

11.45 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

12.00 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 12.48 Shipping Forecast. 1.00 *ITV* As World Service.

Radio 5 (99.9-100.9MHz): 6.00am Straight Up 6.30 Brian Hayes at Breakfast 9.05 Sunday with Matt 11.35 Special Assignment 12.00 Midday Edition 12.15 The Big Picture 1.05 Gary Lineker's Sun 2.00 News Extra 7.30 The Acid Test 8.05 *ITV* Good Friday 8.30 *ITV* Weather. 10.05 Out This Week 10.35 Crime Desk 11.00 Night Extra 12.05 Nightfall 2.00 Up All Night 5.00-6.00 Morning Reports.

11.30 *ITV* Weather.

11.45 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

12.00 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 12.48 Shipping Forecast. 1.00 *ITV* As World Service.

1.00 *ITV* Weather.

1.15 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

1.30 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 1.45 *ITV* Weather.

1.55 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

2.00 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 2.15 *ITV* Weather.

2.30 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

2.45 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 2.55 *ITV* Weather.

3.00 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

3.15 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 3.30 *ITV* Weather.

3.45 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

4.00 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 4.15 *ITV* Weather.

4.30 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

4.45 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 4.55 *ITV* Weather.

5.00 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

5.15 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 5.30 *ITV* Weather.

5.45 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

5.55 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 6.15 *ITV* Weather.

6.30 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

6.45 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 6.55 *ITV* Weather.

7.00 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

7.15 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 7.30 *ITV* Weather.

7.45 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

7.55 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 8.15 *ITV* Weather.

8.30 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

8.45 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 9.00 *ITV* Weather.

9.15 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

9.30 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 9.45 *ITV* Weather.

9.55 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

10.00 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 10.15 *ITV* Weather.

10.30 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

10.45 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 11.00 *ITV* Weather.

11.15 *ITV* Pick of the Week.

11.30 *ITV* Sunday: *Birthday*. Written and read by Colin Johnson. 11.45 *ITV* Weather.</p



The big picture

Bad Behaviour

Sun 9pm C4

Les Blar, currently shooting his latest film in South Africa, is the best improviser this side of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?*, and with works such as *Honest, Decent and True* and *News Hounds* he has made his name with state-of-the-nation musings. *Bad Behaviour* enhances his reputation. Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack are spiritually Islington, though they live in Kentish Town. His wry account of how they cope with a mid-life crisis makes points about 90s urban life without ramming them down your throat.

Television preview

RECOMMENDED VIEWING THIS WEEKEND

by Gerard Gilbert

Coronation Street's Reg Holdsworth may have been banished to Norfolk, but his spirit lives on in Warren Clarke's Detective Superintendent Dalziel, one eponymous half of Dalziel and Pascoe (Sat BBC1), from the books by Reginald Hill.

No, I haven't read them either, but the formula is familiar. Dalziel (pronounced *Dee-ee-ell*) has been round the block more times than Michael Schumacher, farts and scratches his balls in public – and generally breathes his garlic breath in the face of life. Pascoe is young, clean-cut and as bright and chipper as Alan Shearer on match day. It's the old cop, rookie cop routine; – excuse my *Portmante* – Norman Stanley Fletcher and Godber.

The first story involves a murder at the local rugby club and, being scripted by Alan Plater, is as warm and rounded as a hot, buttered muffin. It's also literate, not to say literary. Always a nice fantasy to believe our boys in blue bandy Shakespeare about.

For those who like their crime for real, Scotland's most notorious serial killer is remembered in *Calling Bible John* (Sat C4). "Bible John" (he told girls

his name was John – don't they all – and was given to quoting the scriptures) operated in the late 1960s. He picked up his female victims at Glasgow's Barrowland Ballroom and, if they were found to be menstruating, strangled them with their tights. Andrew O'Hagan's film is actually less about the murders than the effect they had – still have – on the city of Glasgow. 5 trathclyde police still get people claiming they met "Bible John" on their holidays.

Bookmark (Sat BBC2) visits Rutshire, the Gloucestershire of Jilly Cooper's imagination, as we glimpse Cooper preparing her latest *bookbuster*, *Appassionata*. This is all about the lives and loves of a classical orchestra, and Cooper collapses on the 34 members of her fictional orchestra in the messiest notebook you have ever seen. Research includes the possibilities of seduction in a conductor's changing room and what lady violinists wear under their dresses. This preoccupation with sex is very 1960s, and Cooper herself comes across as a mildly alarming creature – semi-permanently encamped in a cinema somewhere inside her head, grinning gap-toothed at this world

Dalziel and Pascoe 8.05pm Sat BBC1
Bookmark 9.35pm Sat BBC2
Calling Bible John 10.35pm Sat C4

Clive Anderson is Our Man in... Beirut 8pm Sun BBC2

Horizon 9.20pm Sun BBC2

as she assimilates it for material. An author, in other words. Her mother is the real find, an ancient duck with the most marvellously dry and wizened chuckle.

Clive Anderson is Our Man in... Beirut this week (Sun BBC2), and unkink souls will be wondering if he can follow up last week's arrest by Nigerian secret police with a kidnapping by Islamic fundamentalists.

Actually, in this series, Anderson seems to have entirely jettisoned the self-pleased personality that makes you want to see him held in a dark cellar for several years. This is actually a highly informative introduction to post-civil war *Beirut*.

Is it my imagination, or is Andrew Sachs the actor

who gets the call every time a documentary maker wants to spice up his film with a pinch of dramatisation? The two-part *Horizon* (Sun BBC2) tools up 5achs with a moustache, Professor Calculus haircut and a German accent out of the Heineken ads. He's playing Einstein, and the first film deals with Albert's early life: much of it reassuringly mispent bumbling off lectures and hanging around coffee bars. Part two is on the following night, relatively speaking.

If there were anything to go by, Frank Bruno vs Mike Tyson would be the fight

of the century. You can't move without seeing or hearing adverts for Sky's coverage of Bruno's defence of his WBC heavyweight title against the former undefeated champion and convicted rapist. OK, so the fight is a big deal as the country's most lovable sportscar race or the man who once struck fear throughout the division. But does the arithmetic of the publicity have more to do with the fact that this is the last pay-per-view event in Britain?

The big fight

Frank Bruno v Mike Tyson

Sat 1am Sky Box Office

Sat 2.05am Radio 5

If there were anything to go by, Frank Bruno vs Mike Tyson would be the fight of the century. You can't move without seeing or hearing adverts for Sky's coverage of Bruno's defence of his WBC heavyweight title against the former undefeated champion and convicted rapist. OK, so the fight is a big deal as the country's most lovable sportscar race or the man who once struck fear throughout the division. But does the arithmetic of the publicity have more to do with the fact that this is the last pay-per-view event in Britain?

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

7.25 News; Weather (5.47-5.51).
7.30 Children's BBC: *Imogoud* (6.30-8.71). 7.45 The Antics Bunch (8.28-9.21). 8.10 *The Flintstones* (4.65-5.29). 8.35 *The Addams Family* (6.12-4.48).
9.00 Live and Kicking. With Menswear and Trev and Simon (6.91-7.85).
12.12 Weather (2.34-3.51).
12.15 Grandstand. 12.20 Football Focus. 1.00 News. 1.05 Cricket: Look ahead to tomorrow's World Cup Final in Lahore. 1.15 Boxing: Frank Bruno's final preparation for his defence of the WBC world heavyweight title against Mike Tyson. For the event itself you'll need a dish and a tamer. 1.50 Rugby Union: Five Nations preview. 3.00 Rugby Union: Live coverage from Twickenham of England vs Ireland. 4.40 Final Score. 5.00 Rugby Union: Highlights from Wales vs France (S1) (6.59-7.74).
5.30 News, Weather (3.49-7.77).
5.40 Local News. Weather (5.26-6.03).
5.45 Big Break Snooker quiz show welcome Mike Hallett, Gary Wilkinson and newcomer Stephen O'Connor (S1) (3.19-2.10).
6.15 The New Adventures of Superman. Happily married couples start vanishing from Metropolis (S1) (4.18-5.18).
7.00 Noel's House Party. There's a Gotcha (for Esther Rantzen (S1) (7.42-5.51).
7.50 The National Lottery Live. Michael Boulton gets the balls rolling (S1) (8.72-8.45).
B.05 Dalziel and Pascoe. Warren Clarke and Colin Buchanan star in a series of crime mysteries adapted from the novels of Reginald Hill. See Preview, above (S1) (17.09-15.15).
7.00 Noel's House Party. There's a Gotcha (for Esther Rantzen (S1) (7.42-5.51).
7.50 The National Lottery Live. Michael Boulton gets the balls rolling (S1) (8.72-8.45).
B.05 Dalziel and Pascoe. Warren Clarke and Colin Buchanan star in a series of crime mysteries adapted from the novels of Reginald Hill. See Preview, above (S1) (17.09-15.15).
9.35 News and Sport; Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (8.97-7.4).
9.55 The Nose at Ten – Best of Comic Relief. Ben Elton introduces clips from telethons gone by, and, featuring, in no particular order, Hugh Laurie, Joanna Lumley, Angus Deayton, Paul Merton and Ian Hislop (S1) (5.17-5.28).
10.25 Match of the Day. Liverpool vs Chelsea at Anfield is the main event (S1) (8.76-6.32).
11.30 They Think It's All Over. Last Tuesday's slice of the comedy sports quiz, with footballer Ian Wright and Men Behaving Badly actor Neil Morrissey (R) (5) (2.47-3.41).
12.00 **EM** Cold Front (Paul Branci 1989 US/Can), US Drug Enforcement Agency officer Martin Sheen and Canadian Mountie Michael Ontkean (the sheriff from *Twin Peaks*) find themselves unravelling an international conspiracy involving the CIA and KGB (S1) (8.99-2.0).
1.30 Weather (7.56-8.0). 7.51 1.35am.
REGIONS. Wales. 3.00pm Rugby Union: Live coverage of Wales vs France. 5.00 Rugby Union: Highlights of England vs Ireland. 5.40 Wales Today. N.I. 5.10pm Northern Ireland Results. 5.40 Newsline.

BBC2

6.00 Open University: Computing (9.79-13.32). 6.25 Maths: Classifying Cubics (9.61-4.23). 6.50 The Chemistry of Power (9.22-6.97). 7.15 Scotland in the Enlightenment (5.74-6.51). 7.40 Drifting Continents (4.34-4.51). B.05 Understanding Narrative (5.50-2.67). 8.30 Reading the Landscape (7.56-8.06). 9.20 The Future of Money (4.12-2.45). 10.10 Reinventing the City (19.30-8.06). 11.00 Reflections on a Global Screen (8.72-5.61). 11.25 Rocky Shores (6.02-7.84). 11.50 Managing in Organization (8.69-17.7).
12.15 Wartime Weddings (R) (9.26-8.51).
12.25 **EM** Holiday Outings. Sue Cook in south-east France (R) (2.23-7.44).
13.20 **EM** Saturday Matinee: Julius Caesar (Joseph L. Mankiewicz 1953 US). Not a bad effort from the usually pedestrian slave-to-the-text Mankiewicz, who is well served by Marlon Brando (Mark Anthony), John Gielgud (Cassius) and Edmund O'Brien (Casca). Only James Mason as Brutus looks out of sorts (3.79-7.78).
2.25 **EM** Saturday Matinee: The Barefoot Contessa (Joseph L. Mankiewicz 1954 US). Way off the mark satire on Hollywood, with Ava Gardner discovered in the stumps of Madrid and brought to Tinseltown by chessy publicist Edmond O'Brien (again) and broken-down director Humphrey Bogart. In its way, something of a camp classic (7.56-7.24).
4.35 Best of Esther. People with unusual food cravings (R) (S) (4.57-3.26).
5.05 The Oprah Winfrey Show (3.80-10.55). *
5.45 **EM** TOTP2 (S) (7.39-2.64).
6.30 Crafts 9.1. Toy, Utility and Gundog sections (5) (2.93-5.81).
7.05 News and Sport; Weather (1.95-2.64). *
7.20 Correspondent. Matt Frei talks us through the case of the three American servicemen accused of raping a 12-year-old girl in Okinawa, which has sparked long-latent anti-American feelings in Japan (S) (2.89-9.93).
8.05 Francois Truffaut: The Man Who Loved Cinema. Second half of the tribute features the memories of Julie Christie, Sharon Stone, Claude Chabrol and Nathalie Baye (6.95-4.46).
8.45 Court TV. Courtesy of the eponymous US cable network, excerpts from the trial of Dr Jack Kevorkian, the first American to be charged with the offence of assisted suicide (S) (9.42-3.26).
9.35 **EM** Bookmark. Jilly Cooper professed. See Preview (Followed by Family Album) (S) (3.65-7.84). *
10.30 Belle Epoque. After Lucien makes a rash proposal of marriage, Alphonse vows revenge. The last of the Truffaut-scripted French TV drama (Followed by *Weatherview*) (3.42-5.14).
12.20 Late with Jools Holland with Courtney Love, Marianne Faithfull, and Massive Attack with Everything but the Girl (R) (S) (4.95-6.29).
1.30am. REGIONS. 4.35pm A Bloody Art.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV 6.00 News; Weather. 6.10 Eat Your Words. 6.40 Barney and Friends. 7.45 Saturday Disney, 8.55 *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers* (6.25-19.92). 9.25 **TE** Telegamagazine. With Casualty actress Sue Devaney – and how realistic looking injuries are faked for the cameras (20.62-3.22).
10.25 **EM** Spatz (R) (4.61-3.32).
10.55 It's Not Just Saturday. Teenage kicks with Hollyoaks' Paul Leyshon and pop group Dubstar (S) (8.43-2.10).
11.30 The Chart Show (R) (7.42-6.4).
12.30 Whiz Kids. American tap dancer and choreographer Savion Glover (R) (5) (5.05-5).
1.00 News, Weather (5.42-8.26). *
1.05 Local News, Weather (5.42-8.35). *
1.10 Champions League Special. Look ahead to next week's Euro-fest action (7.67-0.72).
1.40 Movies. Games and Vito (7.23-7.55).
2.15 Carbon Time (4.41-5.06).
2.20 **EM** Carry on Regardless (Gerald Thomas 1961 UK). The boys and girls find themselves working at the Helping Hands employment agency (3.22-2.10).
3.45 **EM** Airwolf (R) (3.14-1.48).
4.45 News; 5port; Weather (4.49-9.92). *
5.05 London Tonight and Sport (7.15-2.45).
5.20 Batman. The Riddler (1.20-3.52).
5.45 Catchphrase. "Lead of old cobblers", that sort of thing (S) (17.81-0.6).
6.15 The Shane Richie Experience. The Beach Boys/Status Quo combo serenade three more couples hopeful of being married on TV (S) (8.07-6.84). *
7.05 Barmyore (Including Lottery Result) (S) (7.29-5.81).
8.05 Stars In Their Eyes. People imitate Marc Almond, Steve Harley and Toyah Willcox, bless 'em (S) (8.47-9.08). *
8.50 News; National Lottery Update; Weather (6.36-9.03). *
9.05 **EM** A Few Good Men (Rob Reiner 1992 US). Big star courtroom drama casts Tom Cruise and Demi Moore as navy lawyers defending two marines accused of murder, which still leaves room for Jack Nicholson (as the commander of the base where it happened), Kevin Costner and Kiefer Sutherland (S) (5.92-2.67).
11.40 **EM** The Postman Always Rings Twice (Bob Rafelson 1981 US). Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange have hot sex on the table in Rafelson's explicit remake of the classic film noir (S) (21.11-10.55).
1.55 Pyjama Party (S) (3.97-7.94).
3.15 Funny Business (6.45-6.52).
3.45 God's Gift (R) (8.14-4.45).
4.35 ITV Sports Classics (9.85-10.63).
5.05 Coach (S) (4.02-7.45). 7.50 3.00am.

Channel 4

6.05 Sesame Street (R) (8.39-6.13).
7.05 Ulysses 31 (R) (5.65-12.39).
7.30 Super Mario Brothers (R) (2.23-3.57).
7.45 First Edition (R) (8.21-8.52).
8.00 World Sport (3.86-3).
9.00 The Morning Line. Where and when to lose your shirt (S) (3.09-7).
10.00 The Greatest (R) (1.12-1.20). *
10.30 NBA. Basketball. Spike Lee is court-side (R) (9.70-54).
11.00 Gazzetta Football Italia (5.75-00).
12.00 The Late Late Show (S) (2.53-2.56).
12.30 The Great Marathas (7.09-2.64).
12.55 **EM** The Scarf Plunger (Alexander Korda 1934 US). Leslie Howard saves aristos from the guillotine while pretending to his wife, Merle Oberon: that he's nothing but a useless flop (8.83-8.66). *
2.45 Racing from Uttoxeter. The 3.00 Dermot Dunleavy Novices' H'cap Chase; 3.35 EBF Tattersalls (Ireland) Mares' Novices' Chase Final (H'cap); 4.10 Maestros. Pedigree Midlands Grand Final (H'cap Chase); 4.40 Ladbrooke H'cap Hurdle (3.94-2.63).
5.05 Broadsides Omnibus (S) (4.01-6.22). *
6.30 Right to Reply (S) (5.31). *
7.00 A Week in Politics Including Channel 4 News (S) (3.57-7).
8.00 Hidden Kingdoms. Simon Trevor, who has lived and worked in Kenya's Tsavo National Park for the past 30 years, argues against the culling of elephants to control numbers. Natural calamities like drought are far more efficient, he claims (S) (9.53-5). *
9.00 **EM** Wild Horses (S) (6.67-7.1).
10.00 The World of Lee Evans (R) (S) (2.97-7.55). *
10.35 Calling John – Portrait of a Serial Killer. Kicking off the *Blue Light* series for the evening, Andrew O'Hagan explores the myths behind Bible John, Scotland's most notorious murderer. See Preview, above (S) (5.43-05). *
11.05 Randy Reg and the Pot Bellied Pervet. The work of north-eastern crime reporter John Merry (2.67-68).
11.35 Grannys Squad. A 35-year-old Newcastle policewoman who dresses as an elderly woman to catch bag-snatchers (S) (6.74-7.90).
11.50 One Year in the Life of Crime. A community TV crew spends a year with some young American burglars to find out what makes them tick (S) (6.81-05). *
12.55 Digging Up the Past. The murder of Willie Evans, which remained a mystery until a Ku Klux Klan member admitted responsibility on his death bed (R) (S) (1.66-29).
1.25 **EM** The Thin Blue Line (Errol Morris 1988 US). Classic miscarriage-of-justice investigative documentary, looking into the case of a young man falsely accused of killing a Dallas policeman and held on Death Row for 12 years (R) (4.94-01).
3.15 The Girls Show (R) (S) (13.15-54). To 4.05am.

ITV/Regions

As London except 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (5.05-5). 1.40 *Wetten, Das ist Wett!* (2.47-3.69). 2.55 **EM** Book of the Month (S) (2.97-3.13). 3.00 **EM** Robot Cop (1.16-3.13). 11.40 *Lie from the Lividone* (2.42-3.22). 12.30pm Pyramids Party (8.19-9.02). 2.05am **EM** Funny Business (2.05-2.22). 2.30am American Gladiators (2.40-2.53). 3.15am Film: Please Let the Flowers Live (5.68-2.53). 5.00-5.30am Wanted Dead or Alive (2.24-7.5).
CENTRAL
As London except 12.30pm Hayride (5.05-5). 2.10 *Wendy Brothers* (Cartoon) (2.52-3.23). 2.25 **EM** Robot Cop (1.02-2.04). 5.10 *Barney's Mother's Day Special* (2.42-3.22). 6.30 *Pyramids Party* (2.05-2.22). 12.30am *Pyramids Party* (2.05-2.22). 2.05am **EM** Funny Business (2.05-2.22). 2.30am American Gladiators (2.40-2.53). 3.15am Film: Please Let the Flowers Live (5.68-2.53). 5.00-5.30am Wanted Dead or Alive (2.24-7.5).
NORTH
As London except 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (5.05-5). 1.40 *Saturn* (4.73-6.07). 1.55 *Father Dowling Mysteries* (9.02-4.31). 2.55 *Avon's Last Stand* (1.15-2.41). 3.00 **EM** Robot Cop (1.16-3.13). 11.40 *Lie from the Lividone* (2.42-3.22). 12.30pm Pyramids Party (8.19-9.02). 2.05am **EM** Funny Business (2.05-2.22). 2.30am American Gladiators (2.40-2.53). 3.15am Film: Please Let the Flowers Live (5.68-2.53). 5.00-5.30am Wanted Dead or Alive (2.24-7.5).
WEST
As London except 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (5.05-5). 1.40 *Saturn* (4.73-6.07). 1.55 *Father Dowling Mysteries* (9.02-4.31). 2.55 *Avon's Last Stand* (1.15-2.41). 3.00 **EM** Robot Cop (1.16-3.13). 11.40 *Lie from the Lividone* (2.42-3.22). 1

obituaries / gazette

Professor Sir Granville Beynon

Picture the scene: an autumnal Friday evening in the theatre of the Royal Institution, London, in 1979. Halfway through his lecture demonstration on "The Upper Atmosphere", the speaker remarks that

... on Friday 1 June 1894, Sir Oliver Lodge gave an historic lecture. It is the first time that I have demonstrated for the first time the possibility of using radio waves for communication purposes - in the lecture he showed how radio waves could be sent from one end of the room to the other across intervening space.

This lecture was widely reported and in due course printed so that the world became aware of the speaker's work. It is said that a boy found his way to a young Italian called Marconi and although he knew very little of the science of electromagnetic waves he quickly realised the commercial possibilities of using radio waves for long-distance radio communication and especially the possibility of communicating with ships where cable communication could not do.

In the late 1890s, young Marconi came to Britain and with the help of his mother's business friends in London he set up the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company. A few years later in 1901, Marconi successfully transmitted a radio signal from Cornwall to Newfoundland... an epoch-making discovery.

This excerpt from Granville Beynon's Friday evening discourse illustrates well his skill in highlighting turning-points in science and his ability to reach out to lay audiences. What it does not do, however, is reflect his brilliant skills as a communicator to undergraduates.

For a 12-year-period as Lecturer (later Senior Lecturer) in Physics at the University of Wales, Swansea, from 1946 to 1958, he inspired generations of physical scientists with his pell-mell and pullulating lectures on the properties of matter and a host of other topics. Each lecture was a work of art. Over a period of 50 minutes, without a scrap of notes, chalk in hand and poised magisterially at a re-



Beynon: pell-mell, pullulating lectures on the properties of matter

volving blackboard, he would raise a topic, explain its importance, derive by integral and differential calculus the key equations that gave it quantitative foundation; and then proceed to describe, in ascending order of elegance, the half dozen or so experimental methods of measuring the property in question - surface tension or viscosity of a liquid, the elastic constants and Young's modulus of a solid. Dozens of academics and industrial scientists who, like me, witnessed these performances agree that they were among the best set of lectures they ever received.

Granville Beynon was born in Durnant (a name that is a corruption of the Welsh *Dwfnant*, deep vale), a suburb of Swansea, in 1914, and educated at Gowerton Grammar School, and the University of Wales, Swansea, where he graduated in Physics before proceeding to a PhD there (on the ultraviolet bands of organic alcohols in relation to their magneto-optical dispersion). In 1938 he joined the staff of the National Physical Laboratory at Slough, working with the late Sir Edward Appleton. Thus began a close collaboration with Appleton (who received the Nobel Prize for work on the physics of the upper atmosphere in 1947). In 1948 Beynon was appointed lecturer in the Department of Physics at Swansea and in 1958 to the Chair of Physics at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth, a post he held until his retirement in 1981.

His researches on the ionosphere and on radio propagation carried out over more than 40 years were recognised nationally and internationally, and took him to all parts of the world, including the Arctic and Antarctic. He played a leading role in several international co-operative projects; he was, for example, one of the founding members of the International Geophysical Year (IGY of 1957-58) and was closely associated with that highly visible and eminently successful enterprise for over 20 years. He was one of the founders of a massive radar project (involving six European countries) known by the acronym Eiscat, which was established in Scandinavia to study the high atmosphere at polar latitudes. He made Aberystwyth the Mecca of upper-atmosphere research; and his successor as Head of Physics there was his former student Professor Lance Thomas.

In 1969 Beynon was awarded the Goddard Prize by the National Space Club of America and subsequently gave the fourth Goddard Memorial Lecture at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington DC. For his contributions to our knowledge of the upper atmosphere and ionosphere he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1973 and appointed CBE in 1959; and he was knighted in 1976. In the field of education he was for 11 years Chairman of the Schools Council Committee for Wales and former President of the Education Section of the British Association. For a long time he edited one of the foremost journals of his field, *Journal of Atmospheric and Terrestrial Physics*, and intermittently from 1948 to 1962 he edited or co-edited, with his colleague, at both Swansea and Aberystwyth Dr G.M. Brown. 10 works on various aspects of the physics of the ionosphere.

Granville Beynon had a life-long interest in classical music.

He was an accomplished violinist; and he conducted, for some 10 years, a chapel choir in his home village, Durnant. At Aberystwyth he was one of the prime movers (in the early 1970s) in founding an orchestral society - the Philomusica - and was its president from its inception. Frequently at a Saturday day concert in the Great Hall in Aberystwyth Beynon was to be seen in the first violin scale.

He loved a game of snooker; and was a passionate and fiercely energetic gardener. He was much loved, and a visit to his home, where one was greeted with a beaming smile by his dignified wife Megan (a fellow physicist whom he met in his Swanska days), was always a pleasure. I still measure the qualities and skills of a lecturer on the Beynon scale.

John Menzies Thomas

William John Granville Beynon, physicist; born Durnant, Swansea 24 May 1914; Scientific Officer / Senior Scientific Officer 1938-46; Lecturer / Senior Lecturer in Physics, University College of Swansea 1946-58; Professor of Physics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth 1958-81 (Emeritus); CBE 1959; FRS 1973; Kt 1976; married 1942 Megan James (two sons, one daughter); died Aberystwyth 11 March 1996.

tiring alongside some of his less able science pupils. He led his orchestral colleagues with inspiration and by example.

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Saturday story

• Were this week's revelations about Will sleeping with Di designed to do anything other than promote Britain's newest media babe? Liz Hunt reports

The making of Julia

Hard-headed media-babe. Turned bitch or wronged wife struggling valiantly to build a new life alone? The jury is still out, but for Julia Carling, estranged wife of Will and a fledgling television star, this may have been the week in which she was made or broken in the public's affections.

This morning as Julia sits behind curtains drawn against the paparazzi at home in Putney, south-west London, she will be reflecting on the revelations of her "friend" who confirmed to the *Daily Mirror* Will's adulterous affair with the Princess of Wales and set off a tabloid feeding frenzy superseded only by the Dunblane massacre.

This friend described in detail how Julia confronted Will over phone calls charting calls to Kensington Palace and Diana's private line - "six times in an hour" on one day - and how he confessed the affair to his distraught wife.

Her pre-marriage doubts, her devastation when she found out the truth, and her new life alone with her dog, Bill, "her best friend now", were designed to make heart-rending reading. But the overall effect smacked first of revenge, and then of ambition.

Later today at Twickenham, just down the road from the smart, terraced house the couple once shared - now at the heart of an increasingly bitter divorce row - Will Carling will lead out the England team for his last match as captain. His place in history is assured: the most successful England rugby captain of all time and alleged lover of the wife of the heir to the throne.

However, Julia's play for posterity hangs in the balance. This might be her 15 minutes of fame, a big player in the constitutional crisis triggered by the Wales' marriage breakdown. Or it could be the start of a media career for a talented woman who has done nothing more than seize the opportunities that came to her unbidden in the form of a royal scandal.

If Julia Carling ever saw herself as a rival queen of hearts to that other blonde, then last week she blew it. She emerged in the eyes of many as manipulative, vengeful, and grasping. If, however, the aim was to maximise the column inches, and focus attention on an obscure award for her work on a VH-1, a satellite music station to boost a blossoming terrestrial television career, then it was a resounding triumph.

And there was the satisfaction of wounding Will, her husband of less than two years, who cheered on her. And on top of that was the pleasure of embarrassing Diana, the other

woman who, through her own "friends", has accused Julia of using tabloid titillations to extract herself from a hasty marriage that had proved less than satisfactory. Mrs Carling also raised the stakes in the impending divorce battle; it is claimed that she wants the marital home and freedom from the outstanding £140,000 mortgage on it.

But of course the world exclusives that decorated the tabloid front pages this week actually had nothing to do with Julia. Despite her husband's angry accusation through solicitors on Thursday that she was the source of the stories.

Tabloid therapy is the refuge of many celebrities. But Julia has been described as 'just a pawn in the War of the Wales'

"Nobody had the guts to publish it until Piers Morgan at the *Daily Mirror* took a chance. It is so unfair to say that she had anything to do with this. She absolutely did not. She is just a pawn in the War of the Wales."

It has been suggested - and flatly denied - that Charles's camp planted the story to embarrass Diana during her divorce battle. "I don't know," the friend said. "But both of the Waleses are looking for any ammunition at all to fire at each other."

All nonsense, according to another source, a "friend" to none of the protagonists in this shoddy drama, but a seasoned tabloid watcher. "The only person to benefit from the stories this week was Julia Carling. The timing was perfect. She was to embarrass Will in an important week and grab the limelight just before the award."

Julia Carling does not fit easily into media categories. She is more up-market and street-wise than the "weather girls" like Tania Bryer and Ulrika Johnson, less sexually threatening than Maricela Frostrup but smarter than Gaby Roslin. She is a prettier, neater, more petite and less irritating version of Antoinette Turner. And perched, smiling broadly with tousled locks, atop a Grecian column on the cover of the April issue of *Tablet*, that is who she most closely resembles.

Until this week Julia Carling had played the media and the public to perfection. It wasn't difficult. Sympathy for the Princess of Wales was on the wane; Diana as love-starved

not either.

As another close friend and staunch defender puts it: "She is bright, very bright. She wants to do more. She doesn't want to be discussing knitting patterns for ever." Sources close to Will Carling, who met the then Julia Smith three years ago during a British Lions tour to New Zealand, say he spotted her potential then. "She was very intelligent, far more street-wise than Will, although that wouldn't be hard. I remember thinking then that she knew exactly what she wanted and where she was going. She certainly didn't want to be there and she was desperate not to be part of the wives/girlfriend 'groupie'. She was better than that."

Perhaps not, but if Clifford's interpretation is correct, there is a personal ambition driving Julia Carling that will not go away.

And that means in all likelihood she will not either.

Anthea has a Svengali figure in husband and agent Peter Powell. Julia is different. True, there is an older brother, Adrian Smith or "Miv", as she calls him, a former banker who handles her publicity and is a powerful presence at any interview, constantly looking to for reassurance or approval.

But essentially the rise and

fall of Julia, former record shop assistant, to pop PR

woman with clients such as Tina Turner, and Right Said Fred, and now on to small-screen starlet, is down to one person herself.

No doubt she has benefited from the advice and contacts of older, celebrity boyfriends such as rock musicians Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton. And a troubled marriage to a national sporting hero has helped a lot. But all the signs are that Julia knew what she wanted and she went for it. She will probably get it and probably deserves it.

For Julia is nothing if not a

young woman who fell for the charms of a cad - James Hewitt a single-man - was acceptable. Diana as alleged sexually-driven marriage breaker was not. And Julia had stood by her man. She was seen standing close to him, fingers entwined, at every photo-opportunity, from the day in August 1995 when the *News of the World* broke the story of "Di's secret trysts with Will."

Initially the Carlings declared undying devotion and Julia showed her feisty underdog side. "Diana picked the wrong couple to do it with this time because we can only get stronger from it," she told newspapers. We lapped it up and rooted for her as time and again Will inflicted pain upon her.

In September Di and Will

were pictured again leaving a sports clinic. On 28 September Will and Julia announced they had agreed to spend some time apart. In a carefully composed statement Julia spoke movingly of losing her husband "in a manner which has become outside her control".

At that stage the Will/Diana affair was still pure speculation. Every woman who has ever been cheated on applauded Julia Carling. Her increasingly frequent appearances in newspapers and television were regarded as a brave attempt to regain her self-confidence rather than someone capitalising on a crisis.

If she had left it there, according to Max Clifford, PR supremo and the man behind the first story in the *NOL*, she would have had it all: public sympathy and a promising career.

But she could not resist pushing it too far, he says. "Will has had some good publicity recently, and I think she is a bad loser. You are not going to get too much sympathy from your average reader talking about financial insecurity, with a £70,000 television contract short-term or not."

He suspects there was an irresistible challenge, too: Julia believed she could take on the Princess of Wales and win the battle for hearts and minds. "That was a miscalculation. She thought she could beat the most famous woman in the world - an arch manipulator of the press - but still one of the most popular, at her own game. She couldn't."

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Jo Brand's week



If you haven't planned your holidays yet, I would suggest maybe you try and avoid somewhere where there are British squaddies, as they don't seem to be able to behave themselves when soaked in the amber nectar. A recent brawl at a bar in Cyprus resulted in a British soldier being shot. (One less bravado to deal with, I suppose.) The owner of the bar in which the brawl took place, ironically, is English, but quite rightly disowned her fellow citizens in a statement in which she said she felt ashamed. Brawls in Cyprus between local youths and squaddies are frequent. Maybe they've got too much energy, maybe they're bored or maybe the sort of bloke the army attracts is just a troublesome moron. Whatever it is, very few efforts seem to have been made to sort it out. Perhaps the officers just see it as an occupational hazard of training our boys (and children of many of them) to keep the peace, only to find they're the ones disturbing it. The only positive and rather unhelpful thing I can say about it is at least they are not over here.

A sample question in the GNVO science exam asks examinees to identify a bird "obtaining nutrients" and offers four pictures - a bird holding a twig, eating a worm, preening its feathers and reliving itself. This exam is for 16-year-olds. This very difficult question only applies to potential rocket scientists, obviously. Even the tabloids with a reading age of nine aren't going to last long by the looks of it.

One always imagines Scandinavia as a bastion of liberal values, with tasteful porn, prisons like palaces, healthy Aryan youth, crèches for all and extreme cleanliness. So it was a shock to discover that between all the saunas, smorgasbord and snow, bike gangs are slinging it out like true Californians. A war between Hells Angels and Bandidos looks set to claim more victims as it gets out of hand. Not only are they shooting at each other, but they are also leaving bombs under cars, which seems more in keeping with their pillaging ancestors, who all looked like Kirk Douglas and wouldn't flinch if an eagle pecked their eyes out. Then you discover that these bike boys are taking their orders from parent organisations in America, where these gangs are geographically too far apart to bother rucking with each other. But in little old Europe, of course, they don't have to make too much effort to come together. What a horrible

thought - bike boys come to Europe. Shampoo sales look set to plummet.

I wouldn't hold out too much hope for the Russian soldiers who got drunk and sold a tank and an armoured combat vehicle to Chechen rebels. In times of strife, I suppose it can be a dialogue between sworn enemies. After all, in the First World War, soldiers from both sides stopped fighting and had a game of football outside the trenches. In this day and age, it seems they are prepared to be friendly - if they're making something out of it. Three cheers for capitalism.

It was reassuring to hear John Major's reasoned argument against

impress their friends. I find it difficult to believe people are that shallow. If you have friends who would be impressed because you've had a flash holiday, I'd change your friends. Then there is the small problem of having to discuss the non-existent holiday with your friends when you "get back". No doubt this bloke will provide fact-sheets, so you can breeze through conversation about your "holiday" with ease. No worries about the actual contents of the postcard, I suppose. The likelihood of anyone British writing anything interesting on a postcard is zilch.

The Queen has been accused of making a racist remark about the people of Papua New Guinea by the writer Paul Theroux, who in return is accused of breaking royal protocol to report it. I'm glad he did. The fact that the Queen is using childish colonial words like "fuzzy wuzzy" is an eye-opener. She must have picked up the habit from Prince Philip.

I see a woman was fined £400 this week for lighting up on a non-smoking flight. Kind of takes away the savings you make at duty free, doesn't it? As a smoker, I would not encourage people to break the law, but I have a few suggestions for airlines that have banned smoking out of the plane on long-haul flights. First of all, you could stop selling cigarettes if we cannot use them. Secondly, you could let people know in advance that the flight is

Understanding how we failed to make them safe

You must have a jumble of feelings at the end of this most awful week. We go round and round, over and over, picking it up and putting it down again. We are drawn to it, need to know the dreadful reality of it: what happened in that gym that morning. And yet we are repelled by it. Our interest an intrusion upon a sorrow so profound that it can only be private.

We want to know, don't we, how we let them down, those tiny children. Yet we know, we tell ourselves, "We didn't do it, he did." We feel that a terrible judgement upon us, our society, is inescapable when one of our members – for that is what Hamilton was – could commit such a crime. We must be a godless world, a pitiless place that such an arbitrary and cruel act could be possible. It was surely a reflection of a society that itself is deranged, unhinged, twisted. And yet we know, we tell ourselves, "We didn't do it, he did." He was an oddity, an aberration, someone so chaotic and evil that there could be no accounting for him and against which all planning is useless.

So we go back, and round, and back again. It is difficult to know even where to begin to explain it all, to understand. Yet attempt to understand we must, to make sure we do not smother the terror beneath a river of words, or comfort ourselves with hasty actions or anaesthetise ourselves with hollow rituals. We must try to understand it, knowing that we will never be able to fully explain it. But we must try, because without that effort of understanding we might as well accept defeat in the face of the flood of random risks and uncertainties of modern life. That is too bleak a prospect.

Start with that picture of Class P1 and their proud teacher, Gwenn Mayor, taken at the start of the school year. Hopeful, excited, curious, shy, bright, sweet, those children were above all trusting. They were trusting of their teacher and their parents, the adults around them and the world into which they had been brought.

And because they were so trusting, it is difficult for any adult to see that picture and not feel dismay, shame even, that we did not do better for them, that we did not make them safe. Of course we did not create Hamilton. As far as we know he never did anything so grave that any one person might have taken action to prevent Wednesday's killings. Like those other killers who seem to have passed beyond the boundaries of morality – Yigal Amir, Fred West and Timothy McVeigh – Thomas Hamilton's motives and values seem warped and distorted beyond recognition.

And yet the events at Dunblane come from somewhere. Hamilton emerged from the backdrop against which he acted. Hamilton's story, like the story of so much violence in our society, is a tale of men and weapons, sex and repression, power and revenge. The culture that encircled that school is one of incessant violence. Violence in the name of art, entertainment and news washes over us. Read it in Irvine Welsh, watch it in the film *Seven*, hear about it on television true-life crime programmes, play it out on video consoles, feel the thrill of becoming an assassin in arcades up and down the land. It's not just out there in culture; it's in families and homes, and almost certainly was in Hamilton's own contorted



home. The connection cannot be simple or singular. The thread of violence that runs through society starts and ends in many places. But which of us would be so confident that we could deny that Thomas Hamilton was at some point woven into it intricately?

We live in a disconnected culture. He was a loner, they say, as if this is an odd thing in our age. In our atomised society, intimacy is strained and strangers are everywhere. We enjoy a culture that prizes independence and choice, yet that also produces some of its most troubling problems. Lone parents are the controversial objects of social policy. Single young men are the feared perpetrators of much violence. Loners like Hamilton are where benign singleness festers and turns poisonous, where being alone creates the space in which paranoid flourishes to burst out in violence.

The backdrop from which Thomas Hamilton emerged is complex. Tracing the connections between it and his actions last Wednesday is not simple. But there are connections and there will be lessons that we should ponder to make our society stronger, better able to take responsibility for it.

That understanding would be easier if the lesson were simple, delivered clearly. But we now have no institutions, no moral leaders, who are unquestionably able to play that role for us.

The church has played a creditable part. It does at times of national mourning. But its moral leadership does not extend beyond the immediate provision of spiritual sustenance. The professionals – psychiatrists, social workers, psychologists, geneticists – peddle their particular explanations, but none of them match the scale of what has happened.

Politicians have done better than we might have feared. The silence and respect in the House of Commons, the dignity of Forsyth and Robertson, Major and Blair acting together, have spoken well of politics. We will look to politics for practicalities: the tougher policies we obviously need to control powerful handguns. But none of us seriously thinks that politicians will help to unpick the meaning of what has happened.

So where do we turn? To ourselves and our own civic culture. For that is what Dunblane stands for: decent, ordered, calm, civil, still a community in a society that has so few. That is what the school itself stands for: a place of refuge and togetherness, solidarity and hope, the cradle of civic virtue in a fragmenting society. Through this week, the teachers of that school, led by its headmaster, have provided the most profound examples of civic heroism, laying down their lives for the sake of their charges. And so too in remembering the tiny victims of Dunblane, we should engage in our own quiet and civic acts of remembrance this weekend by observing a quiet on Sunday. Beyond that, through memorials, planting trees, providing benches, through small and large acts, we can remember the dead.

The events in Dunblane did not come from nowhere. They emerged from a backdrop. If we look hard enough, we will all find ourselves upon that backdrop. That must be the starting point for our understanding, and also the most fitting place to make our remembrance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dunblane massacre: glorification of violence is not confined to gun lovers

Sir: On 13 March, ITV's evening film was changed from *Licence to Kill* to *A Field of Dreams*. This was totally laudable given the violence committed in Dunblane earlier in the day.

However, as a society we try to have our cake and eat it. We "enjoy" the glorification of violence on the screen; it is cool for the debonair Bond to clear his path of obstructing human beings. The reality as witnessed in that school's gymnasium is different. Are we peacemakers who are truly striving for peace and justice? If so, we must demythologise violence and encourage every effort to provide peace.

Legislation is only part of the answer. Ultimately evil has to be confronted deep in the heart of every human being. It is when we recognise that and turn to the divine resources available to overcome evil that as a society we can get beyond a dream that sometimes turns into a nightmare.

The Rt Rev David Evans, Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Canterbury, Chichester and Rochester, Uckfield, East Sussex



Photograph: Brian Harris

Flowers at the gates of Dunblane Primary School

Sir: It is, perhaps, insensitive to attack our politicians for neglecting to take action which could have prevented the Dunblane tragedy, at a time that they share the general grief. But over the years, at intervals, members of gun clubs have committed violent crimes with the weapons they have been allowed to retain in their homes, and Parliament has done little. If Japan can have rigorous gun controls, why cannot Britain? Let us have the action from Parliament which will speak louder than all the words of compassion, however sincere.

E PAULL
London SW16

The murderer did not use bows and arrows, stones or knives; he used guns. His carnage was only possible using guns.

There are ordinary people, such as farmers with shotguns, who need to use guns in their daily lives, and those, such as soldiers and the police, who use them in the course of duty. I would not want to restrict the sensible use of guns in the course of work or sport. But I cannot see any reason for the possession of semi-automatic pistols being legal in open society.

JOEL BAILLIE-LANE
St Albans

It is my experience that nurses tend not to like being shunted from pillar to post. Although working in high dependency areas is stressful for nurses I would suggest that the work becomes less demanding as nurses become more familiar with it. There is a

from the vast pool of legal weapons. This pool must be removed.

ROBERT NAIRN
London SE1

Sir: Tears come at any mention of the massacre at Dunblane and they are as much use as anything to the victims and their parents. But the count of the victims includes Mr Hamilton.

His state of mind must have been beyond the bounds of loss and sorrow that we can imagine and he too suffered and died. It is repulsive to suggest that his suffering could weigh against the grief caused by his final articulation of it but there is an explanation for the terrible disproportion of what

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PROFILE: Frank Bruno

The clown who craves respect

Bruno is fighting Tyson for Britain, for the Queen, for the money ... but mostly for his pride, says Jim White

The Sun is in no doubt about what Frank Bruno's fight with Mike Tyson in the early hours of tomorrow morning in a Las Vegas mega-hotel is all about.

"Spank the Yank, Frank," read one of its headlines this week. And this was typical contribution to the paper's fax line from a group of its readers: "We put the pride in Mother's Pride, put the great back in Great Britain, Frank" from British Bakers, Greenford.

Like the poor, Frank Bruno seems always to have been with us. He appears to have carried the nation's hopes in the most basic and brutal of sporting contests for a lifetime, yet he is only 34. For this scrap, against the man who embodies the dangers of the profession, the patriotism dials have been turned up to 11.

The Sun, favoured reading material among the 3,000 Frank fans at present filling Vegas with their chants ("Broooomo, Broooomo"), has orchestrated the campaign. It characterises the fight as the collision between a righteous, decent, home-loving Christian Brit and a dodgy, dangerous, convicted-rapist Muslim American, a simple meets

The paradox at the centre of his enormous effort is that he wants to be rid of the image that helped to make him famous

ing of good and evil, light and dark. The paper has a hidden motive for talking the fight up to a degree unprecedented even in a sport that invented hype: the Sun plays an important role as sales promoter for Rupert Murdoch's Sky TV. This fight will be the first ever pay-for-view event in Britain: to sell it at £14.95 on top of the usual Sky subscription, the fight has been promoted as the biggest event in the history of the universe.

But even if there were not a

commercial edge to its frenzy, the Sun would probably be right behind Frank anyway. After all, it always has been. Such a whole-hearted embrace of a black sportsman as a national hero is unique. Ian Wright, Linford Christie, Colin Jackson, Paul Ince, Daley Thompson, Lennox Lewis, Naseem Hamed, Chris Eubank: there has been something equivocal about the way those black performers have been lauded. Yet unwavering patriotic support has always been there for Bruno. I remember his first attempt on the world title at Wembley in 1980, when the big American Tim Witherspoon put out his lights in the 11th round. Sitting behind was a wobbly-jowled London racist who spent the entire fight yelling, "Goo on, Frank, smack the black bastard."

The suspicion that Bruno has been thus accepted because of the image that has developed around him: big, cuddly, slow, gentle Frank. None of the disconcerting potency of Linford Christie, just a warm, unthreatening presence, a booming voice always willing to be party to some weary rehearsed gag. Encouraged by his canny wife

national figure, so it became easier for his boxing advisers to sustain his career.

The disappointing truth about Bruno is that, despite his Greek-god physique and massive punch, his boxing ability alone would not have given him the career he has enjoyed.

The problem with Frank is that

weight was widely expected to lose again when he fought Oliver McCall for yet another stitched-up heavyweight championship. But he had worked like a Trojan for the fight, produced the performance of his life, stayed on his feet and won it, his reaction afterwards a clear indication that he felt vindicated. "I always knew I could be World Champion," he said, behind a pair of shades hiding his injuries. That win set up a re-match with Tyson.

When Frank won the title, it meant a lot to the ordinary man in the street, the taxi driver and so on," says Frank Warren, his promoter. "If he beats Mike Tyson, it's the equivalent of England winning the World Cup in 1966."

But Bruno is not doing this for Britain. He is doing it for his own sense of pride. Tyson represents the pinnacle of boxing, the one heavyweight everyone fears with good reason ("He took some horrific punches that day," says Tyson of their previous encounter). "I just remember overwhelming him." There is no need, financially, for Bruno to go anywhere near him. Yet he is prepared to risk all in his bid to prove himself more than the bumbling horizontal he is widely

assumed to be. The paradox at the centre of Bruno's enormous effort is that he is seeking to rid himself of the image that has helped to make him famous.

The champion, angered by the manner in which he will receive only a fifth of the challenger's earnings for this bout, has been less than his usual co-operative self in helping the pre-match publicity. But in the few public utterances Bruno has made, his aim has become clear. The goadings of the Tyson camp ("thank you, Frank, for allowing Mike the privilege of knocking you out," sneered the American's manager) have landed home. At his last press conference the normally placid, polite, decorous Bruno gave the Tyson team an angry finger. What the clown craves more than anything, it seems, is enjoyed.

Tomorrow morning most British hearts, Sun-reading or not, would love Bruno, this romantic tramp, this paradigm of British pluck, to stick the finger up to the world and achieve the ultimate in his sport. But most British heads just hope the referee will be quick enough to move in before real damage is done.



Frank Bruno: he has not been his usual co-operative self in the pre-match publicity Robert Hallam

Many ways to mourn for Dunblane

This weekend offers us a chance to express our grief, says Richard Holloway

One of the most moving times in my life was a morning I spent at the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington. Those who know the memorial will remember how simple, yet overwhelming it is: a long, low, undulating cliff of black marble on which are inscribed the names of every American killed in Vietnam.

That morning I watched hundreds of people engaging with the memorial in an extraordinary number of ways. Some just stood and rubbed fingers over the name of the one they had loved and lost; others shoved flowers into the cracks in the marble; yet others used tracing paper to capture a print of the loved one's name; many simply stood in silent grief looking at the only tangible reminder of a vanished life.

Death comes for us all but its effect is shattering and the death, especially the violent death, of the young is almost unendurable. One of the ways we endure is by acts of remembrance, sacramental gestures, ways of acknowledging, yet challenging, the evil that has befallen us.

On Thursday night, for example, my wife, Jean, chose her own way of commemorating those who died in Dunblane Primary School. She wrote a hymn, which ends with this verse:

*When dark despair is all around
And falling tears the only sound,
Light one small flame of hope that still
You walk with us, and always will*

*Enfold in love ever more
All those we love, but see no more;*

We must allow ourselves to weep beyond all consolation; we must act out loss, express it in movement, let our bodies speak the words we cannot find. That is why people bring flowers to the scene of a tragedy; that is why Dunblane Primary School today is blanketed with flowers and toys and heartbroken messages. We have to let our grief find physical expression. That's what we'll be doing tomorrow in churches all over Britain. People will stop what they are doing at home or on a walk by the river; they will hear the hells, look up and remember. And silence, perhaps a minute

of silence at 11am throughout the nation, will be important as a way of gathering, not our thoughts, but our grief into wordless prayer.

In some places candles, maybe 16 candles, will be lit by children as visible, but silent, prayers. People will write messages and place them in pots before the altar; but not to be read. Maybe they will be burned after the service. And they must be honest messages expressing anger as well as grief. "Why?" "God, I hate you today!" "Shalom" "Forgive". "Heal".

And the churches mustn't use this outpouring of grief as a way of smuggling in their own message. We believe in a resurrection hope, a hope beyond all tragedy and grief. But we must also respect and stand

One of the ways we endure the death of loved ones is by acts of remembrance

alongside the hopeless, and allow their grief to express itself in its own way.

Many of them will be in our churches this weekend because they want to be part of the national mourning and because they acknowledge that churches, those "serious houses on serious earth", belong to everyone at times like this. They are places where our finitude and frailty can be acknowledged as in few other places.

I was in San Francisco the day Robert Kennedy was assassinated, went into Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill to pray. They had placed the Stars and Stripes, draped in black silk, in front of a catafalque. I found myself weeping and I was far from alone. Tomorrow we'll weep in churches up and down the land and maybe some will realise for the first time what churches are really for.

The writer is Bishop of Edinburgh and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Jean Holloway, his wife, is a well-known hymn writer.

Car sexism just drives me crazy

Jojo Moyes, no stranger to oily rags, takes a spanner to the myth that motoring is a man's world

Heard the one about the woman who used to hang her handbag upon her choke pull and couldn't understand why her car got such a poor mileage to the gallon? Or the woman who was told she might need occasionally to top her car up with a pint of oil - and religiously poured in a pint every week until the car wouldn't work any more? Nearly every mechanic has. And if you're female, they'll tell you with the proviso: "I don't want to have a go at you ladies, but..."

Few people were surprised when an RAC survey this week announced that women were much more likely to be taken for a ride by their local garages. A third of complaints to the RAC about garages come from women mechanics apparently regularly overcharge them for routine work and dismiss genuine complaints.

After all, women aren't supposed to like cars. To ride in them is glamorous accessories; to drape showily across them at motor shows; to provide a market for the 1.1 litre supermarket runabout, yes. But actually to know about them, no.

"Garage mechanics are less likely to try it on with a male driver because there's always that possibility that he might know something," says the Automobile Association. "I'm afraid they just don't worry about that with women."

To be fair, many mechanics have just cause to be dismissive of women. An unscientific but intensive survey of young, smart, independent women revealed that five out of six could not change a wheel on their own cars.

"I look my car in for a service and the radio wasn't working," said one. "When it came out I paid the bill and they went through all the things they had sorted out - but all I cared about was that the radio still wasn't working."

"I'm totally clueless," said another. "I know, I get ripped off every time I go to my dealership. But I don't want my boyfriend or my dad telling me how to do anything, so the only way I'd



The notion that women can't tell a spark plug from a fan belt has never been true

uously from under the sill. "I thought you just wanted one that was pretty."

I eventually settled on a K-regISTRATION MGB roadster. Bodywork: honest. Engine: no pinking or smoking. Original chrome features: easily recyclable. Overdrive: rare on pre-1973 models. "I like the colour," he said. "How do we put the roof down?"

According to motoring organisations, the increasing complexity of the modern engine means that another male stereotype - the Saturday morning fiddler-under-the-roof - is a dying breed. "Almost all modern cars have a computer brain. The classic analogy is that a new BMW has in its engine management system a computer more advanced than the one that put a man on the moon," says the AA spokesman. "The complexity of modern cars means that even mechanics often don't know much about them. Routine maintenance is almost impossible now on a modern car. You could just about do oil change, but most of it is electronics," he said.

But for those who find the idea of driving under a car bonnet almost as attractive as diving under the wheels, the outlook is not so depressing. The increasing popularity of fixed-price servicing for particular models means that customers are less likely to get ripped off. And technology means that the daunting complexity of today's engines is likely to be replaced over the years by something much more accessible.

"Ultimately the engine will probably be replaced by a number of black boxes. Car manufacturers will realise that in the end it's easier to replace the entire units," says the AA. "You will end up with a disposable engine that will sense when it is going wrong, send a signal directly to the AA and arrange a rendezvous."

A little black box is unlikely to tut-tut at your failure to check your oil pressure. It certainly won't tell jokes about your handbag.

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THE INDEPENDENT • Saturday 16 March 1996

BUSINESS NEWS DESK: tel 0171-293 2530 fax 0171-293 2098

PETER RODGERS
Business Editor

Trevor Newton, the Yorkshire Water managing director who shot to notoriety for avoiding showers and baths during the drought last year, is to retire early at the end of May at the age of 52.

This completes a clear-out of all but one member of the executive board of Yorkshire, Britain's most unpopular water company, which admitted last

month that its failure to cope with the drought had cost nearly £150m.

Yorkshire Water denied that Mr Newton had been evicted from his £127,000-a-year job as a result of the water supply fiasco last year, which has led to a public inquiry that starts on Monday. A spokeswoman said:

"It is his decision, he has not been asked to leave, he has not been sacked."

Other changes at the top of the company were almost com-

plete, she said. "Trevor feels that it is the right moment to retire for himself and the company to let a new team go forward."

However, Mr Newton's departure is bound to be interpreted at the very least as a voluntary sacrifice in the face of massive public outrage at the company's performance.

His claims about not bathing or showering for three months during the drought also rebounded when he admitted that he had been crossing the

Yorkshire border to bathe at his parents and his in-laws' houses.

Mr Newton will not get a pay-off or a pension top-up and the company would give no indication of whether he had another job lined up.

Yorkshire also announced that Brandon Gough, former chairman of Coopers & Lybrand, the accountancy firm, is to take over as the £120,000-a-

year non-executive chairman from Sir Gordon Jones next month. Mr Gough said he

would be looking to deliver value for all stakeholders."

Sir Gordon, who is 69, said in December that he would be retiring within six months. He does not reach the latest retirement age of 70 until next February.

Mr Newton's own job as group managing director is not being filled and the company has no plans to look for a full replacement. Instead, Dr Kevin Bond, who is joining from the National Rivers Authority on 1

April as managing director of Yorkshire Water Services, the main operating subsidiary, will step into Mr Newton's role as chairman. At the group board level, Mr Newton's role will be split between other directors.

Yorkshire Water said Mr Newton, who has been at the company for 20 years and, like Sir Gordon, saw it through privatisation in 1990, would receive a straightforward early-retirement pension. This would be under the water pension

scheme with no special benefits and no golden handshake.

Like other Yorkshire Water board members, Mr Newton's earnings are modest by the millionaire standards of some big public groups.

He has 23,000 share options, including 10,000 to which he subscribed under Yorkshire's employee ShareSave scheme, and his total current profit if they were exercisable now would be £88,000 before tax.

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CITY & BUSINESS EDITOR: JEREMY WARDER

Yorkshire Water chief set for retirement at 52

NIC CICUTTI

The Securities and Futures Authority yesterday came close to a City blackballing of Peter Baring, the chairman of Barings, and Andrew Tuckey, his deputy, for their stewardship of the collapsed bank.

The regulator officially cleared Mr Baring and Mr Tuckey of responsibility for the collapse of the 233-year-old bank. Nevertheless, both men were required to give the SFA "assurances ... regarding the future". Mr Baring, who is aged 60, has told the SFA that he does not intend to re-enter the investment industry.

Mr Tuckey, aged 54, told the SFA he will not be seeking a position with an investment house that would require him to be registered with the watchdog as a senior executive or a director.

He will be allowed to continue in his current role as a corporate finance adviser. Since last year, Mr Tuckey's advisory work has brought him back to Barings, where he has been employed as a consultant reportedly earning more than £100,000 for his advice.

Richard Farrant, the SFA's chief executive, said that he had no objection to Mr Tuckey remaining at Barings, where he has helped the bank in its advisory role over the Lloyds Bank takeover of TSB Group.

"This is consistent with the undertaking he has given us."

Mr Farrant said: "This is that if he wanted to be a director and it is exclusively in the field of corporate finance, he is welcome to apply to us. But he has indicated that he does not wish it to be in a wider capacity."

The SFA said: "By reasons of the positions they held, they were associated with the failure to detect and prevent the losses and recognising this, both resigned from the board in April 1995, expressing their deep regrets."

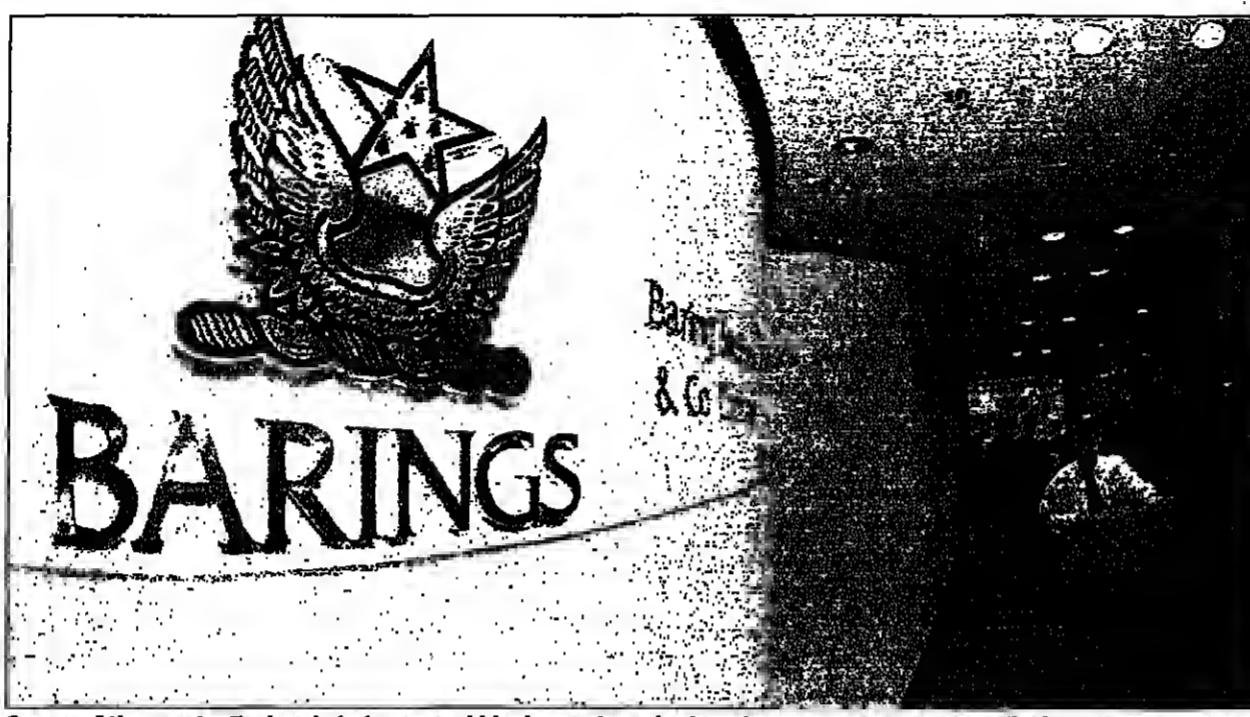
A number of other former executives at Barings were yesterday facing disciplinary action by the Securities and Futures Authority, their regulator, for their part in the merchant bank's collapse.

The SFA said yesterday that the individuals concerned, which it refused to name, were being held responsible for the collapse. If found guilty, they risk being barred from ever working in the securities industry again.

Another individual known to have been cleared is Geoffrey Barnett, the former chief operating officer at the bank.

Barings was brought down in February last year by losses of some £860m run up by the rogue trader Nick Leeson in the high-risk derivatives market in Singapore. Leeson fled Singapore as the losses were discovered and surfaced in Frankfurt, Germany, several weeks later.

After fighting a bitter battle



Scene of the crash: Barings' chairman and his deputy have had to give assurances to the SFA about their futures

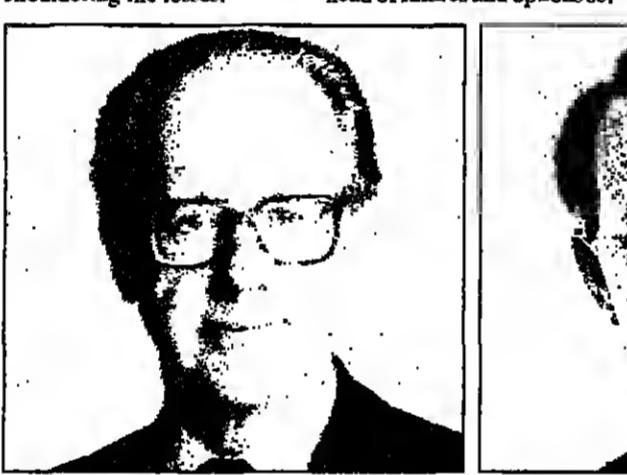
against deportation, he was returned to Singapore. He is now serving a six-and-a-half-year sentence in the state's Changi prison after admitting two counts of cheating.

Barings was rescued last spring by the Dutch banking group ING, which paid £1 for control of the bank in return for shouldering the losses.

In April last year, 20 key Barings staff based in Singapore, Tokyo and London left the company. They included Ron Baker, head of the financial products group; Tony Gamby, head of settlements; Peter Norris, former head of securities; Geoffrey Broadhurst, finance director; and Brenda Granger, head of futures and options se-

gments, all based in London. In Singapore, James Bar, regional manager for South-east Asia; Simon Jones, regional operations manager, and Rachel Young, financial controller, also resigned.

Several of them were among those investigated by the SFA. Mr Farrant yesterday declined to say which ones or whether



Cleared but restricted: Peter Baring (left) said he will not re-enter the industry. Andrew Tuckey said he will not seek a senior executive or director's position

any of them had been cleared.

In Singapore, James Bar, the former head of the bank group, said yesterday: "I have received a bundle of papers which I have still not had time to examine fully. Until that time I am unable to comment."

An ING Barings spokesman said yesterday: "[We] are pleased that the SFA has reached the conclusion of their investigations into a number of current and former employees. The SFA is not currently considering any enforcement action against any person currently employed by ING Barings."

She defended the continued presence at the bank of Mr Tuckey. "He has no directorial or executive capacity and it is the case with any consultant that they make their recommendations and a director or executive takes a decision based on the recommendations."

Reports by the Bank of England and the Singaporean authorities last year both pointed the finger at his bosses for allowing him to break the bank.

Comment, page 23

Simpson quits Lucas amid GEC job talk

TOM STEVENSON

City Editor

George Simpson confirmed yesterday that he is stepping down as chief executive of Lucas Industries, fuelling speculation that he is poised to be named as Lord Weinstock's successor at GEC, Britain's largest electronics group.

The exact timing of Mr Simpson's departure remained unclear yesterday, with Lucas saying only that he would not be renewing his three year contract which expires at the end of March, 1997. Mike Beard, a spokesman for Lucas, said: "The good news is George Simpson is here to stay for some time. He is here for up to another year."

He appeared to leave the door open for an earlier departure once Lucas had sorted out his successor. Lord Weinstock is expected to stand down as managing director of GEC in the autumn, shortly after his 72nd birthday.

GEC was tight-lipped on reports that it was about to offer the job to Mr Simpson. It refused to confirm that it would hold a board meeting on Monday or whether Lord Weinstock's successor would be discussed.

The announcement of Mr Simpson's impending departure followed a week of speculation about the proposed top level changes at GEC. As well as a replacement for Lord Weinstock, a successor Lord Prior as chairman is also expected soon. Names suggested for that job include Sir Peter Levene, former head of defence procurement and chief executive of Canary Wharf, the London docklands development. He was unavailable for comment yesterday.



Stepping down: Lucas chief executive George Simpson

Wembley the red £8m ha

Rentokil steps up BET attack

MAGNUS GRIMOND

Rentokil yesterday stepped up the pressure in its £1.8bn hostile takeover bid for BET by strongly criticising the textile to security group's growth record and questioning its strategy.

In a document sent to BET shareholders yesterday, Rentokil said the conglomerate's recent earnings growth had been driven by a cyclical upturn in its plant services business and acquisitions, masking an "unimpressive" performance from most of the rest of the group.

Underlying trading margins have sunk from 6.5 per cent to 6.2 per cent between the 1995 interim results and last year, Rentokil claims.

It says John Clark, BET's chief executive, had failed to deliver shareholder value, overseeing a 45 per cent underperformance in the share price against the rest of the market since his appointment in April 1991.

Clive Thompson, chief exec-

Rival buys Blue Arrow for £48m

NIGEL COPE

Blue Arrow, the employment agency that was at the centre of a City scandal and lengthy fraud trial in the late 1980s and early 1990s, has been sold for £48m to a rival recruitment company.

Corporate Services Group, a fast-growing employment company whose shares are listed on the USM, will take control of Blue Arrow's 80 branches which specialise in temporary staffs.

Corporate Services has developed a profitable niche in this area and boasts a blue-chip client list which includes banks,

electronics companies and government agencies. Mr Fowler estimates that the market is growing at around 35 per cent a year as the concept gains acceptance. "We've placed doctors from South Africa into British hospitals and taken UK engineers to Japan. And we're doing all this from places like London and Barking. People are starting to understand this concept and we've barely started yet."

Corporate Services has developed a profitable niche in this area and boasts a blue-chip client list which includes banks,

funding the deal through a placing and open offer of 45 million shares at 110p.

Corporate Services has grown rapidly in recent years. Last year it bought four companies for a total of £15m. The group made profits of £8.4m on sales of £135m. The combined group will have sales in excess of £300m.

The shares have risen from 13p three years ago to 126p, up another 4.5p yesterday. They have risen by more than 50 per cent this year alone.

US economy warms up for the spring

DIANE COYLE

Economics Editor

There was also a recovery in aircraft production following the end of a long strike at Boeing. The end of the strike accounts for about a third of the increase in output so far this year.

The strike, the weather, and the fact that components of yesterday's production measure were calculated using last week's surprisingly strong jobs figures made some economists cautious about leaping to conclusions. "The economy could be stronger than we thought, but it is too soon to get excited about it," said Suzanne Rizzo at HSBC Markets in New York.

But others were willing to say growth was picking up. James O'Sullivan at JP Morgan said: "The message is that the economy is bouncing back. The figures exaggerate it but the point is right."

Last month's rise in factory output was the biggest for five years, partly due to a rebound from January's blizzard-related decline. Manufacturing production increased by 1.4 per cent after a 0.3 per cent decline in January. Total industrial output, which also includes mining and utilities, was 1.2 per cent higher in February, while the previous month's drop was revised from 0.6 to 0.4 per cent.

Taking the two months together, most of the improvement was concentrated in business equipment and durable goods, including computers, home appliances and cars and trucks.

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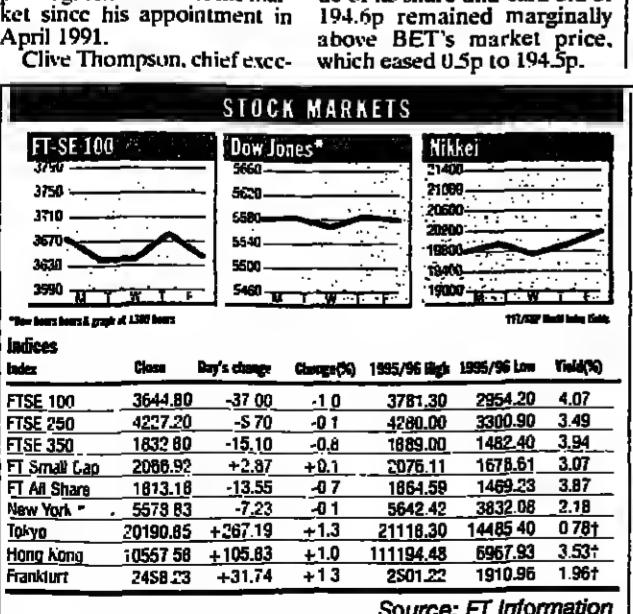
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COMMENT

'Either the SFA believes Mr Tuckey is accountable, in which case he should be properly blackballed, or it does not, in which case he should be fully cleared'

Old school tie fudges the issue of fair treatment

The City practice of blackballing has always been an imperfect and unsatisfactory one. It works like this. The Bank of England or one of the other City regulators decides you are not fit and proper to hold a position of responsibility in the City or offer investment advice. It is not necessarily obliged to give any reasons and most of the time does not. In the Bank of England's case there is a lengthy and mysterious appeals procedure, all heard in private you understand, which most agree breaches all principles of natural justice. But so what, it might be said. Whatever the system's faults, if it succeeds in keeping the rotten apple out of the barrel, then it can be no bad thing.

Now, courtesy of the Securities and Futures Authority, we have a new twist - the blackballing which is not a blackballing. Thus Peter Baring and Andrew Tuckey, though cleared of responsibility for the failure of their bank (a aside point, this since it was they who ran the show), have been asked for assurances that they will not seek to re-enter the investment industry. Mr Tuckey has given that undertaking but Mr Tuckey has not.

In Mr Tuckey's case a compromise has been agreed. If he limits himself to corporate finance advice, then he's OK. While this will clearly restrict him, it is obviously a fudge bordering on a show of old-school tie favouritism. Mr Tuckey has continued to work for Barings as a consultant, despite all that has happened. Either the SFA believes Mr Tuckey is accountable, in which case he

should be properly blackballed, or it does not, in which case he should be fully cleared. Proper rules and guidelines need to be laid down in this area. If the City is going to blackball, the process has to be seen as fair and equitable. The other ranks, meanwhile, look set to get it in the neck. The SFA's silence on the others can only mean it intends disciplinary action against them.

Yorkshire finally grasps the nettle

It has taken Yorkshire Water longer than it might have done, but finally the nettle has been grasped and the two most senior positions in the company, chairman and managing director, are to be vacated and filled with new blood. There is always the possibility, of course, that Yorkshire will receive a takeover approach, that Sir Gordon Jones and Trevor Newton, like Keith Court at South West Water, will have to be "persuaded" against retirement so that the barricades can be manned and the invading hoards seen off.

Joking apart though, the oddest thing about the Yorkshire duo's departure is that the company won't admit it has anything to do with last year's drought. No, neither has been sacked, the company insists, they are just retiring. Cute stuff this. While it may be just about believable in the case of Sir Gordon Jones, who is in his late sixties, it is not in Mr

Newton's. He is just 52 and gold plated through the remuneration packages of utility bosses tend to be, that is not an age at which anyone willingly retires.

Mr Newton is the man who famously urged his customers not to take baths and then was caught taking one himself in a neighboring water region. In his public relations, Mr Newton was plainly inept. This was also the man who at one stage was spending hundreds of thousands a week tankering water around Yorkshire to cope with the company's inadequately prepared water infrastructure.

There is another odd feature about all this, however. Normally managements are huffed out because of discontent among shareholders. This is not the case with Yorkshire where the City was generally supportive of encumbent management throughout last year's drought. Ironically, Yorkshire's management was thought of as amongst the most enlightened and sensitive of the water companies. Furthermore, neither man is leaving with any kind of pay-off or pension top up. In that sense they are genuinely "retiring" doing the honourable thing after a year in which they were lambasted and ridiculed by their customers for failure to anticipate the drought. Their departure has nothing to do with failure to deliver shareholder value.

Nor are their successors - Brandon Gough and Kevin Bond - the utility fat cats of legend. The new chairman comes in at "just" £120,000 a year and Mr Bond at £135,000, no options, no bonuses and no long-term incentive pack-

ages. These are not large sums for a company of the size - it is not pay for an honest job. Could this be stakeholder capitalism in practice? Neither the departures nor the rates of pay reflect the normal priorities of the City. Rather, they are a response to the demands of ordinary customers.

US prospects suggest a happy ending

It has all the hallmarks of a disaster movie: the runway lies directly ahead, the pilot cannot see in front of him, the panels are giving erratic readings and there is a blizzard buffeting the aircraft. The story of the US economy has been a cliffhanger for the past six months or more, but after the latest figures the soft landing scenario is coming to seem the most likely once again. The pace of activity is now showing clear signs of picking up after lingering dangerously close to recession. Inflation is low and will remain so at least until much later in 1996. Like the movies, a happy ending is in prospect.

The markets do not like it, of course. They would have preferred a crash landing guaranteeing the demise of inflation and an injection of cheap money to revive the economy. This is short-termism with a vengeance. What could be better for the profitability of American companies than faster growth with inflation well under control? The stock market has been overlooking the fact that the tilt

towards recession which would have led to lower interest rates was spring to hit profits too. Fourth-quarter earnings have disappointed analysts' expectations. The fact that the economy appears to have pulled out of the nose-dive will help improve earnings this quarter. The pick-up might carry the penalty of higher inflation towards the end of the year but there is no sign of it yet. Meanwhile, chief pilot Alan Greenspan has his craft back under control.

Fokker's failure cheers the sceptics

Euro-sceptics are bound to take heart from Fokker's predicament. It will confirm their claims about the impact on industry of joining a strong and rigid currency area dominated by the mark. Fokker is certainly a case study in how a middle-ranking company, operating in world-wide dollar-based markets, is likely to have a dreadful time if it is based in whose currency is hampered by the mark. But this was not the only factor behind Fokker's demise. Daimler-Benz Aerospace, the controlling shareholder, also failed to get a grip on strategy. It spurned the Franco-Italian ATR consortium's attempt to consolidate the European feeder aircraft industry to reduce costs and strengthen marketing. Instead, it demanded that the business should be concentrated around Fokker and Dornier, DASA's turbo-prop subsidiary. That sealed Fokker's fate.

Wembley stays in the red with £8m hangover

NIGEL COPE

An increase in the number of pop concerts - including several by Rod Stewart, the Rolling Stones and Bon Jovi - helped increase operating profits at leisure group Wembley last year, though restructuring charges still dragged the troubled company to an £8m loss.

The company is awaiting the decision of the Sports Council on whether Wembley or Manchester will be chosen as the preferred location for the new National Stadium. Wembley expects the long-delayed decision in the next few months and the board said yesterday that it had "an extremely strong case".

The 72-year-old stadium has already beat off rival bids from Birmingham, Sheffield and Bradford and is now in a two horse race.

Finance director Nigel Potter dismissed suggestions that the company's future relied upon winning the nomination. "In the short to medium term it would have little or no impact because we have contracts with the FA for major events that last until 2002," he said.

"Whichever way the decision falls Wembley Stadium will always be an attractive international location for sports and entertainment events."

Wembley said the appointment of Peter Mead, a director

of the advertising agency Abbott Mead Vickers as a non-executive director last week would boost its marketing campaigns. Jarvis Aistaire, the showbusiness impresario, will remain on the board and draw on his contacts in political circles to help Wembley's case.

In the year to December 1995 Wembley reduced its losses to £8m compared to the previous year's £35m. The loss is attributable to the cost of re-financing of the group last year.

Operating profits increased from £11.7m to £19.7m boosted by seven pop concerts held during the year, compared to

the year to December 1995. Sales and profits were down at the UK greyhound racing tracks with Wembley blaming the fall on the National Lottery.

Chairman Claes Hultman said the company had generalised £25m of free cash flow last year and reduced its gearing to 42 per cent compared to last year's level of 52.3 per cent. Its borrowings now stand at £65m. He stressed that no acquisitions would be made. "We have plenty of ideas to make these assets sweat," he said.

Last year was traumatic for Wembley. As well as a refinancing and a £35m loss it included the departure of long-standing chairman Sir Brian Wilson and five others including Sir Peter Thompson and Alex McCrindle. Alan Coppin was appointed chief executive.

The shares closed 2p down at 365p last night.

Making the assets sweat: chairman Claes Hultman

French wine sales shrug off adverse atoll test reaction



French wine and spirits exports in 1995 increased by 1.5 per cent to 34.5bn francs (£4.7bn), despite a boycott campaign in protest against nuclear tests in the South Pacific. The protest is estimated to have resulted in the loss of FF50m worth of exports, and stopped 1995 being a record year. Effects of the boycott were particularly felt in Scandinavia,

the Netherlands and Canada. However, Japan, which was highly critical of the tests, saw sales of Bordeaux and Burgundy wines and Champagne increase by 11.4 per cent to more than FF1bn. Germany, where the anti-nuclear lobby is strong, remained the biggest importer of French wine and spirits in volume and the third in value, behind the UK and the US.

IN BRIEF

Options profit for Mirror Group chief

David Montgomery, chief executive of the Mirror Group, has made a £780,000 profit from exercising options on 500,000 shares. The option price was 61p, and the shares were sold at 217p each. He still retains his existing holding of 200,999 shares. The share price of the Mirror Group, which owns 43 per cent of the *Independent*, closed 8p lower at 217p yesterday.

Big Board rethinks 'circuit breaker' limits

The New York Stock Exchange is considering increasing the current 250-point limit in the Dow Jones Industrial Index that triggers the "circuit breaker" - a one-hour shutdown in trading. Richard Grasso, chairman of the exchange, said that there was a "dramatic difference" between the index levels and market activity in the stock market now and when the trading rules were introduced after the crash of 1987. At that time, a 250-point fall represented a move of 12 per cent, compared with a move of about 4.5 per cent at the index's current levels.

Mixed signals from Japanese economy

Japan's industrial output was flat in January, revised down from the preliminary estimate of a 0.5 per cent rise, highlighting the tentative nature of the economy's recovery. Production was 2.8 per cent higher than a year earlier, and the Ministry of Trade and Industry said it was likely to grow 0.2 per cent in the January-March quarter. Separate figures showed that the debt of bankrupt companies increased 5.6 per cent compared with the previous February. But the number of bankruptcies fell.

Zeneca acquires migraine drug

Zeneca has agreed to acquire SNI, a migraine treatment, from Glaxo Wellcome. The price was not disclosed, but Glaxo said the product is valued in its accounts at £150m. The deal is subject to approval by the US Federal Trade Commission. Further payments to Glaxo Wellcome may be due, dependent upon sales levels.

British Steel buys rail works

British Steel has bought BR's Castleton Long Welded Rail and Track Works. Castleton makes lengths of welded rail and pre-assembles track layout. The company employs 24, and has annual turnover of £1.1m. The sale brings the total of BR companies sold to 40, with collective annual sales of more than £3bn.

Cornhill profits rise to £73m

Cornhill, part of the Allianz Group, Europe's largest insurer, warned of the negative impact of continuing price wars on the insurance market, despite a 12 per cent rise in pre-tax profits to £73.5m last year. The company said it was also worried about new actuarial tables which could leave the industry facing massively increased personal injury awards. The industry has calculated that the extra cost of using the tables for outstanding motor injury claims alone could be more than £200m.

Losses soar at Bell Cablemedia

Cable television and telephone company Bell Cablemedia announced losses in 1995 of £47.4m, compared to losses of £26.4m a year earlier, as it continued to build its network. The loss included a net gain of £9m from the flotation of Videotron, another cable company, last year. Average monthly residential telephone revenue per line in 1995 was £27.54, up 8 per cent on the year. Average monthly cable television revenue per subscriber was £20.86, an increase of 4 per cent.

COMPANY RESULTS

	Turnover £	Pre-tax £	EPS	Dividend
Argus Electronics (F)	80.1m (93.8m)	3.7m (2.5m)	17.5p (11.5p)	6.25p
British Data Management (B)	8.48m (8.02m)	1.56m (0.5m)	4.22p (1.47p)	1.85p (1.05p)
Chesilite Int'l (I)	(-)	-0.16m (0.13m)	-0.2p (0.1p)	1p (1p)
Derby Group (F)	15.5m (16.27m)	0.98m (1.01m)	5.33p (4.55p)	2p (1.9p)
Johnson Grp Cleaners (F)	17.9m (17.0m)	1.4m (14.3m)	21.95p (15.10p)	11.25 (10.85)
Medics (F)	28.6m (22.4m)	23.8m (24.0m)	65.4p (57.8p)	20p (17p)
Johns Mansell (F)	1.45m (1.32m)	-30.01m (4.8m)	-17.5p (3.1p)	2p (2p)
Perry Group (F)	41.4m (38.5m)	6.55m (5.07m)	16.5p (13.3p)	8p (7.5p)
Seafit (F)	71.1m (22.7m)	-0.40m (-1.30m)	-4.5p (-1.7p)	n/a
Wembley (F)	12.8m (12.6m)	-0.15m (-35.5m)	-16.5p (-303.4p)	n/a
(F) - Final (I) - Interim				

(Latest figures 10 mths, comparisons 12 mths)

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

Edited by TOM STEVENSON

Horrors hide Mowlem's brighter hopes

At first blush this looks like yet another horror story from Mowlem, for whom 1994's small profit was little more than a blip in an otherwise relentless string of heavy losses. Actually, most of the bad news was known six months ago and prospects are as bright at the company as most people can remember.

That is not saying much of course - but it does appear that Mowlem, one of the construction industry's biggest disasters, finally has a chairman and chief executive who have some ideas where they are trying to take it.

The company has a viable structure, with a collection of some quite profitable businesses, and has got rid of most of its non-performers - including the ill-fated London City Airport, which added a £5.8m exceptional loss into these figures to take the total one-off charge for the year to £18.4m.

That pushed Mowlem back into familiar red territory, resulting in a pre-tax loss for the year of £30m compared with 1994's £4.8m profit. Despite a chunky 17.6p loss per share, the 3p dividend was maintained.

Ken Minton was too diplomatic as yesterday but the industry he has entered, after a successful stint in chemicals with Laporte, is a complete shambles. In which other business could a company make a profit of £300,000 from sales of £967m, as Mowlem's contracting arm did?

It is a shame that the core division is so dismal because elsewhere in the group there are some interesting and profitable companies. Brightest of those is the environmental services division, which, as a market leader in geotechnical consultancy work and contaminated land testing, generates an enviable return on sales. Profits of £3.2m were struck in 1995 from sales of £23m.

If you believe that Mr Minton has really cleared out the dross and set up a recovery, the shares have a way to go. After the recent performance, however, it is a sizeable fit.

Molins rolls up record profits

Most of the City stopped following Molins years ago, after five successive bids suggested its days as an independent company were numbered.

But analysts have missed a trick. The cigarette machinery group successfully saw off all the would-be predators and since 1991 the share price has tripled, outperforming the market by 50 per cent in the past 12 months alone.

Yesterday's figures - which sent the shares another 21p higher to an all-time peak of 900p - should revive in-

terest in the group. Pre-tax profits rose by 24 per cent to £29.8m in the year to December, on sales 28 per cent up to

£380m. The figures were distorted by a change in the treatment of Molins' £1.3m pension surplus, which cut the credit to profits from £3.3m to £0.1m this year. But that was more than offset by the first significant contribution of £3.8m from Sandiacre Packing Machinery, which was acquired for £380m in 1994.

Stripping that out, it is clear that the businesses are still growing. The cigarette machinery operation should be mature, yet it managed a 25 per cent increase in sales in 1995. Operating profits of £3.8m, up 12 per cent, were affected by the pension changes and underlying margins are said to be slightly ahead.

Cigarette consumption in the Western world is barely growing and this

week's Liggett settlement could badly hit the big tobacco companies' profits. But Molins points out that these pressures could spell good news for suppliers of increasingly sophisticated machinery like itself, as the drive to reduce costs intensifies. Meanwhile, third world demand, already solidly underpinned by soaring consumption of cigarettes, is magnified by moves from hand-rolled to machine-rolled product.

The corrugated board machinery division continued last year's improvement. Increased demand eliminated losses in Bristol and raised operating returns from the US business, which commands around 30 per cent of the domestic market. Profits jumped 40 per cent to 265p.</

market report/shares

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100	3,644.8	-37.0
FT-SE 250	4,227.2	-5.7
FT-SE 350	1,832.8	-15.1
SEAO VOLUME	793.9m shares,	
	35,311 bargains	
Gilt Index	92.31	-0.11

Low spirits bring on sober mood at Allied Domecq

These are sobering days for Allied Domecq, the accident-prone drink and retailing giant. Its shares tumbled 16.5p to 480.5p, just a fraction above its 12-month low.

Depressed European spirit sales, renewed talk of management upheavals and sell-off from SBC Warburg did much of the damage.

Flat figures from Seagram, the Canadian spirit giant, underlined the difficulties that spirits groups are experiencing in Europe.

Allied, with such brands as Beefeater and Teacher, has the biggest European exposure of the big three spirit groups. It is estimated that 25 per cent of its sales go to the Continent, compared with Grand Metropolitan's 20 per cent, with Guinness, rolling out year's figures next week, down to 3 per cent.

Michael Jackaman, Allied's retiring chairman, has already

warned that profits will be down 20 per cent, partly because of sluggish sales in Europe. The Seagram comments could indicate that trading is now even more difficult than when Mr Jackaman issued his warning last month.

Allied's shares have sharply underperformed the stock market in the 1990s.

The group suffered a £147m foreign exchange loss and its £700m acquisition of Pedro Domecq, the Spanish brandy and sherry group with extensive interests in Mexico. The takeover occurred just before the Mexican economy came under pressure and the peso collapsed.

Even the group's sale of its food division has attracted criticism, with observers complaining that Allied should have been able to command higher prices. Sir Christopher Hogg, who is due to become

Allied's chairman next month, will, it is argued, be forced to make extensive management changes. There is also the possibility that he will undertake a demerger, dividing the spirit and retailing businesses. Sir Christopher successfully split Courtaulds into chemical and textile companies.

If Allied does not get its act together, it will almost certainly attract a takeover bid. It is valued at around £5bn and, with its host of brands, must look a tempting target.

Guinness is expected to produce a modest profit advance - around £942m against £915m is likely.

The rest of the market had

MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

a sombre session, suggesting that Thursday's surge was, in fact, a dead cat bounce. The FT-SE 100 index fell 37 points to 3,644.8, with nervousness about New York creating much of the damage.

Many traders were worried that New York's triple-witching, the expiry of stock, futures and index options, could be

British Steel was the best-performing blue chip, climbing 5.75p to 191.25p on renewed talk of a share buy-back and US buying. Lassco, on lingering bid hopes, rose 4.5p to 187p and Burton, said to be near to mounting a strike, gained 3p to 140.5p. Austin Reed, un-

changed at 208p, is the rumoured target. Hambrus, the merchant bank, firmed to 233p. It has performed powerfully in recent weeks as bid hopes have resurfaced.

United Biscuits gained 9.5p to 242p on hopes that a bidder will emerge to put it out of its misery. Cable and Wireless, 6.5p higher at 475.5p, was another reflecting bid hopes.

Alvis, the defence group, jumped 9p to a 172p peak on talk of bids from Vosper Thornycroft. The group is thought to be trading strongly; its shares were around 40p last year.

After the market closed Siebe, the engineer, disclosed that it had acquired 25 per cent of Unitech, a maker of electronic components, and wants to bid for the rest. It paid 590p a share against 515p (up 9.5p) in the market. The stake was sold by Electrowatt, the Swiss group, which was known to be

seeking a buyer. It is also looking to sell a 42 per cent interest in Eurodis Electron, up 2p to 284p.

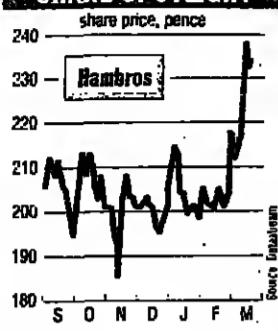
But takeover excitement evaporated at Zeneca, off 19p at 1,383p. Glaxo Wellcome was back in the doldrums, down 22.5p to 803.5p; Shield Diagnostics rose 17p to 163p on Nomura support. BAT Industries fell 14.5p to 500p. It is meeting analysts on Monday to outline its US health litigation

Alvis, the defence group, jumped 9p to a 172p peak on talk of bids from Vosper Thornycroft. The group is thought to be trading strongly; its shares were around 40p last year.

Bluebird, the toy group, shaded to 298p as SBC Warburg carried out the signalled share buy-back at 304p. Darley, a safety glass maker, gained 6p to 67p. Lower profits were accompanied by an upbeat

TAKING STOCK

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



High	Low	Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	P/E	Index
Alcoholic Beverages							
490	480	A&G	480	-10	0	12	208
480	470	Alcohol	470	-10	0	12	208
470	460	Barney	460	-10	0	12	208
460	450	Brand	450	-10	0	12	208
450	440	Grand	440	-10	0	12	208
440	430	Holland	430	-10	0	12	208
430	420	Hoover	420	-10	0	12	208
420	410	Jack	410	-10	0	12	208
410	400	Jackman	400	-10	0	12	208
400	390	Marshall	390	-10	0	12	208
390	380	McKenzie	380	-10	0	12	208
380	370	McKenzie	370	-10	0	12	208
370	360	McKenzie	360	-10	0	12	208
360	350	McKenzie	350	-10	0	12	208
350	340	McKenzie	340	-10	0	12	208
340	330	McKenzie	330	-10	0	12	208
330	320	McKenzie	320	-10	0	12	208
320	310	McKenzie	310	-10	0	12	208
310	300	McKenzie	300	-10	0	12	208
300	290	McKenzie	290	-10	0	12	208
290	280	McKenzie	280	-10	0	12	208
280	270	McKenzie	270	-10	0	12	208
270	260	McKenzie	260	-10	0	12	208
260	250	McKenzie	250	-10	0	12	208
250	240	McKenzie	240	-10	0	12	208
240	230	McKenzie	230	-10	0	12	208
230	220	McKenzie	220	-10	0	12	208
220	210	McKenzie	210	-10	0	12	208
210	200	McKenzie	200	-10	0	12	208
200	190	McKenzie	190	-10	0	12	208
190	180	McKenzie	180	-10	0	12	208
180	170	McKenzie	170	-10	0	12	208
170	160	McKenzie	160	-10	0	12	208
160	150	McKenzie	150	-10	0	12	208
150	140	McKenzie	140	-10	0	12	208
140	130	McKenzie	130	-10	0	12	208
130	120	McKenzie	120	-10	0	12	208
120	110	McKenzie	110	-10	0	12	208
110	100	McKenzie	100	-10	0	12	208
100	90	McKenzie	90	-10	0	12	208
90	80	McKenzie	80	-10	0	12	208
80	70	McKenzie	70	-10	0	12	208
70	60	McKenzie	60	-10	0	12	208
60	50	McKenzie	50	-10	0	12	208
50	40	McKenzie	40	-10	0	12	208
40	30	McKenzie	30	-10	0	12	208
30	20	McKenzie	20	-10	0	12	208
20	10	McKenzie	10	-10	0	12	208
10	0	McKenzie	0	-10	0	12	208
Banks, Merchant							
600	580	ABN	580	-10	0	12	208
580	560	ABN	560	-10	0	12	208
560	540	ABN	540	-10	0	12	208
540	520	ABN	520	-10	0	12	208
520	500	ABN	500	-10	0	12	208
500	480	ABN	480	-10	0	12	208
480	460	ABN	460	-10	0	12	208
460	440	ABN	440	-10	0	12	208
440	420	ABN	420	-10	0	12	208
420	400	ABN	400	-10	0	12	208
400	380	ABN	380	-10	0	12	208
380	360	ABN	360	-10	0	12	208
360	340	ABN	340	-10	0	12	208
340	320	ABN	320	-10	0	12	208
320	300	ABN	300	-10	0	12	208
300	280	ABN	280	-10	0	12	208
280	260	ABN	260	-10	0	12	208
260	240	ABN	240	-10	0	12	208
240	220	ABN	220	-10	0	12	208
220	200	ABN	200	-10	0	12	208
200	180	ABN	180	-10	0	12	

unit trusts/data

UK GROWTH & INCOME

Funds

Over 1 Year

Pfund

2,000 Rank

sport

Australian nerve versus the Sri Lankans' verve

It was in the tea leaves from the start. When Australia kicked off their World Cup campaign by refusing to go to Sri Lanka, it was somehow inevitable that the two teams would end up in the final.

We can forget about the diplomatic arm-waving for a while. In Lahore tomorrow the teams, like town louts having a barney behind the bike-sheds, can have themselves a damn good sort-out on the pitch. The only thing that could make it more poetic would be if the organisers suddenly decided – citing security hazards in Pakistan – to shift the final to Colombo.

It is possible that Australia would not mind this. For them, the final is very much an away match. In Pakistan, no one can compete with India in the most-hated-nation stakes, but Australia are public enemy No 2. The dust surrounding last year's unproven bribery allegations against Salim Malik by Shane Warne and Tim May has far from settled, and Australia will be given a reception they will not forget in a hurry.

They have recently committed, in the eyes of Pakistan's ultra-cynical cricket fans, a new crime. It is widely (and wildly) touted here that they allowed themselves to lose to the West Indies in that last group match – as a friendly gesture to their fellow Colombo residents.

As if this was not enough, the Sri Lankans are all honorary Pakistanis now, after their victory over India in the semi-final.

There is, in other words, a fair amount blowing in Sri Lanka's

Robert Winder reports from Lahore on a World Cup final of poetic inevitability

favour. Not that they need help: they play a dashing, risky and brilliantly ambitious game. Not many of their players are well-known in England – Aravinda de Silva has starred for Kent last season, and the Kumaras Dharmasena once picked up 160-odd and eight wickets for Reading against Wokingham – but this is because for some reason we hardly ever play them.

Australia know them well enough. When Sri Lanka went down under this winter they were accused of ball-tampering and Muthiah Muralitharan was repeatedly called for throwing. Neither charge was substantiated, and there was even talk of lawsuit.

Things did not go all that well on the pitch either. Sri Lanka were solidly put in their place in all three Tests and were beaten 2-1 by Australia in the final of the triangular one-day competition, after eliminating the West Indies.

There are few better signs of Australia's present strength than the fact that Michael Slater scored 219 in one of those Tests, but cannot make the team in the World Cup.

Australia also showed, by scraping that extraordinary win against the West Indies on Thursday, that it takes something special to beat them. To be sure, the West Indies suffered a barely credible failure of nerve. But Australia's, even when defeat looked inevitable, did not waver.

Mark Taylor never stopped looking for some way to get a grip on the match, and when Shivaraj Chanderpaul gave him one he hung on like a mongoose. Warne (and the West Indian lower order) did the rest.

You would have to go a long way, too, to see anything more impressive than the way the Australian middle order (Stuart Law and Michael Bevan) gave themselves something to bowl at after Curly Ambrose and Ian Bishop had ploughed through the first four batters.

The most flattering thing you could say about it was that it was typical. So far as the final is concerned, that with-one-bound-they-were-free victory gives them a useful aura of invincibility. Fleming for one – having secured the win by bowling Courtney Walsh in the final over – must be dying to get the ball in his hand again.

There is not much doubt that over a sustained series of matches Australia would be strong favourites. But tomorrow's match will not be sustained, and it will probably turn, as most matches involving Sri Lanka now turn, on the first 15 overs of the innings.

The Sri Lankans have added a new dimension to this phase of the game, and have stolen a march on the world. The assault on Kenya was one thing (84 off eight overs) and the crushing of England another.

Mark Taylor never stopped looking for some way to get a grip on the match, and when Shivaraj Chanderpaul gave him one he hung on like a mongoose. Warne (and the West Indian lower order) did the rest.

But it was the first match against India that showed what could be done. India, led by Sachin Tendulkar's superb 137, accelerated in the traditional way, with 99 off the last 10 overs. Sri Lanka did the opposite, and how. They put on 50 in 4.4 overs, and carried on from there. Manoj Prabhakar's first two cost him 33 and, very possibly, his international career.

No one has ever attacked the new ball with such unrestrained vigour; Sanath Jayasuriya, who got 79 that day, has now been named Most Valuable Player of the Series, and given a smart new car, for making the most of sport's oldest idea – that attack is the best form of defence.

Will it work again? Who knows? Is it possible to play like that against Warne? No one has managed it yet. Is there enough power (there is certainly enough variety) in the Sri Lankan bowling to prevent Taylor and Co from taking them to the cleaners? Is anyone seriously suggesting that Mark Waugh might fail twice in a row? It would not be a final if there were not unanswerable questions such as these.

But it promises to be a real game. Australia have the stronger pedigree. Sri Lanka, perhaps, the more heated desire. Back in September, Sri Lanka were 66-1 outsiders, but by the time the tournament began they were only 8-1. Anyone want to guess what the odds will be after the first five overs of their innings?



Getting a grip: Sri Lanka's Aravinda de Silva fixes his bat yesterday

Photograph: Allsport

This week at the World Cup

Team of the week
1. S. R. Tendulkar (Ind)
2. S. S. Chanderpaul (W)
3. B. C. Law (W)
4. P. A. De Silva (SL)
5. C. Z. Hettiarachchi (SL)
6. S. Jayasuriya (SL)
7. B. M. Prabhakar (SL)
8. I. A. Haynes (Aus)
9. S. K. Warne (Aus)
10. W. P. F. C. L. Yousuf (SL)
11. C. Ambrose (W)

Quote of the week
"They won 95 per cent of the games before we lost the last one," Mark Taylor after his team's win over Sri Lanka.

Moment of the week
They say the roars died instantly in 110,000 throats in Calcutta when Sri Lanka's wicketkeeper, Roshan Ranatunga, stamped Sanath Jayasuriya and charged the crowd, before hitting a stroke of genius.

Lesson of the week
KEITH ARTHURTON
The West Indies middle-order batsmen who ended the tournament with a grand total of two runs (both singles) and three ducks from his five matches, including a century of a run out, should have been given a chance to bat again.

Best batting
1.00 Chris Harris (NZ v Aus)
1.11 Paul Dax (W v SA)
1.19 Mark Waugh (Aus v NZ)
1.20 Nalin Singh (SL v Ind v Eng)
1.21 Courtney Walsh (W v Aus)

Best bowling
9.0-35-4 Sharron Warne (Aus v W)
7.2-22-3 Sanath Jayasuriya (SL v W)
7.1-34-3 Jeetan Patel (Ind v SL)
10.2-36-2 Curly Ambrose (W v Aus)

Results

QUARTER-FINALS
SL (Aus) 236-5 vs England (235-6 by 5 wickets)

SL (Aus) 229-5 vs Pakistan (249-6) by 5 wickets

SL (Aus) 226-6 vs South Africa (245-6) by 19 runs

Australia (220-4) vs New Zealand (208-6) by 12 runs

SEMI-FINALS

SL (Aus) 251-6 vs India (120-8) by 6 wickets

Australia (227-9) vs West Indies (222-9) by 5 runs

Final

SL (Aus) v Australia (220-8) at Gaddafi Stadium, Lahore, Pakistan

TV: Sky Sport; Live: 09.00-17.30

BBC2: Highlights: 22.10-23.10; Radio: 09.00-17.30

Statistics

Most runs
Sachin Tendulkar (Ind) 1,523

Mark Waugh (Aus) 1,472

Gary Kirsten (SA) 1,381

Aravinda de Silva (SL) 1,343

Sanath Jayasuriya 1,279

Most wickets
Ashwin Patel (Ind) 15

Paul Stirling (W) 12

Roger Binny (Aus) 12

Steve Waugh (Aus) 12

Leading wicket-takers

Phil Tufnell (Eng) 12

Michael Tait (Eng) 12

Most catches

Phil Tait (Eng) 8

Most catches

Phil Tait (Eng) 6

Most catches

international

UN targets aid to build a new Africa

DAVID ORR

Nairobi

The United Nations biggest ever campaign for the development of Africa – recognised as “the world’s foremost development challenge” – was unveiled amid much fanfare yesterday.

The so-called Special Initiative on Africa was launched by Boutros-Ghali, the UN Secretary-General, in tandem with the World Bank and UN agencies in Nairobi, Geneva, New York, Paris and Rome.

“Now is the time for the United Nations and international community as a whole to stand together with Africa,” he said. “Now is the time for us to forge a new partnership.”

We want today to tell Africa solemnly it isn’t alone, it isn’t abandoned, it is more than ever in the sight of the world ... I’m not appealing to the gen-

erosity of the international community. I’m appealing to its conscience,” he said.

The programme, whose estimated cost over a 10-year period is \$25bn, aims to expand basic education and health care, to promote peace and better governance, and to improve water and food security.

The huge cost of the initiative will have to come from a redirection of existing UN resources and from a readjustment of African governments’ often much-criticised spending priorities.

It will also require fresh financing from Western governments equivalent to about 20 percent of current development aid flows to Africa. The sources of funding, given the UN’s current financial difficulties and the pressure on aid budgets, are vague.

Despite the upbeat tone of the initiative, which suggests

that Africa’s prospects for economic recovery are better than ever, the continent remains the only one where, on UN measures, poverty is on the rise.

And though its leaders and visiting aid experts never tire of expounding on its abundant promise and potential, Africa has been beset over the past three decades by repeated economic and social crises.

The results of structural adjustment – the ideology of economic management devised by the World Bank and often criticised by African leaders – have been modest and progress has fallen well short of expectations.

The poor, and particularly women and children, have been the first to suffer as governments have sought – often under extreme duress from the donor community – to live within their means.

Africa has been largely left behind as countries in Asia and elsewhere have made better use of their resources and competed more effectively on the world market.

Africa’s countries include 22 of the 25 nations identified by the United Nations as having the lowest human development levels in the world, while 33 of the world’s 47 least developed countries are African.

Access to such basic services as health care and primary education in Africa remains lower than anywhere else, while population growth and infant mortality levels are higher. It is estimated that by the turn of the century one-third of the world’s poor will be living in the African continent.

So at a time when many countries continue to be torn apart by conflict – among them Burundi, Sudan, Somalia – the timing of this new UN endeavour is crucial.

Military manoeuvres: Women training yesterday with the Sudanese Popular Defense Force at Khawi, outside Khartoum. The militia – optional for women – provides troops to fight against the southern rebels. Photograph: AP



Ethiopians edge back from brink of famine

For the first time the country is almost self-sufficient in food, writes David Orr

Addis Ababa – To many in the West, Ethiopia has become synonymous with the terrible famine of 1984-85, when nearly 1 million people died.

Though its sheer scale has earned it a special place in the annals of human suffering, the Eighties famine is by no means unique in Ethiopia’s recent history. In 1973 a drought in the same north-eastern region of the country resulted in the deaths of some 300,000 people.

Again, in 1994, food shortages in the Tigray and Wollo areas killed between 5,000 and 10,000 people.

There are those who believe starvation to be the intermittent but inevitable fate of this part of Africa. Simon Mechale, the man whose unenviable job it is to prevent another famine, is not one of them. But neither is he overly complacent about the future.

“This is the best year in our country for a long time,” Ethiopia’s Commissioner for Disaster Prevention and Preparedness, said. “We’ve had better rain, there’s peace and the government has been helping farmers with fertiliser and improved seeds. But this

isolation of 57 million people. Besides, the areas of maximum rainfall do not coincide with the areas of maximum population.

Almost half the inhabitants are judged by the United Nations World Food Programme (WFP) to be under threat from famine.

“Simply put, people are living where they shouldn’t,” Allen Jones, WFP director in Ethiopia, said. “It rains more or less all year round in the west but most of the population is concentrated in the centre, the north and north-east.”

Yet relocation is not the solution it might appear. Around the time of the 1984-85 famine, the regime of Mengistu Haile Mariam, which fell in 1991, tried to shift whole communities from the beleaguered north and north-east.

It was a disaster: people and cattle used to the highlands fell victim to unfamiliar diseases in the lowlands. And there were outbreaks of ethnic unrest as hitherto unacquainted tribes were forced to compete for scarce resources.

The severity of the 1984-85 famine was exacerbated by the rigidly Marxist Mengistu regime and by its cynical use of food as a weapon of war. Food aid was withheld in an attempt to flush rebels out of their highland strongholds.

Five years of relative peace coupled with the reintroduction of a market economy by the government of Meles Zenawi have helped boost agricultural production. These factors, combined with the good rains in last year, have conspired to make the country, for the first time in recent memory, almost self-sufficient in food.

In the past decade or so Ethiopia needed about 600,000 tonnes of food aid a year. That amounts to an average spending of £80m a year on food aid. But the bulk of the 125,000 tonnes needed this year will be purchased in Ethiopia.

Yet Ethiopia remains one of the poorest countries: per capita income is estimated at less than £75 per annum.

“Ethiopia is extremely vulnerable,” Mr Jones said. “In times of drought, the people don’t have enough cattle to sell in tide them over. A man can’t just go nut and pawn his wife’s jewellery, because she hasn’t got any. People don’t have much access to jobs; the vast majority just scratch a living from the land.”

Nevertheless, there are signs that the situation is improving. The 1994 drought endangered just as many people as were affected a decade earlier, yet the death-toll was much lower.

The difference was that in 1994 the relief mechanisms were in place. The government, the UN and non-governmental organisations were able to act quickly, implementing a pre-agreed plan and drawing on massive food reserves at strategic locations.

Among the government’s disaster-prevention schemes is a plan to lessen the country’s dependence on rainfall by utilising rivers, which an official report has said could be harnessed to develop nearly 6 million acres through irrigation.

The underlying problem is that population growth is outstripping agricultural production and the land is simply not fertile enough to support a popula-



Mengistu: Ruthlessly used food as a weapon of war

doesn’t mean there’s no problem. We still need food aid for 2.5 million people this year.

Ethiopia is one of the most famine-prone countries on Earth. There is a food shortage here every year, a crisis about once a decade. With proper management it is usually possible – as it should be this year – to prevent people dying from starvation. But the threat of disaster is constant and it is likely that the country’s food aid needs will continue to grow rather than diminish.

“In a certain extent we have control over the human elements: what sort of government we have, whether there’s war or peace, whether we’re implementing the correct agricultural policies,” Mr Mechale, an economist with a degree from Bradford University, said. “But if the rain doesn’t come, there’s nothing we can do.”

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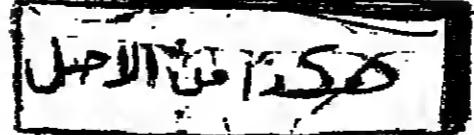
The underlying problem is that population growth is outstripping agricultural production and the land is simply not fertile enough to support a popula-



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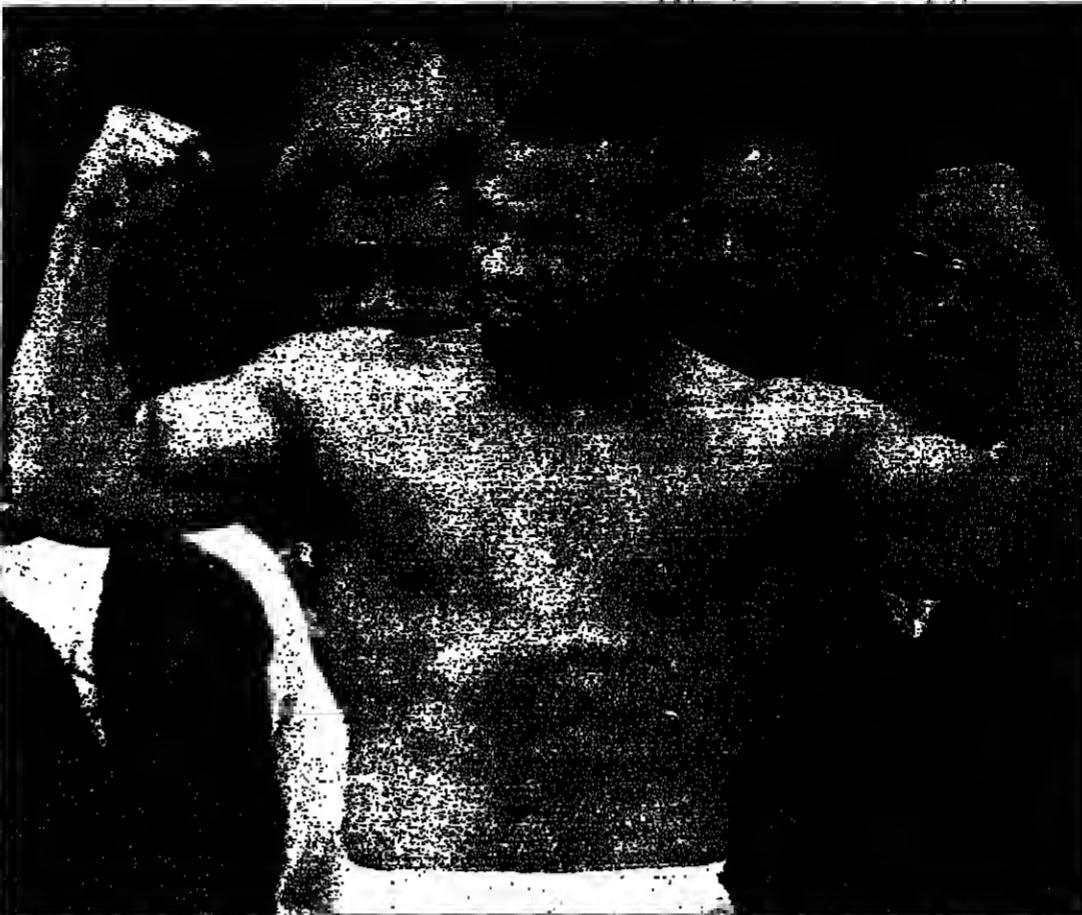
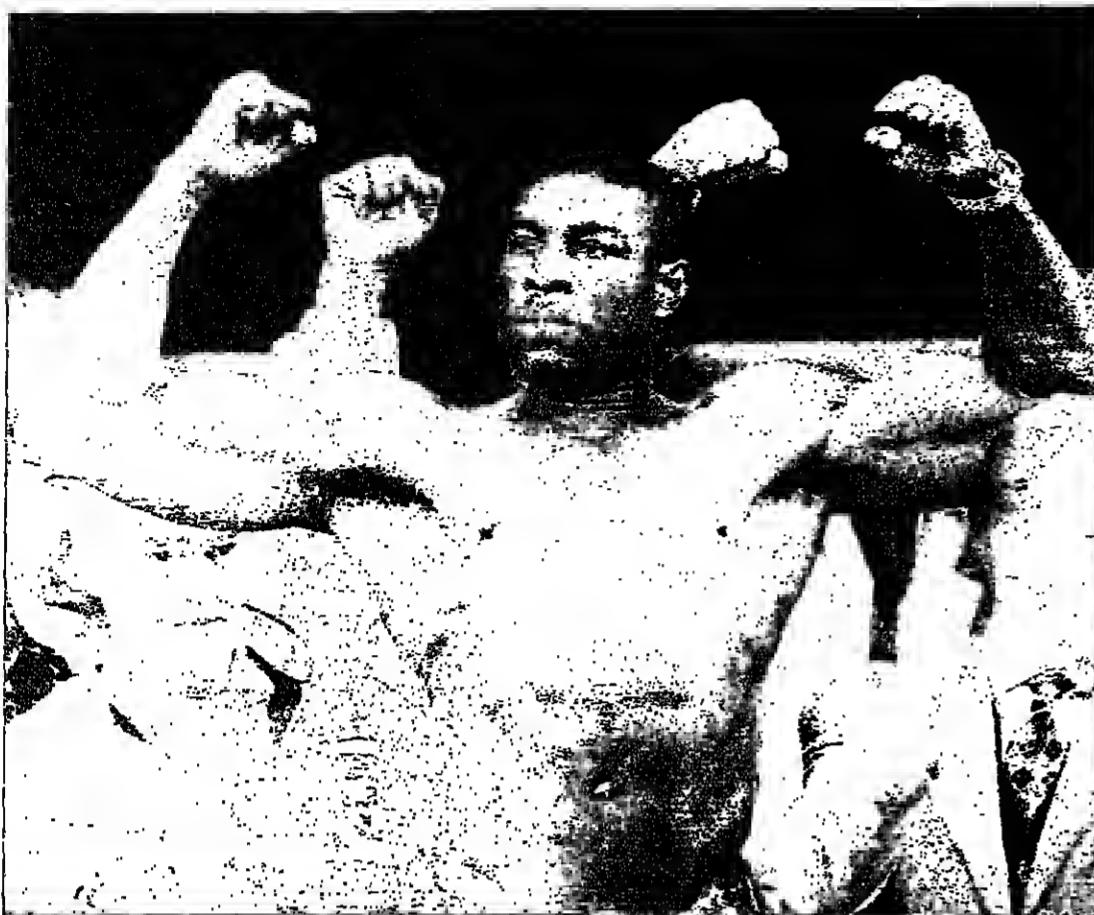
SPORT

FIVE NATIONS FINALE

Can England deliver in Carling's last game in charge? Page 31

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: British title holder ready to exploit any decline in past master's powers

Bruno's confidence gains support



Measuring up: Frank Bruno (left) and Mike Tyson at yesterday's weigh-in for their World Boxing Council heavyweight title fight in Las Vegas

KEN JONES
reports from Las Vegas

Leaving the stage after weighing in for the defence of his World Boxing Council heavyweight championship against Mike Tyson tonight in Las Vegas, towering above the odds-on challenger, Frank Bruno paused to acknowledge the support of a large British contingent.

In response to the shouts of a raucous bunch who been behaving boorishly in the manner of inebriated football supporters, baying Tyson's appearance on the scales, Bruno raised his right finger.

None could be sure what the champion meant by this gesture, whether he was indicating an intention to terminate tonight's proceedings or merely calling for better order, but dramatic victory was immediately inferred. A cheer went up and hundreds chanted Bruno's name unaware that lawyers representing Lennox Lennox were bringing an action in a New Jersey court yesterday in an attempt to invalidate the contest on the grounds that Lewis not Tyson was the legitimate challenger.

Unfamiliar with demonstrations of faith, Tyson looked back bleakly over his left shoulder. "He doesn't look the part, slack somehow," an American trainer, Beau Williford, said.

British boxing punters prove patriotic

Around 95 per cent of British punters betting on tomorrow's World Boxing Council heavyweight fight in Las Vegas are backing Frank Bruno to successfully defend his title against Mike Tyson. These betters are backing their patriotism with money as William Hill anticipate record takings.

The company have taken several big-money bets, including one of £50,000 for Tyson, but the vast majority are for up to £100 and are going on Bruno.

Hills make Tyson 1-5 favourite with Bruno at 10-3, while rival company Ladbrokes currently have Bruno the 3-1

underdog with Tyson quoted at 2-9 to repeat his victory from the pair's first encounter.

Ian Wassell, of Ladbrokes, said: "Frank is as popular in the betting shops as he is with the British public at large. We've taken bets of up to £2,000 on Bruno and many thousands of £5 and £10 flutters.

"This is building up into the busiest betting fight ever and we expect over £10m to be wagered across the betting industry. The previous record was for Tyson-Bruno I."

Ladbrokes are refusing to quote odds on Naseem Hamed retaining his World Boxing Organisation featherweight

title tonight in Glasgow. "Naseem is so good the odds we would offer would make it impossible for people to win money on him in a betting shop because of the betting tax," Wassell explained.

Hamed's opponent, Said Lawal, of Nigeria, is quoted at 14-1 to win.

Photographs: Reuter

but the effect of widely reported personal upheavals were evident suddenly in flawed timing and general puzzlement. That night a more accomplished fighter than Bruno, who was stopped in five rounds, might have beaten him.

They spring from thoughts of the challenger's claimed spiritual awakening, his unconcealed frustration. "I try to do my best but I always fall short of the mark," he said this week.

A factor vital to the initial spectacular phase of Tyson's career was the conviction that nobody could withstand his grim purpose, his refined ferocity.

Opponents trembled visibly in his presence, beaten before they entered the ring.

Interestingly, the first evidence of decline came with Tyson's defeat in Las Vegas seven years ago. The youngest heavyweight champion in history, Tyson was only 22

when he was unquestionably the most devastating hitter since Joe Louis.

In boxing, sharp reflexes are as important to defence as they are to the pressing home of attacks, particularly in Tyson's

case because he is usually at a disadvantage in reach. It was the way Tyson moved his head when coming forward, the disconcerting roll of powerful shoulders that made him so difficult to hit. "He doesn't appear to be as successful with that anymore and I think it's all to do with dulled reflexes," Futch said.

Shortly before attending a dinner held in New York this week that coincided with the 25th anniversary of an epic contest between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier, the veteran trainer spoke with Bruno and was impressed by his confidence.

"Bruno led me to believe that he can beat Tyson," he said this week at his home in Las Vegas.

It is not simply Futch sees more self-esteem in Bruno.

The fact of being champion will have improved his confidence. He's a big guy with a powerful jab and showed against Oliver

McCall that he has learned how to hold and hang on in a crisis.

The prediction here is that a crisis will come quickly. The idea of pacing a fight has never appealed to Tyson. A favorite expression is that he is full of bad intentions.

Some recent events have put a strain on the press but logic suggests that Tyson will send Bruno into "history" before the scheduled 12 rounds are completed.

Whatever chance the British hero has of victory rests with how well he performs in the early rounds, how he copes with the barrage of hooks and uppercuts Tyson is sure to unleash from the opening bell.

"I've never known Frank be so full of himself before a fight and he's going to cause a great shock end one of the most famous careers in boxing because when he gets through with this there will be nowhere for Tyson to go," Bruno's trainer, George Francis, said.

Upon being acquainted with this bellicose statement Tyson's chief advisors, John Horne and Rory Holloway, wore expressions of amusement. "It's all over for the champion," Holloway said. On the basis that Tyson may not be what he was but Bruno probably is, I find it impossible to make a case for the popular challenger. The forecast is Tyson in five, maybe earlier.

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 2936, Saturday 16 March

By Mass

ACROSS

- Suitable place for house parties? (10)
- Those with convictions in press or in novel form (9)
- In the place of depravity (4)
- Fancy hat, daughter's lost piece (6)
- Extra port - port for the starter (8)
- Feed on secure boards (6)
- Top university in sport? It could be (8)
- Dispose of a bond? (8)
- Chance blow needs doctor called in (6)
- Cross about closure? This should prevent it (8)
- Member of the Labour Party out East? (6)
- Endless material evoking the Tudors, say (4)
- Aggressor, idiot, giving trouble to worker (9)
- Object about inferior railing (10)

Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution

DEPOSITIONS, SHIP
HABACAR, RALLY, VAAE
CARPETS, TALLITHO
ABSTINENT, DELTA
LOCAL TIME, ANKLE
HANAKL, SPUR, GALLANTRY
HIBERNATE, OVER, COVER, CHARGE
FALCON, LANDAGENT, RESESS
SIE, F, G, GRI, KER, S, L, F
THEPESA, LAGGING, OWNER, FRONTLINE
DOD, SREENE, USER, RMES, SC
DIEB, VIESTE, PIER, VIE
TUESDAY, EABNEIST

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday's remaining back-to-back copies of the Londoner's Dictionary of Literary Characters. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday and solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4016, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: Wendy Miles, Stevenage; Mary Lewis, Bristol; J. Kennedy, Kent; George Howe, Cardiff; Vicki Vines, Buntingford.

DOWN

- Decoration obtained by POs in a spot? (9)
- Right! Left - What a fight! (4)
- Thanks - flute's playing is aesthetic (8)
- Engross and split first of tenors (5)
- Expose Northern character in old city? (7)
- Name all characters in vault getting rapt! (10)
- Striker hits upright (6)
- Feeble sore taken in by salesman's displays (10)
- Sal's home in a shanty (9)
- Set off for college in time (8)
- Nutty dessert is hot (7)
- Thwart one from SE Europe (6)
- Fools set up, including English mug (5)
- Drink excited right away (4)

Megson angry at double sale

Football

GUY HODGSON

relegation from the Premier League, said they had agreed to sell two 25-year-old players to help cut a £4.5m debt.

"We must be prepared to reduce our borrowing to a level we can afford and which the bank is comfortable with," he said. "It is probably most painful decision I have had to make since being chairman of the football club."

Notts County's manager, Colin Murphy, and defender Shann

Wednesday for £1.5m yesterday while Ward, Norwich's top scorer, signed for First Division leaders Derby, after the two clubs agreed a £1m fee. However, Megson, their fourth manager in two years, was left "flobbergasted and furious" by the transfers.

"I didn't sanction the moves and I am not party to either transfer," he said. "Every team below us is doing its utmost to ensure its survival. The team and I are getting no help from the boardroom and we don't expect them to be a hindrance. The last person out of the 32 professionals I would ever recommend us to sell is Ashley Ward."

Chase, who has been under pressure from fans to quit the club since before last season's

Llewellyn move blocked by WRU

Rugby Union

ROBERT COLE

The Welsh Rugby Union yesterday threw out Gareth Llewellyn's request to transfer from Neath to Harlequins, and was immediately told it will almost certainly face a legal challenge from the London club.

Llewellyn has signed to join Quins next season but the WRU maintains he was not resident in England on 1 March and therefore does not meet the International Rugby Football Board residency qualifications for players seeking to play under a different Union.

Vinnie Jones has been included in the Wales get-together in Newport from 24 to 27 April. Ian Rush asked to be left out. The manager, Bobby Gould, who announced a match against Switzerland in Lugano on 24 April, said the session would be a "getting to know you" exercise.

■ Premiership clubs will observe a minute's silence as a mark of respect for those who died at Dunblane.

Glenn Moore talks to Mike Walker, page 28

While Llewellyn was restricting himself to a diplomatic "I am preparing for a very important international, I will comment next week", the WRU can brace themselves for a major test-case battle.

The WRU stresses it is merely sticking to the IRFB regulations, though it did add the rider that "the decision was taken with the aim of preserving the strength of domestic Welsh rugby."

Tony Hallett, the RFU secretary, said: "The RFU will stand by Harlequins. The RFU's position is that it is mindful of international board regulations, but it is equally mindful of the Treaty of Rome and restraint of trade. Which has the greater authority?"

Dick Best, Harlequins' director of rugby, said: "If necessary, we will issue a writ against the Welsh Rugby Union. We envisaged something like this would happen."

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It's not just Bruno that should be alarmed.

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